



**Municipal Library,
NAINI TAL.**



Class No. 923 --

Book No. E 32 B

PRINCES OF WALES

By the Same Author

A SHORT HISTORY OF THE GREAT WORLD WAR
(2ND EDITION)

PRINCES OF WALES

BY

F. MAYNARD BRIDGE

WITH 20 ILLUSTRATIONS, MOST OF THEM REPRODUCED FROM
ENGRAVINGS, PRINTS AND PHOTOGRAPHS IN THE COLLECTION
OF ROYAL PORTRAITS IN THE LIBRARY AT WINDSOR CASTLE



LONDON

H. F. W. DEANE AND SONS

THE YEAR BOOK PRESS LTD.

31 MUSEUM 'STREET, W.C.1

1922

Danga Noh Municipal Library,

दुर्गा नोह !

दुर्गासाहसक ए. ए. ए. साहित्य

न विद्याल

Class No, विद्याल १२३

Book No, (कुल ६) E ३२ P

Received On, १७/४/२००८

TO
RUPERT
VISCOUNT TREMATON
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED
BY HIS HOLIDAY TUTOR

PREFACE

THE universal and well-deserved popularity of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales is my excuse for writing this book. Some time ago—just after the War—I began to make a special study of the lives of the Princes of Wales, and I found it a most fascinating subject. It occurred to me that there might be many other people who would be interested in the careers of our Prince's predecessors if they had their stories in a convenient and readable form. I owe most of my information to the fine collection of historical works in the Royal Library at Windsor Castle, and if this volume gives the reader but a fraction of the pleasure which I have derived from compiling it, I shall be more than satisfied.

I do not think that the portraits of the Princes have ever been collected and published in a volume before.

To many people they will probably be the most interesting part of the book. Eighteen of the twenty are reproduced, by His Majesty's gracious permission, from engravings, prints and photographs in the collection of Royal Portraits in the Windsor Castle Library. I should like to express my gratitude to the Hon. J. W. Fortescue, the King's Librarian, and to Mr. Barry, Chief Assistant Librarian, for their kindness and courtesy. I am indebted to Mr. E. Kemp, Inventory Clerk and Photographer at Windsor Castle, for the trouble and care he has bestowed on the photographic reproductions of the pictures. I

should like to have retained the inscriptions under the portraits, but they did not lend themselves to legible reproduction, and I was advised to leave them out.

The quaint little picture of Edward of Gloucester is from the Warwick MS. in the British Museum. It is, I believe, the only authentic portrait of that Prince in existence. My thanks are due to Major C. H. Deane for unearthing it for me. The photograph of the present Prince as Colonel of the Welsh Guards is by Vandyk.

In conclusion, two little anecdotes, without comment.

When Von Ranke was collecting his materials for his *Lives of the Popes*, the bridge of the town in which he was residing collapsed into the river. The historian went out to seek information: one informant told him that there was nobody on the bridge at the time of the accident; another that there was only a soldier on a white horse crossing the bridge; and another that there were some children and a civilian on a black horse crossing it. Such conflicting evidence about an incident which had happened less than an hour before raised doubts in Von Ranke's mind about the accuracy of the historical information he had been at such pains to collect.

When Charles Reade first published his famous romance, *The Cloister and the Hearth*, a critic accused him of plagiarism. His answer was: "I have milked three hundred cows, but the cheese is my own."

F. M. B.

ST. GEORGE'S SCHOOL,
WINDSOR CASTLE.

July, 1922.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE WELSH PRINCES	I
I EDWARD OF CARNARVON (EDWARD II) . . .	7
II EDWARD OF WOODSTOCK (THE BLACK PRINCE)	29
III RICHARD OF BORDEAUX (RICHARD II) . .	63
IV HENRY OF MONMOUTH (HENRY V) . . .	72
V EDWARD OF LANCASTER	94
VI EDWARD OF YORK (EDWARD V)	116
VII EDWARD OF GLOUCESTER	129
VIII ARTHUR OF WINCHESTER	137
IX HENRY OF GREENWICH (HENRY VIII) . .	149
X HENRY FREDERICK	161
XI CHARLES (CHARLES I)	181
XII CHARLES (CHARLES II).	194
XIII GEORGE AUGUSTUS (GEORGE II) . . .	213
XIV FREDERICK LOUIS	223
XV GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK (GEORGE III) .	246
XVI GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK (GEORGE IV)	260
XVII ALBERT EDWARD (EDWARD VII) . . .	287
XVIII GEORGE (HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V)	310
XIX EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES	327
SUMMARY	352

PRINCES OF WALES

The Welsh Princes

AT the time of the Saxon invasion of Britain, the inhabitants of the country we now call Wales, together with the Celts who were gradually driven westwards by the invaders, were known as the Cymry; but the Saxons called them the *Welsh*, which means strangers, or foreigners.

The last king of the Britons was a Welsh prince named Cadwallader, of the lineage of Pendragon. For many years he carried on an aggressive war against the Saxons, until at last, worn out and disheartened by failure, he gave it up and sought refuge at Rome.

The Danish invasion brought temporary relief to the Cymry from their Saxon oppressors, and in the time of King Alfred, Wales became united and prosperous under the wise rule of Roderick Mawr (the Great). But Roderick was defeated and slain in a battle with the King of Mercia, and his dominion was divided between his three sons. It became united again under his grandson Howel, surnamed Dda, the Good. Of all the Welsh princes, Howel Dda was the greatest and best. What Lycurgus did for Sparta, and Solon for Athens, Howel did for Wales. The code of laws which he drew up for the government of his country could not have been surpassed by Napoleon him-

self, and he instituted a system of etiquette for his court which might have served as a model for Louis XIV. After his death the Principality again became divided, and his successor in North Wales was one of the eight "kings" who did homage to Edgar the Peaceable at Chester, and rowed him in his royal barge on the River Dee.

The Cymry were never really subdued by the Saxons, Danes, or Normans. There were many invasions, and now and then a battle, but the nature of the country and the character of the inhabitants were all against a permanent occupation of Wales. Some of the native princes, it is true, did homage to the Saxon kings, and paid tribute of money and tribute of wolves, but on the whole Wales preserved her independence.

The Normans built castles along the borders or "marches" of Wales. The barons who inhabited these castles were called the "Lords Marchers," and they were invested with absolute powers for dealing with the Welsh. The Welsh chiefs were often struggling with each other for the leadership, and these occasions were seized by the Lords Marchers for invasions, ruthless and barbarous. The Welsh, in the same manner, were not slow to take advantage of trouble in England, and the ruthlessness was repaid with interest.

In the reign of King John a Welsh prince rose superior to his rivals, and assumed the government of the whole of Wales. This was Llewellyn the Great, son of Jorwarth with the broken nose. He married King John's daughter, and took advantage of his father-in-law's troubles to capture Shrewsbury. Llewellyn abdicated in 1240 in favour of his second son David. This was resented by his eldest son Griffith, who was seized and imprisoned by David. Henry III demanded and obtained his release, but Griffith did not profit much by this, as Henry shut him up in the Tower. Griffith was killed while trying to

escape, and Henry afterwards invested his own son Edward with "the rights and privileges of the Principality of Wales." But as there was a Welsh prince in Wales who not only claimed but also *exercised* these rights and privileges, we cannot accept Edward as the first English Prince of Wales. That honour belongs to his son, Edward of Carnarvon.

Prince David died in 1246. The right to the succession was fought out between the three sons of Griffith. Llewellyn beat his brothers David and Owen, and flung them into prison. David escaped to England, where he was given an estate and became an English knight and baron.

In the Barons' War Llewellyn vigorously supported Simon de Montfort. After the Battle of Evesham, where de Montfort was defeated and slain, Llewellyn had to make his submission to Henry and do homage, but he still remained *de facto* Prince of Wales. The other prince, Edward of the lengthy limbs, went off to the Holy Land on a crusade. He heard of his father's death in Sicily as he was returning home, but he was in no hurry to get back; in fact, he took two years over the journey. Nor did Llewellyn show any unseemly haste to do homage to the new king. After refusing an invitation to Edward's coronation, he turned a deaf ear to repeated summonses to appear at his court. Edward at last lost his patience, collected an army at Shrewsbury, and proceeded to harry North Wales. Llewellyn took refuge in his native mountains round Snowdon, and Edward, who was a statesman as well as a warrior, tried another plan to get Llewellyn to London.

It is quite a romantic little story. During a visit to France, Llewellyn had met the widow of Simon de Montfort (she was King Edward's aunt), and had fallen in love with her daughter Eleanor. He was, in fact, engaged to her, and she set out on a voyage to Wales to become his wife.

But off the Scilly Isles her ship was captured by a ship of Bristol, and the young lady was sent to London, where the King kept her in a kind of cousinly captivity. His cousin Eleanor was now Edward's trump card. He sent word to Llewellyn that he could have his *fiancée* if he would come to London to fetch her. Llewellyn's love overcame his pride. He made a humiliating treaty with Edward, and repaired to London accompanied by a retinue of strange gentlemen from the hills, whose quaint garb, uncouth language, and truculent behaviour caused much amusement, mingled with awe, to the Londoners. They were quartered at Islington, where they complained bitterly of the shortage of milk and the quality of the beer, and they vowed that when next they came, it would be as the conquerors of England.

Llewellyn's wedding with Eleanor de Montfort was celebrated at Worcester Cathedral, in the presence of the King and Queen. Edward himself gave the bride away. It was a happy marriage, but Llewellyn's bliss did not last long, for after the birth of a daughter (who became a nun) Eleanor died.

Then everything went wrong. By the terms of the treaty English laws and customs had been introduced into Wales. The Welsh did not appreciate them. They particularly objected to being executed for murder instead of being let off with a fine. There was an old prophecy of Merlin that when English money became round the Prince of Wales would be crowned in London. This was supposed to have been fulfilled by the new coinage of round half-pennies and farthings. The Welsh thought the time was ripe for throwing off their bondage.

Llewellyn did not at first join in this movement. His brother David, the English knight and baron, who was nursing a personal grievance against the King, became the ringleader of the outbreak. He seized Hawarden

Castle, killed the garrison, and carried off the English governor to the top of Snowdon. Wales was quickly ablaze, and the insurrection was carried out with more than the usual ruthlessness and cruelty.

Edward was a terrible man when roused to anger. This time, he swore, the conquest of Wales should be final. Adding to his army a body of mountaineers from the Pyrennees and a regiment of pioneers armed with axes, he took up his headquarters at Shrewsbury. To secure the support of the Church he ordered his Archbishop to excommunicate Llewellyn and David. Then he invaded North Wales in force.

Llewellyn retired to raise his supporters in the south. But his army got the worst of it in an encounter with the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Edmund Mortimer, and Llewellyn wandered about the country with a few followers. When he came to the River Wye he found a large force under Mortimer and Gifford on the opposite bank. His little band undertook to hold the bridge called Pont Orewyn while Llewellyn departed to confer with some chiefs who had promised to meet him in the neighbouring valley. The Welshmen defended the bridge manfully till the English came up behind their backs, having crossed the Wye by a ford which had been betrayed to them. Llewellyn, waiting in a little grove with his squire, found himself surrounded by horsemen. He tried to escape, but an English squire named Adam Francon overtook him and ran him through.

Francon rode off to join in the battle, but returning later to inspect his victim, he was amazed to discover from his signet and the papers on his body, that he had slain the Prince of Wales. He cut off Llewellyn's head and sent it to the King, who ordered it to be set up on a turret of the Tower of London, crowned with a wreath of ivy, in fulfilment of Merlin's prophecy.

David tried to carry on as Prince of Wales, but his countrymen had no faith in him, and he soon found himself deserted. After hiding in the mountains for some time, he was betrayed to the English and taken to the King at Rhuddlan. He was tried (as an English baron) by a parliament held at Shrewsbury. He was found guilty and sentenced to die a traitor's death. On September 30th, 1283, he was hanged, drawn, and quartered.

Thus perished Llewellyn and David, the last two princes of the line of Cadwallader.

I

Edward of Carnarvon

PRINCE OF WALES, 1284-1307

(KING EDWARD II, 1307-1327)

AFTER the tragic fate of Llewellyn and the barbarous execution of David, the last of the Welsh princes, King Edward took up his residence in Wales. To consolidate his conquest he began to build strongholds at various spots, such as Conway and Carnarvon. The Welsh people had submitted and laid down their arms, but the chiefs were still in a surly mood.

On St. Mark's Day, the 25th of April, 1284, Edward was at Rhuddlan conferring with the chiefs, who were clamouring for a native prince. Queen Eleanor, by accident or design, was at Carnarvon Castle. Imagine Edward's joy when a messenger arrived with the news that a son had been born to him at Carnarvon. He knighted the messenger and loaded him with gifts. Then he called up the chiefs. "Will you accept," he said, "a prince born in Wales, who cannot speak a word of English, and of blameless life?"

"We will," they answered.

"Then come with me to Carnarvon," said the King.

A few days afterwards, at Carnarvon, Edward presented his fine, healthy baby boy to the chiefs, with the words

"Eich dyn!" which means "Your man" (so it is said). The chiefs were rather taken aback, but professed themselves quite satisfied.

So goes the story, and if it is not true it ought to be. Critical historians reject it, and scoff at the theory that "Eich dyn" is the original form of the well-known motto "Ich dien." At any rate, the Welsh kept their promise faithfully, and were always loyal to this Prince and his successors in the title.

The birth of this big, robust boy gave great satisfaction to the King and Queen. Two of their sons had died in their infancy, and the heir to the throne was an ailing boy of twelve named Alonzo, likely to die at any moment; as a matter of fact, he did die before the end of the year. Out of nine daughters, five were alive at this time, and fine, handsome girls they were. The eldest, Eleanor, was nearly twenty. The father and mother were a well-matched, affectionate couple. Edward, the greatest of our Plantagenet kings, had been on the throne twelve years and was at the height of his power. A giant in stature, as renowned in peace as in war, his stern, hard nature was tempered by a devoted fondness for his mother, his wife, and his daughters. Eleanor of Castile was one of our noblest queens; she it was who sucked the poison from her husband's wound when he was stabbed by an assassin in Palestine (another good story knocked on the head by modern historians).

With such hereditary advantages the infant Prince seemed destined for a great career. He was christened by the Bishop of Bangor, and nursed by a Welsh nurse named Mary of Carnarvon, whom he never forgot. One of the best features in the character of this Prince when he grew up was his gratitude to those who had served him in the days of his youth.

By the death of his elder brother, Alonzo, he soon became

heir to the crown, and as a child he was present at the wedding of three of his sisters—Eleanor to the Duke of Bar, Joan to Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and Margaret to the Duke of Brabant. It seems rather early to talk about his own marriage, but before he was six years old a project was on foot to provide him with a wife. The young lady's name was Margaret, and she is known in history as the Maid of Norway. She was the daughter of Eric of Norway, and by the death of her maternal grandfather, Alexander III, had become Queen of Scotland. By this marriage King Edward hoped to unite the crowns of the two countries. But as the Maid was on her voyage from Norway she was taken ill and landed at the Orkneys, where she died. Had she lived and married Prince Edward, the whole course of English and Scottish history would have been very different.

Edward was probably too young to feel the loss of his future bride, but before the end of the year he suffered another and more serious bereavement. The good Queen Eleanor fell ill and died at Nottingham, to the great grief of her husband, who erected a cross to her memory at every halting-place on the funeral journey to Westminster. So, in the course of two months, the young Prince lost the loving care of a good mother and the future influence of a good wife; for it cannot be doubted that the Maid of Norway would have proved a more helpful mate than the faithless Isabel, who was the prime mover in his tragic downfall.

During his early years the Prince saw little of his busy father, the man who could best have curbed his wilful nature and trained his mind to serious things. He was set up in a household of his own at Mortlake, surrounded by a court of boys not much older than himself, whom he called his "valets." He soon showed a taste for revelry, buffoonery, and the pleasures of the table, not uncommon

in boys of his age when allowed to do as they please. Those in authority were not too well fitted for controlling young Edward's budding propensities. At the head of this queer household was one Walter Reynolds, or Reynaud, who combined the offices of Tutor and Keeper of the Wardrobe. The latter office, at least, was no sinecure, for the Prince had a nice taste in the adornment of his handsome person. Walter was the son of a Windsor baker named Reginald. Being a smart lad he took orders and was appointed a clerk (or chaplain) in the Royal Household. He was a clever man without being learned. His skill in organizing musical and theatrical performances appealed more to his pupil than his classical attainments, and Edward had to take his coronation-oath in Norman-French, a form for those ignorant of Latin. As shown by Edward's letters to him, Walter acted as a sort of general provider of amusements to the young Prince, who was devoted to his tutor all his life. He did not forget him when he came to the throne, but raised him to the highest posts in Church and State.

At Mortlake Edward received visits from his married sisters and their husbands, who brought large retinues with them, and added considerably to the household expenses, especially in the matter of wine. It is not surprising to hear that he and his sisters often suffered from illness. Doctors were not very reliable in those days, so to make certain of a cure the royal children used to burn their own weight of wax candles to their favourite saint, and on their recovery they laid purses of gold on his shrine.

One doctor, however, achieved a great reputation by his treatment of Edward when he had smallpox. This was the "colour-cure," which has been practised in modern days as a treatment for shell-shock. The boy was simply surrounded with scarlet. Everything round him—bed,

bed-clothes, furniture, walls, were of a vivid red, and as the patient recovered, great credit was given to the doctor.

At the age of thirteen Prince Edward made his first public appearance as heir to the throne. The occasion requires a short explanation. By the victory of Dunbar (1296) King Edward thought that he had completely subdued Scotland, but he found himself involved in a war with France. The English possessions in France at that time consisted chiefly of Gascony, Guienne and Poitou, which formed the Duchy of Aquitaine, stretching from the Pyrenees almost as far north as the Loire. By means of a trick, Philip of France had induced Edward to hand over Gascony for forty days. When the time was up he not only refused to hand back Gascony, but set about seizing the whole of Aquitaine. Edward was furious and prepared for war. His great hindrance was lack of money. He had already got all he could from the Jews and the clergy, so this time he turned his attention to the merchants and farmers, already groaning under burdens almost too hard to bear. But even the mighty Edward could go too far. Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, and Bohun, Earl of Hereford, flatly refused to go to France, and stirred up the people to resist the new taxes on the principle laid down by Magna Carta that the people could only be taxed by their own consent. Edward was a strong king, but a wise one. He decided on a personal appeal to his people. A platform was erected in front of Westminster Hall, and on July 14th, 1297, the King, attended by the Prince of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Warwick, addressed a crowd of citizens. He enlarged on the peril of the country and the rapacity of his foreign foes.

"I am going to risk my life for your sakes," he said. "If I return, receive me," and then, introducing the handsome young Prince, "If I fall, here is my son—I

commend him to you." The King so wrought upon his own emotions that he burst into tears. The crowd also burst into tears and loud expressions of loyalty and devotion. Nothing more was said about the taxes. Before leaving the country the King appointed his son regent during his absence; the real power was left in the hands of Bishop Langton, the Treasurer, and a Council. When he had gone the people found that the hateful taxes were being levied as if nothing had happened. There was an outburst of indignation, and Langton was forced to summon a Parliament at Westminster, where the new taxes were repealed and it was enacted that henceforth no tax should be levied without the consent of the bishops, barons, burgesses and freemen of the kingdom. The young regent was rushed up from Tonbridge to Westminster and had the privilege of signing the *Confirmatio Cartarum*, as it was called. It was afterwards ratified, much against his will, by the King.

The French war came to nothing. Scotland was up in arms again under Sir William Wallace, and Edward was anxious to get home to avenge the defeat of Cambuskenneth. A treaty was signed with the King of France, by which it was arranged that King Edward should marry Philip's youngest sister, Marguerite. Edward was sixty and Marguerite seventeen, just half the age of her eldest stepdaughter. She made an excellent stepmother to the Prince of Wales, and presented him with two little half-brothers, Thomas of Brotherton and Edmund of Woodstock.

At the same time a match was proposed between the Prince and Philip's daughter, Isabel; but as the prospective bride was only five years old there was no immediate hurry for the wedding to take place. The Prince, who was then residing at the rustic village of Stepney, was content to write a letter naming Amadeus, Count of Savoy, his

proxy, with full powers to contract the espousals with Isabel.

One might have thought that these grave affairs of state and projects of matrimony would have had a sobering effect on the mind of the heir to the throne, but this was far from the case. He became more frivolous than ever, for it was about this time that Piers Gaveston appeared on the scene. The father of Piers, or "Perot," as the Prince called him, was a Gascon gentleman who had rendered important services to the King, and lately taken up his residence in England. His mother had been burnt in Guienne for witchcraft. As a reward for his father's services Perot was attached to the household of Prince Edward in the capacity of "valet" or gentleman attendant. He was a singularly attractive and accomplished youth, a little older than the Prince, who found Perot's liveliness and wit and amusing pranks much to his taste. The two youths became inseparable companions. Together they pursued their studies (what a time poor Walter Reynolds must have had!) and together they hunted and hawked and revelled in buffoonery, practical joking, and vulgar horseplay, to the scandal of the lords of the realm. Reproofs to the light-hearted Gascon were like water on a duck's back, to be answered with laughter, mimicry, and pert retorts. But Perot was not merely an impudent fool. No one could equal him at any sport or game; no one could sit a horse or wield a lance like Perot; there was no one so graceful and captivating as this "valet," his handsome figure decked with rich finery at the Prince's expense. The young master soon became his valet's devoted slave.

The Prince no longer kept house at Mortlake. He was often at Windsor, where he always made a point of being present at the offerings and oblations in the old Chapel of St. Edward (there was no St. George's then). Sometimes

he was staying with his young stepmother at Langley, consuming huge quantities of fruit ; and sometimes he followed his father—at a respectful distance—when he was making a “progress” through the country. The Prince was in mortal dread of his father, not without good reason, for though the King was fond of his children he was apt to get violent when annoyed ; and he was nearly always annoyed with the Prince. He got annoyed with his daughter Elizabeth once. It was on the occasion of her marriage to the Earl of Holland. The exact cause of offence is not quite clear, but he snatched the jewelled coronet from her brow and “was pleased to throw it behind the fire.” He was also pleased to make good the damage when he recovered his equanimity.

When Prince Edward wanted to beg any favour from his father he was rather shy about approaching him personally ; he generally got his stepmother or one of his sisters to do it. The old man, according to Holinshed, had “fretful eyes, the which, when he waxed angry, would suddenly become reddish and seem as though they sparkled with fire.” The effect produced on the object of his wrath was instantaneous and deadly, if the following story can be credited.

Once, when he was hard up, he called a meeting of the clergy and demanded a half of their incomes instead of the usual tenth. “If any of you have anything to say,” he said, “let him stand up and say it.” The Dean of St. Paul’s had the temerity to get on his legs, but the King gave him such a withering glance that the poor man dropped down dead on the spot. No wonder the Prince was not taking any risks. A little sympathy between father and son might have made the future king’s reign a brighter page of history.

All this time Prince Edward’s claim to the title of “Prince of Wales” had been rather indefinite ; indeed,



EDWARD OF CARNARVON
PRINCE OF WALES 1284-1307

it is doubtful if he was ever called by that title at all during the first seventeen years of his life. In 1301 the King put the matter beyond doubt by creating him Prince of Wales by letters patent, which are still in existence. A Parliament was held at Lincoln, and here the young Prince was formally invested as Prince of Wales and girded with the sword as Earl of Chester. A golden wreath or coronet was placed on his brow by the Chancellor, a golden ring was put on his finger, and a silver rod in his hand. The King then kissed his son as a sign of goodwill and affection, and the proceedings concluded with a festive banquet, which, to the Prince, must have been by no means the least enjoyable part of the ceremony.

The Household of the Prince of Wales was now established on a grander scale and taken under the especial protection of the Pope, but neither Prince nor household became more serious minded. Edward was now almost a man. In appearance he was a true Plantagenet, nearly as tall as his father, of a handsome and pleasing countenance, excelling in all the games of the period, and particularly partial to games in which money changed hands. He was generous (often at other people's expense), extravagant, good-natured and pleasure-loving. He was a sportsman, devoted to horses, hounds and hawks; but he had no liking for warfare or tournaments, though he was no mean performer with the lance and broadsword. If he had not been a prince he could have earned his living as a skilled workman, for he was an expert blacksmith and thatcher of houses. He was an accomplished musician; we hear of him supervising the music in the chapel at Windsor, and providing a choir for his sister Elizabeth, and apologizing for not sending the "organs" to his sister Mary's convent. He had a private band of his own, and in one of his letters to Walter Reynolds he asks his tutor to get

him some trumpets and some "nakers" (drums) for his little drummer-boy Francckyn. But he had a foolish mind, and delighted in the society of "buffoons, minstrels and players, stablefolk, watermen and sailors."

He never got over his fondness for gambling and buffoonery, even when King, and like all extravagant people, he was frequently short of cash. He used to play "cross and pile" (modern pitch and toss) with his gentleman usher, and borrow money *from his barber* to pay his losses. He once made the journey by river from Windsor to London in a "returned empty" barge which had brought faggots to the Castle. He had in his kitchen a funny fat fellow named Morris Ken, and the Wardrobe Expenses bear record of a sum of money paid to this Morris for amusing Edward by repeatedly tumbling off his horse during a hunt in Windsor Great Park. This sounds incredibly foolish; but after all, a Saturday to Monday with Edward of Carnarvon must have provided more enjoyment to the average person than a month at the Court of Edward Longshanks.

History does not tell us much about the Prince's exploits as a soldier. He seems to have served in two campaigns against Scotland, sometimes with his father and sometimes with a nominal command of his own. It is true that he was "mentioned in despatches" for his strategy, but he probably had an efficient chief of staff. The fact remains that he had no genius for warfare, and his father despaired of making him into a soldier.

But though history does not tell us much about the Prince in the field, the Wardrobe Accounts tell us a lot about the Prince on the march. His progress was like a glorified circus procession; not even the clowns were wanting. He attached to his train all the stray mountebanks, *jongleurs* and minstrels he met with on his way, and he had to pay compensation to one poor acrobat,

who in his anxiety to amuse the Prince with his contortions went a bit too far and did himself serious injury. He was accompanied by a lion and a band of Genoese fiddlers, whose fiddles were banged about their heads when the Prince was in a playful mood. The lion's travelling expenses amounted to tenpence a day, and its food cost fourpence a day. The lion's keeper only got twopence a day, but his name, Adam de Lichfield, has been handed down to posterity. On one march the Prince's losses at dice amounted to £37, a sum equal to £700 at the present value of money.

Edward of Carnarvon was a great letter-writer. During a period of five months in the year 1305 he wrote over 700 letters, which are still in existence. They were written in Norman-French (a few in Latin) probably by a clerk at the dictation of the Prince, and they throw many interesting sidelights on the Prince's character.

At the time when the letters were written Edward was in sad disgrace. He and Gaveston, in a nocturnal revel, had broken into the park of Bishop Langton, pulled down his fences and killed his deer. Being seized by his keepers, they were brought before the Bishop's Court, where they answered his rebukes with insolent and abusive words. Now, Walter de Langton was not a man who could be insulted with impunity. He was Bishop of Lichfield, Chester and Coventry, the most powerful prelate in the kingdom, Lord Treasurer of the realm, and the King's most trusty councillor. He reported the matter to the King, who sent for Edward and Perot, and forced them to acknowledge their offence and beg the Bishop's pardon. But the precious pair were by no means repentant, and a second time they treated the Bishop with insolence and disrespect. Langton again complained to the King, and this time the matter was really serious. Edward was summoned to the Court at Midhurst, but was not allowed

to see his father. The next day the King delivered sentence on his son. It amounted to what we should now call a "boycott."

The story can be continued in the Prince's own words. The first letter is addressed to Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, and dated the 14th day of June. After the usual compliments :

"Know, sieur, that on Sunday, the 13th day of June, we came to Midhurst, where we found our lord the King our father, and on the following Monday, on account of certain words which were told him, that had been between us and the Bishop of Chester, he is so angry with us that he has forbidden us that neither ourselves nor any one of our suite should be so bold as to enter within his household ; and he has forbidden all the officers of his household and of the Exchequer that they should neither give us nor lend us anything for the sustenance of our household, and we have remained at Midhurst in order to wait for his good pleasure and his pardon ; and we will at any rate proceed after him in the best manner that we shall be able, as at ten or twelve leagues from his household, until we may be able to recover his good pleasure, for which we have great desire."

The same day the Prince writes to Walter Reynolds explaining his unfortunate position and asking him to "devise means to send us money in great haste for the sustenance of our household," and not to let the Bishop of Chester or anyone connected with the Exchequer know anything about it. The King's ban on supplies apparently only applied to substantial food, for the Exchequer accounts show that the Prince had no lack of luxuries, such as almonds, sugar, cinnamon, nutmegs, candied fruit, jellies and gingerbread. But even a prince cannot exist for long on cinnamon and nutmegs, and we find him writing to his stepmother for some fat deer from her forest of Odiham,

and thanking his sister Joan, Countess of Gloucester, for her gift of "things."

The King seems to have got tired of being followed about from place to place at a distance of "ten or twelve leagues," for early in August Edward has to decline an invitation from his sister: "We would willingly come to you, but my lord the King has commanded our stay in these parts, near Wyndesore, between this and Parliament, or until otherwise ordered, and we wish to obey his commands in all things."

His dear Perot was not allowed to go near him, and in the absence of congenial society he got bored. He writes from Windsor to his sister, the Countess of Holland and Hereford:

"Inasmuch as our lord the King has granted us two valets, John de Husted and John de Weston, we entreat and request you especially to be pleased to beg our lady the Queen, our dear mother, that she would be pleased to beg the King to be pleased to grant two more valets to dwell with us; that is to say, Gilbert de Clare and Perot de Gaveston; for if we had these two with the others whom we have we should be much relieved from the anguish which we have endured and yet daily suffer from the restrictions at the pleasure of our lord the King." Two days later he writes to the Queen in the same strain.

In the midst of his own troubles, the Prince did not forget his friends. He writes to the Queen stating his desire for the advancement of "our dear clerk" Walter Reynolds, and begging her to get him appointed to the prebend of Ripon. He approaches various bishops and abbots with requests for posts or pensions for "beloved valets" grown old in his service, and these letters are generally followed by others expressing astonishment that no notice has been taken of his requests.

Mention has been made of his consideration for those who served him. Here are some instances :

"To Henry de Say. Whereas we have heard that our dear servant, Laurence de Baggeshete, our palfreyman, is about shortly to have his daughter married, we do command that you will cause to be delivered up to him one tun of wine as our gift for the nuptials of his said daughter."

"To Sir Walter Reginald. Whereas we have heard that you have not yet delivered unto Gunmore, our Laundress, the gown which she ought to have had of us for the feast of Christmas last past ; we command that if the same is still due to her, you will cause her to have the same in due manner as speedily as you may, for we have heard that she will shortly have her daughter married ; wherefore it is our wish that this matter should be the more expedited."

"To the Abbot of Redynge. Whereas our well-beloved John Lalemand, keeper of one of our chargers, has had one of his hands badly wounded, and we have heard that there is a good surgeon with you ; we do pray that you will receive him to remain in your house until such time as his hand is cured."

The following bears witness to his love of sport :

"To John de Foxle. We do command that you send us a sparrow-hawk, in full wing, for partridges, and that you lend us a spaniel : and that you send the same tomorrow by a man who well knows how to carry the said hawk."

He writes to Monsire Robert de Touny for the loan of a horn ; and sends as a gift to Count d'Evreux "a fine trotting palfrey, together with some Welsh harriers, which can well discover a hare, if they find it sleeping." Also some "running dogs" to chase the said hare when awake.

Nothing is too trivial for him to write about ; for instance :

"To Sir John de Droknesford. Whereas you have promised us a cartload of walnuts, we pray that you will send your letter written to the keeper of the place where the nuts are, and we will send thither a cart to fetch them."

On the whole, one gets a more favourable impression of Edward's character from these letters than from the chronicles of Knyghton and Hemingford. In not a single one of them is there a word of complaint against his father's treatment; on the contrary, he begs his indignant sisters not to think that his father is too hard upon him. The King was evidently touched by his son's meekness and submission, and before the end of the year he relented. The Prince was once more taken into favour, and his dear Perot was restored to him.

King Edward's second war with Scotland came to an end in 1304 with the surrender of Stirling Castle. In 1305 William Wallace, the champion of Scotland, was betrayed by his own countrymen, and barbarously executed at London as a traitor to the King of England. Imagine Edward's fury when he heard that Robert Bruce had stabbed the Red Comyn in the church of Dumfries, had been crowned King at Scone, and raised the standard of independence in Scotland. He made preparations for war on a larger scale than ever, and vowed that this time the conquest of Scotland should be as the conquest of Wales. But the nation was a bit tired of Scottish wars, the King was getting old, and money and men were not easily forthcoming. To kindle enthusiasm, to raise money from the fees, and to secure officers for his army, the old King announced his intention of making 300 young noblemen and gentlemen into knights. The ceremony was to be unusually magnificent and impressive, for the Prince of Wales himself was to receive the honour of knighthood, and his friend Perot and his cousin Gilbert de Clare were among the 300. The occasion chosen was the Feast of Pente-

cost, 1306. The gardens of the Temple were turned into a camp, where each young gentleman had his separate tent and attendants. They must have been a lively lot, for we are told that "they crowded in their glittering dresses the gardens of the Temple which were set apart for their reception, and received much injury in this novel service."

The Prince, with a few nobles, kept his vigils in the cathedral church of Westminster. The vigils were supposed to consist of bathing, prayer, fasting and meditation, but according to the account which Dr. Doran has culled from the *Archæological Journal*, they were of a somewhat noisy character on this occasion. "In place of silence or prayer, trumpets were sounded, pipes squeaked forth a treble accompaniment and unruly shouts now and then ascended to the roof, creating altogether such confusion that the monks on either side of the choir could not hear the voices of those who were seated opposite to them."

On Whit-Sunday the Prince was knighted privately by his father (who was not feeling very well) in the Palace of Westminster. He then went to the Abbey to confer the honour on his companions. The disorder of the vigils was quite eclipsed at this ceremony. The Abbey was invaded by a vast crowd of spectators, through which armed men on horseback in vain attempted to clear a way for the candidates as they tried to approach the altar, each supported by two knights. "The struggle was so fierce," says Dr. Doran, "that several knights fainted and two of them were actually killed. The Prince of Wales himself was so closely surrounded that he was unable to use his arms in order to belt the newly-made knights. So intolerable was the pressure that he was at last compelled to mount the altar itself, and on that unusual stage he performed the ceremony of making knights of the fatigued and fainting young nobles who could fight their way to his feet."

The King was sufficiently recovered to attend the subsequent banquet in Westminster Hall and make a speech full of rage against the Scots. Placing his hand on two silver swans, emblems of constancy and truth, he swore that he would never rest twice in the same place till he had chastised the Scots and avenged the death of Comyn. All the young knights took the same oath, and Edward charged them, if he should happen to die before the war was completed, that they would not bury his body till the victory was won.

Next morning the new knights rode off to join the army which the King had already dispatched to Scotland under Aymar de Valence, Earl of Pembroke. The King himself followed in a litter, and by easy stages reached Carlisle. On the 19th of June Pembroke attacked Bruce's army at Methven in the middle of the night, and being caught unawares the Scots suffered a crushing defeat. Bruce had to fly for his life, and spent the autumn and winter in romantic wanderings in Ireland and the Western Isles, while English forces were ravaging Scotland and hunting out and slaying Bruce's relations and adherents. The old King was too ill to enter Scotland, but the Prince and Piers Gaveston accompanied some of these raiding expeditions, and the latter gained a high reputation for leadership.

It was while the King was at Carlisle that there occurred a terrible scene between father and son. It came about in this way. The King had made the Prince a present of Gascony (or, as some say, Guienne). But this was not enough for the Prince; he wanted something for Gaveston, and that something was nothing less than the province of Ponthieu, the only province remaining to the English in the north of France. The Prince was naturally rather nervous about approaching his father with such a request; so, according to his custom, he looked round for some one to do it for him. The only person who seemed to have a

reasonable chance of success was his old enemy, Bishop Langton. The good Bishop did not fancy the job at all, but as the old King was obviously not long for this world, he probably thought it wise to keep well in with the heir to the throne, and very reluctantly consented to try his luck. He entered the King's apartment and came to the point at once.

"My lord King," he said, "I am here, unwillingly enough, on the part of my lord Prince, your son. He desires to have the title of Count of Ponthieu conferred on Piers Gaveston, his bachelor, if such might be done by your permission."

The King's "iettie eies" were ablaze in a moment. "Who art thou," he exclaimed with an oath, "that darrest to ask such a thing? If thou hadst not come unwillingly thou shouldst not escape rough treatment. But now I will see what he has to say who sent thee hither. Do thou stay where thou art."

So the Prince was summoned to the presence.

"What business is this that thou hast sent this man to ask?" thundered the King.

"To ask, with your permission, that Piers de Gaveston may be created Count of Ponthieu."

At this the King lost control of himself, and seizing his son by the hair:

"Out upon thee," he roared, "*thou* wouldst give away lands, *thou* who hast never won any! Were it not that the kingdom might fall into anarchy I would take good care that thou shouldst never wear the crown," whereupon he dragged the Prince round the room and tore out great handfuls of hair. When his fury abated a little he had the Prince put in custody and summoned a council of his barons and prelates. The Prince and Gaveston were called before this council. The former was made to swear an oath that he would never give land or titles to Gaveston,

and the latter had to swear that he would never accept them. Perot was also given to understand that, unless he left the kingdom before a certain date, his life would be forfeited. So Perot went to Flanders.

In the early summer of 1307 the Earl of Pembroke came riding hot to Carlisle with the news that Bruce had emerged from his retreat, rekindled the war in Scotland, and defeated the English army at Loudun Hill. The great King roused himself from his bed and mounted his horse. But he could only go six miles in four days. He knew that he was dying. The Prince was summoned to his bedside, and in a last painful interview the dying father gave his final instructions to his graceless son. After much good advice of a general sort, which was quite thrown away on the heedless young man, he enjoined him to be kind to his stepmother, Queen Marguerite, and his little brothers Thomas and Edmund. He gave instructions that his heart should be taken to the Holy Land by 140 knights, for whose expenses he left a large sum of money. He made his son renew his oath to keep his dead body above ground till he had taken vengeance on the Scots, and swear once more that he would never recall Gaveston without the consent of the Lords and Commons of the realm.

A few days afterwards, on July 7th, 1307, King Edward I, the "Hammer of the Scots," died at Burgh-on-the-Sands.

At first the new King had some idea of continuing the war with Scotland, but Gaveston, who had been residing at the Manor of Crecy in Ponthieu, speedily returned and joined Edward at Dumfries. His fatal influence became apparent at once. Edward soon gave up the war as hopeless, and returned south, abandoning the garrisons in Scotland to the mercy of the Scots. The body of the old King was conveyed to London for burial at Westminster. Gaveston was given the County of Cornwall, with its rich revenues, hitherto always an appanage of royalty, but he

could not get the people to call him Earl of Cornwall. Edward's niece, Margaret de Clare, was given to him in marriage. Walter Langton was deprived of his bishoprics and the Treasurership and confined in the Norman Tower at Windsor. Walter Reynolds was made Treasurer, and the revenues of the vacant sees were given to Gaveston.

Having made himself thoroughly unpopular in England, Edward thought it about time to go to France to marry Isabel. Four kings and three queens were present at the wedding: "Quite a pack of court-cards," says Charles Dickens in his misnamed *Child's History of England*, "for I dare say the knaves were not wanting." A good wife might have saved Edward from himself and Gaveston, but Isabel had the face of an angel and the mind of a cat. On landing at Dover the King gave all his wedding presents to Gaveston.

The coronation was stage-managed by Gaveston, who, needless to say, played the principal part and cut the finest figure. He it was who carried the crown of St. Edward, while the Earl of Lancaster, the grandson of Henry III, had to be content with the sword of state.

Petted and pampered by the King, Gaveston was detested by the barons as a foreigner, a favourite, and an upstart. They had no sense of humour, and could not see the joke of being called such names as "Pot-Belly," "The Stage-Player," "Joseph the Jew" and "The Black Dog." Perot's superiority made all this the more aggravating. In a tournament in honour of the coronation he unhorsed Lancaster, Hereford, Pembroke and Warrenne one after the other. This kind of thing could not be allowed. The barons in parliament insisted on Gaveston's banishment. The King sent him to govern Ireland, and, to his credit be it said, he proved one of the most popular governors Ireland ever had.

He was back again the next year, and his impudence and ostentation were more pronounced than ever. He was banished again, and this time made a short campaign in Scotland, where he showed some skill as a general. A third time he was banished and got as far as Flanders. Two months later he was with the King at York. The barons took up arms and Perot found himself besieged by the Earl of Pembroke ("Joseph the Jew") in Scarborough Castle. He surrendered on condition that his life should be spared. But as Pembroke was taking him to Wallingford Castle, he left him for a time near Banbury, and Perot was seized by some of the other barons. They took him on a mule to Warwick Castle, and debated what they should do with him. Hereford and Surrey were for sparing him, but the Earl of Warwick, who had vowed that Gaveston should feel the "Black Dog's teeth," said, "If you let the fox go you will have to hunt him again." Gaveston flung himself at the feet of Lancaster and begged for mercy, but "The Stage-Player" had no mercy. Piers Gaveston was beheaded at Blacklow Hill on June 19th, 1312.

Walter Reynolds had better luck. For several years he was Bishop of Worcester and, on the death of Archbishop Winchelsea, Edward made him Archbishop of Canterbury and honoured him with his presence at his enthronement. He was a fair average Primate. He resisted his former pupil in matters ecclesiastical, put down the claim of the Archbishop of York to be his equal, and lived long enough to place the crown on the head of King Edward III.

As for poor Edward II, instead of taking warning by the death of Gaveston, he found another favourite, who eventually cost him his throne and his life. But he never forgot Gaveston or forgave Lancaster, and a few years later he took a terrible revenge on "The Stage-Player." Gaveston's body he re-interred in a church he built at Langley, and covered his tomb with a golden pall.

Edward's character is neatly summed up by Holinshed as follows :

"Neither wanted there in him stoutness of stomach, if his euill counsellors had beene remooued, that he might have showed it in honourable exploits, which being kept backe by them he could not doo. So that thereby it appeareth of what importance it is to be trained up in youth with good and honest companie."



EDWARD OF WOODSTOCK
THE BLACK PRINCE
PRINCE OF WALLIS 1341-1376

II

Edward of Woodstock

(The Black Prince)

PRINCE OF WALES, 1343-1376

EDWARD III was never Prince of Wales. Some historians have given him the title, but there is no record that he was ever created, declared or even called Prince of Wales during the lifetime of his father. Edward II no doubt valued the "rights and privileges" of the Principality too highly to hand them over to his son. But though Edward of Windsor was never Prince of Wales, a few words about the boyhood of this great king will not be out of place as an introduction to the life of his illustrious son, the Black Prince.

The birth of a son and heir at Windsor on November 13th, 1312, was some consolation to Edward II for the loss of Piers Gaveston. The royal infant was only a few days old when he was created Earl of Chester, and at his baptism he had a narrow escape of being called Louis, but his father got his own way with Isabel and her French uncles, and had him named Edward. Another son, John, arrived to console his father for the defeat of Bannockburn, and two daughters, Eleanor and Joan, were born to brighten two gloomy periods of famine and rebellion.

The young Prince's boyhood was indeed passed in

troublesome times. The King was entirely in the hands of his new favourites, the De Spencers, father and son. The beautiful and spiteful Queen Isabel was posing as a neglected wife and found no lack of sympathizers. The third of her handsome brothers, Charles IV, succeeded to the throne of France in 1322, and insisted that Edward should come personally and do homage for his French possessions.

This was most distasteful and inconvenient to Edward. He had no intention of going to France if he could possibly help it, so he kept putting it off till Charles threatened to seize the whole of Aquitaine. The poor King was at his wits' end when Isabel came to the rescue with a suggestion that she should go to Paris and try to come to some arrangement with her brother Charles. Edward, not unwilling to get her out of the way for a time, gladly gave his consent, and off she went.

After two months of feasting and gaiety, she sent word to her husband that Charles would accept the homage of their son Edward, provided he were invested with the Duchy of Aquitaine. The King had no alternative. He made his young son Duke of Aquitaine, and saw him off at Dover, accompanied by two bishops, with many misgivings and much parting advice.

The homage rendered, Edward besought his wife to bring or send his son back to him. But Isabel professed to be in terror of her life from the De Spencers, and lingered on and on at the Court of France till her brother got tired of her and sent her to Hainault. This was a bit of luck for Prince Edward, as it was there he met and wooed the handsome Princess Philippa, who was to be such an excellent wife to him and such a devoted mother to the Black Prince.

Sir John of Hainault took up the cause of the injured Queen and supplied her with money and men for an armed

landing in England to put down the De Spencers. By her side were two other devoted sympathizers: Roger Mortimer, a refugee who had escaped from the Tower, and Edmund, Earl of Kent, that half-brother to whom Edward had promised to be kind. The expedition landed on the coast of Suffolk. London rose on behalf of the Queen, and the King fled to Wales. The De Spencers were seized and executed with horrible barbarity; the father at Bristol and the son at Hereford.

At last Edward gave himself up and was imprisoned at Kenilworth and forced to abdicate. He was then removed to Berkeley Castle, and his son, the innocent tool of Isabel and Mortimer, was crowned by Walter Reynolds. A few months later, in the middle of the night, terrible shrieks were heard at Berkeley Castle, and next morning the citizens of Bristol were invited to view the dead body of poor Edward of Carnarvon.

Edward of Windsor was married to Philippa of Hainault at York Minster on St. Paul's Day, 1328. On the 15th of June, 1330, a son and heir was born to the happy couple at Woodstock. The infant Prince was "fair, lusty and well-formed," and people marvelled at "the beauty of his shape, the largeness of his size and the firm contexture of his body." He was devotedly nursed by his mother, but he also had a nurse named Joan of Oxford and a rocker named Matilda Plumtree, on whom the grateful King conferred ample annuities. Fate decreed that this promising babe should never wear the crown of England, but, as the Black Prince, he became more famous than many a king.

The royal father, though not yet eighteen, now thought that it was high time to take the reins in his own hands. A short visit to France, to do homage for Aquitaine, had opened his eyes to the real character of his mother and her intimacy with Mortimer. The insolence and presump-

tion of Mortimer knew no bounds, and a disgraceful peace he had concluded with Scotland had made him hateful to the people. He had just executed his former supporter, the popular and handsome Edmund, Earl of Kent, the King's uncle and the father of a future Princess of Wales. Edward seized Mortimer by night at Nottingham Castle, and in spite of Isabel's entreaty to "spare the gentle Mortimer," he had him tried and executed. Isabel was kept in a kind of honourable captivity at Castle Rising for the rest of her life.

Having asserted his authority, Edward soon proved that he was every inch a king, and a worthy grandson of the "Hammer of the Scots." His wars with Scotland, however, do not come into this story, except for the fact that the help given by the French to the Scots was the cause of the war with France, which comes into this story a good deal. Edward's claim to the French crown was merely an afterthought.

To return to the Black Prince. At the age of three he was created Earl of Chester, and at the age of eight Duke of Cornwall. This was the first creation of a duke in England, and it was ordained that the title should descend by inheritance to the eldest son of the King of this realm. At a parliament held at Westminster on May 12th, 1343, Edward was created Prince of Wales. In the presence of the assembled peers he was invested with ring and rod, and all the unpaid taxes and fines were collected from the Principality for his use and benefit.

The early education of the young Prince was entrusted to Dr. Walter Burley, in company with some "whipping-boys" of less exalted rank. Tradition has it that he proceeded to Queen's College, Oxford, where one day he had a quarrel with a fellow-student named Hampden over a game of tennis. Hampden struck the Prince with his racket, and as a penalty had to forfeit "Tring, Wing

and Ivanhoe, three manors for a blow." This does not sound a very likely story, for Edward was a lusty youth and no bad hand at returning a blow. He excelled in all outdoor sports and the juvenile tournaments which were got up for his amusement and instruction in the use of arms.

While the Prince was studying his primer with young Simon de Burley and tilting with his youthful companions in arms, his father was often busy in Flanders, establishing his country's commercial prosperity. During his father's absence he was twice left in nominal charge of the kingdom and presided over parliaments. Two of his brothers were born in Flanders, Lionel at Antwerp and John at Ghent. The Prince himself visited Antwerp in 1340, and though only ten years of age, he captured the hearts of all the young ladies of that great commercial city.

The King spared no pains to keep on good terms with the Flemings, for they were the weavers who wove the English wool. The state of affairs in Flanders was peculiar. The big towns were under the despotic but prosperous rule of a brewer named Jacob van Artevelde, and the Count of Flanders hardly dared show his face in his own country. The Count was pro-French, and Artevelde pro-English. He it was who suggested to Edward that he should claim the crown of France, so that the Flemings could honourably support him as their liege-lord.

The Prince of Wales was the unwitting cause of Van Artevelde's death, if Froissart's yarn can be believed. The old Canon says that Van Artevelde had such a strong attachment to King Edward that he proposed to settle the inheritance of Flanders on his son, the Prince of Wales. When the Flemings heard of Van Artevelde's plan they did not like the idea at all, but did not dare to tell him so openly. So they spread a rumour that he had collected the revenues for over nine years and given no account of

them. The people of Ghent got so excited against him that they rushed to his house and tried to force an entrance. Jacob parleyed with them from a window, but they would not listen, and cried out, "We know that you have emptied our treasury and sent the money to England without our knowledge." They finally "broke into the house, seized their victim and slew him without mercy; the death-stroke being given by one Denys, a saddler." This tragedy happened in 1345.

King Edward had been at war with France, on and off, for six years without gaining any notable success except the naval victory of Sluys. The depredations committed by the French in Aquitaine decided him to put his full force in the field, and he made preparations on a grand scale. This time he thought that the Prince, now in his sixteenth year and a big strong lad for his age, was old enough to accompany him, and win his spurs.

Leaving the kingdom in nominal charge of his second son, young Lionel of Antwerp, then a boy of eight, the King set sail for Guienne with an army of 32,000 men; but he met with contrary winds in the Channel and was driven back to Southampton.

While waiting for a change of weather, he was told by Sir Godfrey de Harcourt that Normandy was quite unprotected and offered a fine field for invasion and plunder. So the King changed his mind and on the 10th of July, 1346, he landed at La Hogue. Here he knighted the Prince of Wales and a number of young nobles and squires. Then, dividing his army into three divisions, he set about the devastation of Normandy. The only town which offered serious resistance was Caen, where over 500 English were killed in the narrow streets by stones and furniture hurled at them from the tops of the houses. Town after town surrendered, and the wealth and merchandise of Normandy was sent over to England in barges.

Philip of Valois was roused to action. He recalled his army from Aquitaine and summoned all his allies, vassals and mercenaries for the defence of Paris. Edward's intention was to cross the Seine at Rouen and march to Flanders, but he found the bridge broken down, so he led his army along the left bank almost to the gates of the capital. Out-manceuvring the French King, he crossed the Seine at Poissy and made for the Somme, with the huge French army at his heels. Edward's force was now reduced to about 8,000 men, while Philip had eight times that number.

The English crossed the Somme by a ford in the face of 12,000 French, drawn up on the opposite bank to dispute their passage. After marching six leagues they arrived at the village of Crecy in Ponthieu. Edward called a halt and exclaimed: "I will await the enemy on this spot, for I am now on the lawful inheritance of my lady mother, given her as her marriage portion." Quite apart from his lady mother, he had chosen his position with an eye to defence. He gave a great supper to his earls and barons, and after praying to God that he might come off with honour on the morrow, he and his army lay down to sleep.

Philip of Valois passed that night at Abbeville, surrounded by the brilliant chivalry of France.

The story of Crecy is well known, but it will bear retelling; the life of the Black Prince would not be complete without it. King and Prince were up at dawn the next morning—August 26th—heard Mass and communicated. Then the King made his dispositions for the coming battle. He placed all his baggage-waggons and horses in a large park in the rear, for the English were to fight on foot that day. The army was arranged in three divisions. The first was under the command of the Prince of Wales, who had at his side the Earl of Warwick and that famous knight Sir John Chandos. It was composed of 800 men-at-

arms, 2,000 archers and 1,000 men from the Prince's own domains of Wales and Cornwall. The archers were in front, in the form of a portcullis. On the flank and a little to the rear was the second division, commanded by the Earls of Northampton and Arundel. The third division was in reserve.

The King rode round the ranks on a small palfrey, cheering and encouraging his men. He then retired to a neighbouring windmill, from which he could survey and direct the battle. The men sat down on the ground, with their helmets and bows in front of them, regaling themselves with liberal refreshments while awaiting the enemy's onslaught.

King Philip left Abbeville at daybreak. His vast army was soon in hopeless confusion. He called a halt, but it was disregarded, for "those behind cried 'Forward,' and those in front cried 'Back.'" When Philip came in sight of the English his blood began to boil and he ordered his 15,000 Genoese crossbowmen to advance, but they pleaded that they were tired with their long march. "During this time a heavy rain fell, accompanied by thunder and a very terrible eclipse of the sun," says Froissart, "and before this rain, a great flight of crows hovered in the air, making a loud noise." By the time the Genoese were persuaded to advance their crossbows were rendered almost useless by the rain. Three times they hooted at the English to scare them away, but the English did not move; they then tried to shoot, but, in return, they got such a shower of arrows that "it seemed as if it snowed." The Genoese turned tail and ran for their lives, full tilt into the mounted men-at-arms behind them. "Kill me those scoundrels," cried Philip, "for they do but block our way."

The Duke of Alençon on one side and the Count of Flanders on the other, with all the finest chivalry of France,

rode round the flanks of the English archers and made a determined attack on the Prince's division. The second division came up to support him, but the French onslaught was so vigorously sustained that the Earl of Warwick sent a knight to the King's windmill, with a request for the assistance of the third division.

"Is my son dead, unhorsed, or so badly wounded that he cannot support himself?" asked Edward.

"Nothing of the sort," replied the knight, "but he is in so hot an engagement that he has great need of your help."

"Then let the boy win his spurs," said the King.

And win his spurs the boy did. Alençon and Flanders "fought lustily under their banners, but could not resist the force of the English, and were there slain, as well as many other knights and squires." Great princes and nobles, such as the Duke of Lorraine and the Counts of Blois, St. Pol and Auxerre, charged in to restore the fight, but likewise bit the dust. The Welshmen got at them in their hopeless plight and administered the *coup de grace* with their long knives; a proceeding which displeased King Edward, who thought the chivalry of France deserved a better fate.

At last, at the hour of vespers, Philip of Valois, whose horse had been killed under him, found himself left with only sixty men. Sir John of Hainault remounted him, and he rode through the night to the Castle of La Broye. When the governor appeared on the battlements to ask who it was knocking for admission at such an hour, he made that pathetic appeal: "Open, open, governor, it is the fortune of France."

The battle won, the King embraced the Prince, saying: "Sweet son, God give you perseverance; you are my son; for most loyally have you acquitted yourself: you are worthy to be a sovereign!"

The Prince bowed low and gave all honour to his father.

Next day a search was made on the battlefield: eighty banners, and the dead bodies of eleven princes, 1,200 knights and 30,000 common men were found lying on the ground. What a triumph of quiet discipline over noise, arrogance and disorder!

Among those who lost their lives on this fatal field was Charles of Luxembourg, the blind King of Bohemia. Anxious to strike a blow with his sword he requested two knights to guide him into the battle. Dashing into the thick of the fray they were all three slain, and on the morrow their dead bodies were found on the ground with their horses tied together.

From this blind King of Bohemia the Prince of Wales is said to have got his badge of ostrich feathers and his motto *Ich dien* ("I serve"). Much ink has been wasted in trying to prove that this cannot be true. He may have got them from his mother, Philippa of Hainault, as all her sons seem to have adopted the ostrich feathers as their badge. It is curious that the only contemporary reference to this story of the feathers is contained in a medical treatise by the Prince's physician, just as the only contemporary record of the foundation of the Order of the Garter is an old tailor's bill.

The Prince took an active part in the siege of Calais. More than once, being very popular, he was sent home to raise money and supplies for the besieging troops, and he made several raids into France. He was present when Queen Philippa begged the lives of the citizens who gave themselves up with ropes round their necks, and he added his entreaties to his mother's.

The sequel to the siege of Calais, as related by Froissart, was an amazing adventure in which both father and son took part. The King had appointed Sir Aymery de Pavia, a native of Lombardy, governor of the captured town, and

he heard that a French knight, Sir Geoffry de Chagny, was trying to bribe him to betray it to the French. Edward ordered Sir Aymery to continue the negotiations, and he himself, with the Prince and a chosen band of knights, sailed from Dover and entered Calais so secretly that no one knew of their arrival. He placed his men in ambuscade in the rooms and tower of the castle, and said to Sir Walter Manny: "Sir Walter, I will that you be chief of this enterprise, and I and my son will fight under your banner."

Sir Geoffry de Chagny sent Sir Odoart de Renty to the castle with 20,000 crowns, the bribe agreed upon. Sir Aymery let down the drawbridge and admitted him with a party of Frenchmen and accepted the bag of money, remarking: "I suppose they are all there, as there is no time to count them." He then led Sir Odoart to the great tower to put him in possession.

Now it was here that the King and Prince, disguised as ordinary men-at-arms, with 200 others, were hiding; and as the door flew open they rushed out with sword and battle-axe, crying out, "Manny to the rescue!" Sir Odoart and his party surrendered at once. Edward and his knights then dashed out of the castle and bore down upon Sir Geoffry's force which was waiting outside the town. There was a fierce fight. The King singled out the strongest and most valiant of the French knights, Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont. Twice was Edward stricken to his knees, but in the end the French champion was overpowered and yielded up his sword. There were many prisoners, and the rest fled.

As it was New Year's Eve, the festive King gave a grand supper to his supporters and prisoners, and taking a chaplet of pearls off his own head, he handed it to Sir Eustace de Ribeaumont as the prize of valour, at the same time giving him his liberty, free of ransom; a fine example of chivalry for the young Prince.

It must have been soon after this adventure that the chivalrous monarch founded the Order of the Garter, though Froissart gives the date 1344. Amongst the original twenty-five knights we find the names of the Black Prince, Henry, Earl of Lancaster, the Captal de Buch, Sir John Chandos and Sir Walter Manny, that hero of Hainault so dear to the heart of Froissart. For his most noble Order Edward erected a most noble chapel, dedicated to St. George, which stands to this day a silent witness of those glorious days of chivalry. Nor are those days forgotten, for four times a year, at the Commemoration of Founders and Benefactors, in St. George's Chapel,

"Mighty names of King and warrior
We in high remembrance say."

The Channel ports had for some time suffered from the depredations of a Spanish fleet, which under pretence of trading with Flanders, was really little better than a swarm of pirates. In the summer of 1350 King Edward said: "We have for a long time spared these people, but they do not amend their conduct; on the contrary, they grow more arrogant; for which reason they must be chastised as they repass our coasts."

He sailed from Sandwich with fifty ships to meet the Spaniards. One ship he commanded in person, while another was commanded by the Prince of Wales, who had with him his brother John of Gaunt, then ten years of age. On the third day the King was sitting in the forepart of his ship, wearing a black velvet mantle and a small black beaver hat, "which well became him." He was listening to Sir John Chandos singing to the accompaniment of his minstrels when the knight on look-out called out, "I spy a ship—a Spaniard—two, three, four!" The Spanish ships were much bigger than the English, but Edward and his knights refreshed themselves with wine

and got ready to tackle them. The King grappled the largest he could find and, his own ship having sprung a leak, he boarded it, flung the crew overboard and fought the rest of the battle from the Spaniard.

The Prince performed a similar exploit. His ship had collided with a huge Spaniard and was so full of holes that half the crew were occupied in baling. His cousin of Derby and Lancaster came to the rescue, grappled the Spaniard on the other side and prince and duke soon effected its capture. Chivalry apparently did not apply to Spanish pirates, for the occupants of this ship also were consigned to a watery grave. Fourteen Spanish ships were taken; the rest fled. Edward and the Prince were welcomed with great joy by Queen Philippa, who had been anxiously watching the fight from Winchelsea.

Sometime after this sea-fight there was trouble in the Prince's county of Chester. The inhabitants of the county had been very unruly and were being severely dealt with by the King's justices. They appealed to their Earl for protection. The Prince went to Chester and killed two birds with one stone, for he not only persuaded his people to give up being troublesome, but accepted a present of 5,000 crowns as the price of his interference. Perhaps his conscience pricked him, for on his way home he bestowed a tenth of this sum on the unfinished church of Vale Royal, which had been founded by his great-grandfather, Edward I.

Philip of Valois died in 1350 and was succeeded by his son John, called "the Good," though he did little good to France. For some time the war was suspended, while Edward and John were trying to come to some arrangement for a permanent peace. During these years France was a prey to pestilence, famine, and the depredations of those bands of unemployed soldiers known as the Free Companies.

The rival monarchs failed to come to terms, and the war

was renewed more bitterly than ever. In 1355 three expeditions set sail from England. The King himself landed in Normandy but was recalled to repel a Scottish invasion. Henry of Lancaster invaded Brittany, to support the house of De Montfort against Charles of Blois, the French candidate for the dukedom.

The Prince of Wales sailed for Bordeaux, the capital of Gascony. Dividing his army into several columns, he marched eastwards to Toulouse and spread devastation through the rich and fertile province of Languedoc. The soft and unwarlike inhabitants of the South, where peace had reigned for over a century, were no match for the Prince's men-at-arms and archers, and could offer no resistance. Toulouse, Carcassonne, Narbonne and 500 other towns and villages were sacked and destroyed, and the Prince's progress was marked by heaps of blackened ruins, burnt cornfields and vineyards. It was about this time that the French gave him the name of "Le Prince Noir," either from the black armour which he wore to set off his fair complexion, or from the black ruin he left behind him in Languedoc.

At the end of two months the Prince returned, laden with booty, to Bordeaux, where he spent a merry winter at his gay Gascon court.

Early in July (1356) the Black Prince set off again with a mixed army of about 10,000 English and Gascons. This time he ravaged the as yet undevastated province of Auvergne. Five thousand cart-loads of valuable plunder were sent back to Bordeaux. Then he marched into Berry, with the intention of crossing the Loire and joining the Duke of Lancaster in Brittany.

King John was now fairly roused, and he gathered together a large army at Chartres. When the Prince heard that all the fords and bridges on the Loire were strongly held by the French, he changed his plans and decided to

return to Bordeaux by way of Poitou. But he wasted valuable time. At the siege of Romorantin his favourite squire was killed by a stone hurled from the castle, and he swore he would not leave the spot till the place had surrendered. With the help of Greek fire Romorantin was taken, but meanwhile King John, with an army of 60,000 men, had crossed the Loire and was marching on Poitiers to cut off the Prince's line of retreat. The English were unaware of this till a party of sixty knights, riding on ahead, found themselves in an ambushade prepared for them by the enemy. They were charged by 200 French knights, but instead of awaiting the shock, they suddenly opened their ranks, allowed their assailants to pass through, and then turned round and attacked them in the rear.

When the Captal de Buch reported to Edward that he had seen the huge French army encamped round Poitiers, the latter exclaimed "God help us! We must consider the best way to fight them." He posted his small army on a hill covered with vines and hedges. The only approach to it was by a narrow sunken lane, with hedges on each side, and these hedges were lined with archers. Here the Black Prince calmly awaited the onslaught of the enemy.

On the morning of Sunday, September the 18th, King John held a council of his war-chiefs, to settle the plan of attack. After a long discussion it was decided "that each noble should display his banner and advance against the foe in the name of God and St. Denis." This strategic decision was on a par with the French tactics during the battle.

The French army was drawn up in three divisions, each consisting of 16,000 mounted men-at-arms: no Genoese crossbowmen this time. The first was called the "Battalion of the Marshals." The second was commanded by the King's eldest son, the Duke of Normandy, and the third

by the King himself, who had with him his youngest son Philip.

The Cardinal of Perigord rode backwards and forwards between the two armies all that Sunday, trying to arrange terms, but John would be content with nothing less than the surrender of the Prince with a hundred of his knights.

"England shall never have to ransom me," said the Prince.

"Then, fair son," said the Cardinal, "exert yourself as much as possible, for there must be a battle."

"Then God defend the right," rejoined the Prince.

These negotiations delayed the battle till the Monday morning. The Black Prince addressed to his soldiers a speech in keeping with that war-motto of which he was so proud: *Homout*—"high spirit."

"Do not be cast down," he said; "victory does not always follow numbers. Exert yourselves and combat manfully, for if it please God and St. George, you shall see me this day act like a true knight."

That faithful champion, Sir John Chandos, announced his intention of fighting by the Prince's side and never leaving him that day, but Sir James Audley came to beg permission to accomplish a vow to be in the forefront of the battle.

"Sir James," said the Prince, "God grant that this day you may shine in valour above all other knights." The brave knight went off with his four squires to block up the narrow lane.

The Battalion of Marshals was now advancing. With unthinking courage they rode boldly up the lane, to be met with such a shower of arrows from the hedges that their horses, galled with the pain, turned about and threw their riders, so that the battalion soon became nothing but a confused and struggling mass. A few knights who forced their way through by sheer strength found themselves

up against Audley and his squires, and "they were very roughly treated."

In a short time the Battalion of Marshals was totally discomfited, and increased the confusion by falling back upon the Duke of Normandy's division, "which," says Froissart, "was very thick in front, but it was soon thin enough in the rear; for when they learnt that the Marshals had been defeated, they mounted their horses and set off."

A body of 600 English was dispatched by the Prince to make a flank attack on the Duke's division, and the English archers were shooting so well that the French did not know which way to turn to avoid their arrows. The Duke of Normandy rode off as hard as he could with his two brothers and 800 knights.

Sir John Chandos, seeing that the two French divisions were beaten, said to the Prince:

"Sir, sir, now push forward, for the day is ours. You have said that you would show yourself this day a good knight."

"John, get forward," replied the Prince, "you shall not see me turn my back to-day. I will always be among the foremost," and turning to his standard-bearer—"Banner, advance, in the name of God and St. George!"

Leaping on their horses, and crying "St. George for Guienne!" the men-at-arms charged down on the disordered French. But there were still bands of brave French knights who disdained to fly and who dashed into the struggle with cries of "Montjoy St. Denis!" The battle was very hot and greatly crowded; many a one was unhorsed, and whenever anyone fell, he had but little chance of getting up again.

Of all the chivalry of France, none strove harder to restore the fortune of the battle than the King himself. His division broken, his standard-bearer slain, he stood his ground and laid about him with his battle-axe, his little son Philip standing by his side and saying, "Take

care of yourself, father—to the left—to the right." But John's valour was of no avail. He was hopelessly surrounded by opponents crying, "Surrender, surrender, or you are a dead man." He addressed himself to a young knight named Denys de Morbecque, gave him his glove in token of surrender and asked to be taken to his cousin, the Prince of Wales. The Prince, fortunately, had sent the Earl of Warwick to look for the King, for when that nobleman arrived on the scene he found that some English and Gascons had taken him from Sir Denys and were bawling out, "It's I that have got him," "No, he's mine!" and other expressions to the same effect. The poor King was in danger of being dragged asunder when he was rescued by the Earl of Warwick, who quelled the riot and led him to the Prince of Wales.

Meanwhile the Prince had an interview with Sir James Audley, who was sore wounded and was brought to him on a litter borne by eight men. He praised the knight's valour and prowess, and granted him a yearly pension of 500 marks, which Sir James generously passed on to the four squires who had fought by his side in the narrow lane.

Audley had just left the Prince's presence when King John was brought into his pavilion. Edward made a low obeisance and ordered wine and spices to be brought. That night he waited on his royal captive at supper, and the next day Prince, King and little Philip departed for Bordeaux—"where they passed the winter in feasting and merriment."

The Gascons were very unwilling for the French King to be taken to England, and the Prince of Wales had to bribe them with a large sum of money to allow him to depart, for they looked upon him as their prisoner. After making a truce for two years with the regency of France, the Prince set sail with his prisoner and landed at Sandwich on May 4th, 1357. On their way to London they laid

offerings on the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket in Canterbury Cathedral.

The good people of London gave them a gorgeous welcome. Tapestry was hung from the windows, the City Companies turned out with their bands and banners, and at one spot twelve young girls, suspended in twelve gilded cages, scattered flowers of gold and silver filigree on King John and the Prince as they passed. The former was mounted on a big white charger; the latter rode by his side on a little black pony. So great was the crush in the streets that the procession took nine hours to get from London Bridge to Westminster.

King John was lodged in the Palace of the Savoy and afterwards resided at Windsor Castle. He was allowed considerable freedom, and the pleasure-loving monarch showed great zest in all festivals, tournaments and hunting-parties got up by Edward and his son for his entertainment. He was treated with all honour and deference as the greatest man in England, even above the King. One day at dinner his young son Philip noticed that the butler had served King Edward first, and he struck him for lack of respect to his father. Edward took it as a joke, and said, "You are Philip *le Hardi*" ("the Bold"). Another time he had a dispute with the Black Prince over a game of chess, whereupon Edward rebuked, not the fiery youngster, but his own son. This spirited youth afterwards became the famous Philip le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy.

The state of France was worse than ever. Destitution and disorder reigned supreme. The country was at the mercy of the Free Companies, considerably augmented since Poitiers, and in that horrible rising called the "Jacquerie," the peasants took a bloodthirsty revenge on the seigneurs for centuries of oppression.

There was no hope of a ransom for John, and it is hard to see what Edward thought he had to gain by renewing

the war when the truce came to an end in 1359. Accompanied by the Black Prince, he invaded France with such an army as had never been seen before. He was followed by 6,000 carts laden with tents, mills for grinding corn, and forges to make shoes for the horses. There were also a number of small boats made of boiled leather, to be used for fishing in the lakes and ponds. There were "thirty falconers on horseback with their hawks, sixty couple of hounds and as many greyhounds," says Froissart. But this gigantic picnic proved somewhat disappointing. The country had already been stripped bare. There was no French army to fight with. It was the depth of winter. The siege of Rheims had to be abandoned.

Edward wandered aimlessly about seeking out places where there was still a little plunder left. He stopped in one town long enough to drink all the wine in the place and then moved on to the next. He was followed about by two French commissioners with terms of peace, but he turned a deaf ear to their appeals. One day when the army was near Chartres, there was such a terrific storm of thunder and hail that the English thought the world was coming to an end. Many horses and men were killed, and for the first time in his life Edward was frightened, and vowed to Our Lady of Chartres that he would make peace. And so the Treaty of Bretigny came to be signed, by which King John's ransom was fixed at 3,000,000 crowns. He was allowed to go to France to raise it, but finding it hopeless he returned to England and enjoyment. There is quite a modern ring about Froissart when he writes: "There were several times great feastings in dinners, suppers and other entertainments at the hotel of the Savoy." It is not surprising to learn that the poor captive King was taken ill and died.

The Black Prince had now reached the age of thirty and was still unmarried. This must have seemed strange

at a time when princes married in their 'teens. His gigantic brother Lionel of Antwerp (seven feet two in his socks, we are told), eight years the Prince's junior, was already married to the heiress of the Earl of Clare. John of Gaunt, two years younger than Lionel, had just married Blanche of Lancaster, daughter of the "good" duke Henry. Why was the handsome and eligible heir to the crown still a bachelor?

The secret was known to his own family and to one other person in particular, a young lady named Joan. This Joan was the daughter of Edmund, Earl of Kent, and granddaughter of Edward I. In the days of her youth she was known as "the fair maid of Kent." When quite a boy the Prince of Wales had fallen a victim to her charms and insisted on marrying her. But Queen Philippa said "No"—she thought Joan too frivolous and frolicsome for a future Queen of England. Joan astonished everybody by marrying a simple knight, Sir Thomas Holland. The Prince does not seem to have resented her marriage, for the Wardrobe Accounts bear record that he gave her a "biker" as a wedding present; but he made up his mind that if he could not have Joan he would not marry anyone else.

Sir Thomas Holland died about this time and Joan was left a widow with three young sons and a daughter. She was thirty-two, very witty and fascinating and still beautiful, though she had lost the slimness of her youth.

The Prince of Wales went to condole with her on the loss of her husband. He found Joan quite sprightly.

"You must marry again, Joan," he said. "I will find you some young nobleman or knight who will make you happy."

"Thank you," said Joan, "but I cannot help remembering that I am a Plantagenet, and if I marry again I intend to marry a Prince."

"Will you have the Prince of Wales?" asked the hero of Poitiers. After a little artful confusion Joan said she would.

Queen Philippa gave a reluctant consent, but refused to be present at the wedding, which was celebrated on the 10th of October, 1361, in St. George's Chapel. As a thank-offering for his happy marriage, the Prince built a chantry in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, with an endowment for two priests to pray for his soul.

The King now thought it was high time to provide suitable establishments for his sons, and referred the matter to Parliament. Lionel and John, though they had married rich heiresses, were jealous of their elder brother. They argued that if he got a big grant there would be so much the less for them, and they suggested that he should go and govern the duchy of Aquitaine, which was rich enough to support a royal court in sumptuous style. Now it happened that the people of Gascony were also begging the Prince to return to them, for they said that "although their governor, Sir John Chandos, was very agreeable and kind to them, they still liked better to have their own natural lord and sovereign than any other."

So Lionel of Antwerp was created Duke of Clarence and John of Gaunt Duke of Lancaster (his father-in-law had just died), and Edward of Woodstock was invested by his father with the Duchy of Aquitaine.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, after a year of happy domestic life at the manor of Berkhamsted, set sail for Aquitaine, with a brilliant retinue of lords and ladies, knights and squires. At the Abbey of St. Andrew's at Bordeaux, and at Angoulême, they kept a sumptuous and festive court. It was very extravagant but good for trade, and for some time Aquitaine flourished under the Prince's rule. Distinguished visitors flocked to this court from all parts of Europe, and each arrival was the signal

for a fresh outburst of feasting and merrymaking. The King of Cyprus had a particularly festive visit, for he arrived just in time for the banquets and tournaments given in honour of the birth of the Prince's first-born son, little Edward of Angoulême.

Another king was to come to Aquitaine, to cause the ruin of the Black Prince's fortune, fame and health. This monarch was Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile. Pedro was the most disgusting monster in history. A catalogue of his crimes would fill a volume. His victims included his own wife (a French princess), six of his half-brothers and their mother. At last his subjects could endure him no longer and proposed to place his half-brother, Henry of Trastamare, on the throne. Henry appealed to France for help. The French King, Charles, was only too willing to give it—to avenge the death of his aunt, to gain an ally in Spain, and particularly to find some employment for the Free Companies, which were the scourge of France.

Charles had no intention of taking command in person. He was a very delicate young man, and never took the field again after his hurried flight from Poitiers. It was not necessary to have a prince or duke to command the Free Companies. He bethought him of that famous Breton knight, Sir Bertrand du Guesclin. But Bertrand had been taken prisoner at Auray in Brittany by Sir John Chandos, and had to be ransomed for 40,000 crowns. He then entered Castile with his motley army. Pedro fled to Corunna, and Henry was placed on the throne without a blow.

From Corunna, Pedro wrote to the Black Prince, imploring his assistance. Summoning Sir John Chandos and Sir William Felton, the Prince asked their advice. The two knights exchanged glances without uttering a word—they knew a thing or two about Pedro. On being pressed for an opinion they suggested that Pedro should be brought

to Bordeaux to state his own case. Sir William Felton went with twelve ships to fetch him, and the Prince rode out of Bordeaux to give him honourable welcome. Pedro poured out his tale of woe, putting everything in the most favourable light for himself. The Prince comforted him and promised his support.

Many of his lords tried to persuade him to have nothing to do with Pedro's affairs. Even Joan, who had heard some gossip from the ladies of Bordeaux, added her entreaties. But the Prince was blind to the real character of the man. His chivalrous nature was all sympathy for a poor dethroned monarch. Castile had always been the ally of England, and the Prince's sister Joan had been betrothed to Pedro, but was saved from a wretched life by the Black Death. The Prince himself and some of his knights were getting bored with the pleasures of peace, and welcomed a fresh field in which to display their prowess. He consented, however, to refer the matter to his father, the King. Edward's reply was in favour of Don Pedro.

The question then arose, who was going to pay the expenses? Pedro was very lavish with his promises, but short of ready cash. The Prince had to coin his plate into money and take the full financial responsibility. He levied a large army of English and Gascons. Sir Hugh Calverley changed sides and brought his Free Company back from Spain, as he had sworn never to fight against the Prince of Wales. Six hundred men-at-arms and archers were dispatched from England under the command of John of Gaunt.

Winter was coming on, so Edward decided to postpone his departure till Christmas was over, and also for another reason which will be seen hereafter. He dismissed some of his foreign troops, which caused great discontent and murmuring among the Gascons. Meanwhile another unfortunate monarch turned up at Bordeaux. This was

James, King of Majorca, a mild, fat, comie little man, who had been turned off his island throne by the King of Aragon. He besought the Prince's help to put him back. "All right," said the Prince, "but let us put Pedro back first."

Christmas came and went, and very early in the New Year (1367), on the festival of the Epiphany, the Prince's heart was gladdened by the birth of a second son, who was baptized by the name of Richard, after his godfather, the Bishop of Agen. The following Sunday the Prince left Joan and the baby doing well, and assembled his army at Dax.

Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, an ally of the King of France, had been persuaded with a large bribe to allow a passage through his little Pyrenean kingdom. He got out of the fix by allowing himself to be taken prisoner by the enemy, thus evading further responsibility in the matter.

The Anglo-Gascon army was arranged in three divisions. The first was commanded by John of Gaunt, with Sir John Chandos as his adviser; the second by the Prince himself (with whom was Don Pedro), and the third was supposed to be under the charge of James of Majorca, who, being a king, could occupy no subordinate position.

Debouching from the Pass of Roncesvalles, the divisions encamped in the valley of Pampeluna, and after a short rest, crossed the Ebro and marched on Navaretta. Sir William Felton went on ahead with a small body of horse-men to reconnoitre, and he brought back word that Henry of Trastamare was advancing with a large army to offer battle. Sir William then set off again to gain further information. Now it happened that Henry's brother, Don Tello, had requested permission to make a raid on the Prince's army. At the head of 6,000 chosen men he made a surprise attack on John of Gaunt's camp and

overthrew everything that came in his way. On his way back he fell in with Sir William Felton's party, who put up a strenuous fight, but being hopelessly outnumbered were overpowered and their gallant leader slain.

The news of this success made Henry impatient to attack, though the French advised him to wait and let starvation do its work in the English camp. He drew up his army in three divisions in the open plain between Najara and Navaretta. The first was formed of the Free Companies commanded by Bertrand du Guesclin, the second by Henry's brothers, Don Tello and Don Sancho, and the third by Henry himself. In front, instead of archers, were men who hurled stones from slings.

The Black Prince surveyed the dispositions of the enemy from a small hill; then he led his army into the plain. Just before the battle began he made Sir John Chandos a knight banneret by cutting off the tail of his pennon, thus making it into a square banner.

After a spirited address to his troops he turned to Don Pedro and said: "Sir King, you shall this day know whether you will have anything in the kingdom of Castile or not." Then he cried out: "Advance, banners, in the name of God and St. George!" and the whole line moved forward towards the enemy. John of Gaunt made straight for the Free Companies of Bertrand du Guesclin, and a terrific duel broke out between the English archers and the Spanish slingers. The Black Prince attacked Don Tello, scattered his division and put him to flight. He then turned his attention to Henry of Trastamare. Three times the Spanish division was broken and three times the brave Castilian king restored the fight. At length, fearing to fall into the clutches of his cruel brother if he surrendered, he left the field and fled to Valencia.

Bertrand du Guesclin, who was holding his own with John of Gaunt, was now left to bear the attack of the whole

Anglo-Gascon army, for James of Majorca had now joined in the fray. The great Bertrand scorned to retreat; wielding his great battle-axe he was fighting for his life, for Pedro was giving no quarter that day and was thirsting for du Guesclin's blood. Chandos was shouting out "Surrender," and Pedro was crying, "Kill, kill." Bertrand was aiming a mighty blow at the tyrant when he was seized from behind by an English knight and forcibly made prisoner. "I yield to the Prince of Wales," he cried, and gave up his arms.

The battle won, the Prince set up his banner on a bush and rallied his army round it. Pedro wanted all the prisoners put to death, but the Prince would not hear of it, even though the monster offered him his weight in silver for Bertrand du Guesclin. It was suggested to Pedro that now he was King of Castile once more he should begin to think about paying up. In the Cathedral of Burgos this wretch renewed his oath to fulfil his promise and then went off to Seville, where he said his treasures were.

The Anglo-Gascon army encamped at Valladolid. Weeks passed by without a word from Pedro. In the hot month of June a terrible sickness broke out, and the Prince's soldiers died like flies. The Prince himself was stricken with that mysterious wasting illness from which he never recovered. He sent three knights to Seville, who brought back an impudent answer from Pedro. Realizing at last the blackness of the tyrant's ingratitude, the Prince led back the remnant of his victorious army across the Pyrenees, and returned to Bordeaux a sadder and a wiser man. James of Majorca was left behind at Valladolid, as the poor ex-king was too ill to be moved.

The Prince's captive, Bertrand du Guesclin, was an object of the greatest interest at Bordeaux, and was

treated as a man of the highest distinction. One day the Prince sent for him and asked him how he was.

"My lord," replied Bertrand, "I was never better, for though in prison, I am the most honoured knight in the world."

"How so?" asked the Prince.

"Why, they say in France that you are so much afraid of me that you dare not set me free," answered the bold Breton.

"What! Sir Bertrand," said the Prince, "do you imagine that we keep you a prisoner for fear of your prowess? Name your own ransom."

"I cannot value myself at less than 100,000 crowns of gold," said Bertrand, who had not got a florin in his pocket and was deeply in debt. After a little haggling, the Prince beat him down to 60,000 crowns, and gave him leave to go and collect it. Sir John Chandos offered to lend him 10,000 florins, but Bertrand refused it, and was on the point of setting out to seek his ransom when a message arrived from the Princess of Wales, saying she was coming to Bordeaux and was longing to see him.

When Joan arrived the Gascons made her presents of wine and sweetmeats. She sent them to du Guesclin and invited him to dinner. At the end of the meal she gave him 10,000 florins towards his ransom.

"By my faith," said Bertrand, "I had believed myself the ugliest of knights! I shall change my mind since I find such fair ladies so gracious!"

Bertrand raised his ransom right enough, offered his services once more to Henry of Trastamare, and routed Pedro the Cruel in a pitched battle. Pedro was captured by the Bègue de Vilaine, who placed him in a tent under guard. Soon afterwards Henry of Trastamare entered the tent. Pedro flew at his brother's throat, grappled him in his deadly embrace and rolled him backward on

the ground. The guard seized Pedro by the legs, and Henry was able to draw his dagger, which he plunged into the tyrant's heart.

The enormous expenses of the Spanish expedition had fallen entirely on the Prince of Wales. He had not only disbursed all his resources but was heavily in debt. Money had to be raised somehow, and in opposition to the advice of his barons, the Prince imposed a hearth-tax for five years at the rate of a franc per fire. The people of Aquitaine had for several years been heavily taxed to support the extravagance of the Prince's court, and this was the last straw. The Gascons flatly refused to pay, and announced their intention of appealing to the King of France. This made the Prince furious, for by the treaty of Bretigny the King of France had no longer any claim to be considered over-lord of Aquitaine.

However, the appeal was made, and Charles sent two commissioners to summon the Prince of Wales to appear before the Parliament of Paris. When he saw the contents of the letter, Edward at first was speechless, but afterwards, cycling the commissioners for some time, he burst out with : "Tell the King of France that we will appear on the appointed day at Paris, but it will be with our helmet on our head and accompanied by 60,000 men."

The wretched Frenchmen fell on their knees and begged for mercy, on which Edward softened a little and refused to allow the messengers to be put to death. He recalled the Free Companies, which had been disbanded, and prepared for war, although he was too ill to mount his horse.

Charles sent a declaration of war to King Edward by a common serving-man. This insult roused the greatest indignation in England ; Parliament willingly voted supplies, and two armies were dispatched to France under the command of the King's sons, John of Gaunt and Edmund of Langley. The war had already broken out

in Aquitaine. Several towns were captured by the French and others went over of their own accord. And poor Edward lay on his sick bed at Angoulême in agony of body and agony of mind.

This year of 1369 was indeed a sad one for the Prince. Lionel of Clarence, the best of his brothers, died in Italy while contracting a second marriage. His mother, the good Queen Philippa, departed this life at Windsor; and on the very last day of the year his trusty friend and adviser, Sir John Chandos, was killed in a skirmish at the Bridge of Lussac.

Early in 1370 Charles V raised two great armies for the invasion of Aquitaine. Bertrand du Guesclin was recalled from Spain, and this simple Breton knight was created Constable of France, a post which gave him military precedence over all the dukes and barons of the realm. One army invaded Limousin, but the Black Prince felt every confidence that Limoges, the capital of that province, was strong enough and faithful enough to withstand a siege. He summoned his armies to meet him at Cognac. Imagine his indignation and fury when he learnt that his faithful Limoges had been surrendered to the French by its false Bishop, a prelate in whom he had placed every trust. In a paroxysm of rage he exclaimed: "The French think me dead, but if I can once leave this bed I will make them feel."

Too ill to ride, he had to be carried in a litter, and thus he led his armies against Limoges. He swore a solemn oath he would never leave the spot until the city and its inhabitants were destroyed. Limoges was too well fortified to be taken by storm, so he set a large body of miners to work to undermine the walls. At the end of a month he was told that all was ready. "I wish you then," said the Prince, "to make good your words to-morrow morning at six o'clock."

When the time arrived the mines were exploded, and a large part of the wall fell into the ditch. The English rushed in and cut down men, women and children, while the Prince looked on from his litter. "It was a melancholy business," says Froissart, "all ranks, ages and sexes cast themselves on their knees before the Prince, begging for mercy, but he listened to none of them." Some knights of the garrison stood with their backs to a wall and defended themselves so gallantly against John of Gaunt, Edmund of Langley and the Earl of Pembroke, that the Prince, touched by their bravery, ordered their lives to be spared. The whole city was sacked and burnt—hardly a stone remained on another.

The excitement and fatigue had such an effect on the Prince that when he returned to Bordeaux for the winter he appeared to be dying, and his physicians told him his only chance was to go back to England. But his cup of bitterness was not yet full. Just as he was preparing to sail, his eldest son Edward, a promising boy of seven, was taken ill and died at Bordeaux. The sorrowing parents, without waiting for the funeral, embarked for England with the little Richard, leaving John of Gaunt in charge of Aquitaine. After a favourable voyage they landed at Southampton, paid the King a visit at Windsor, and settled down to a quiet life at the Prince's manor of Berkhamsted.

The restfulness of Berkhamsted was grateful to the royal couple after the turmoil of Aquitaine; Edward grew stronger and Joan grew stouter. It was not a very merry England they had returned to. The King had aged considerably in the past few years and sunk into a kind of lethargy. Since the death of good Queen Philippa the court had been completely governed by a woman named Alice Perrers, formerly lady-in-waiting to the late Queen. In politics the anti-clerical party was gaining the upper

hand, and with the support of John of Gaunt was turning the Churchmen out of office. The Churchmen eagerly welcomed the Black Prince as their champion against his brother. He supported their pretensions up to a certain point, but on one occasion, when the Archbishop of Canterbury began quoting the concessions made to the Pope by King John, the Prince called him an ass and told him to keep his mouth shut.

John of Gaunt did not remain long in Aquitaine. After marrying the daughter of Pedro the Cruel as his second wife he returned to England. The Earl of Pembroke, who was sent out to succeed him, was captured by a Spanish fleet. Du Guesclin took town after town and castle after castle, and also found time to reconquer his native Brittany from Edward's ally, De Montfort. The mighty Edward at last roused himself from his torpor and raised a great army for the invasion of France. The Black Prince, ever true to his motto *Homour*—"high spirit"—buckled on his armour once more and embarked with the old King. But the expedition never reached the shores of France. Blown about by contrary winds for weeks, the ships were forced to return to England. Though John of Gaunt led an army right through France from Calais to Gascony, at the end of 1374 the only French towns left in the hands of the English were Calais, Bordeaux and Bayonne.

The government of England now fell completely into the hands of John of Gaunt, and a very unpopular government it was. So great was the discontent that a Parliament was called in April, 1376, to inquire into the state of the kingdom and to put down the abuses. The Black Prince was carried in his bed to preside at this Parliament. John of Gaunt's creatures were driven out of office, the clergy restored to their high places, and Alice Peirers was banished from the Court for interfering with the course of justice.

This Parliament is known in history as the "Good Parliament."

This was the Prince's last expiring effort. Two days after the proceedings were finished he lay dying at the Palace of Westminster. On the 7th of June he signed that wonderful Will of his, giving elaborate directions for his funeral and the disposal of his belongings.

The dying Prince lay with doors open that all might come in. One man, an enemy of his, forced his way in and aroused the wrath of the Prince, who supposed he had come to gloat over his death-bed. "Now see what you have long desired," he said to him. The Bishop of Bangor implored him to forgive his enemies, and was not satisfied with the Prince's "I will." Thinking there were evil spirits about, he sprinkled holy water and obtained from the pious Prince a beautiful prayer, in which he not only forgave his enemies, but asked for their forgiveness too.

It was on the festival of the Holy Trinity that the Black Prince passed away, that festival on which he was born and which he had held in the greatest veneration all the days of his life. "His body was embalmed, placed in a leaden coffin and kept until the ensuing Michaelmas," says Froissart, "that he might be buried with greater pomp and magnificence when Parliament was assembled." The King of France had a solemn mass celebrated for him in La Sainte Chapelle at Paris.

The funeral took place, according to the directions in his will, at Canterbury Cathedral. The procession was preceded by two knights on their chargers, one armed for war, bearing the Prince's arms and crest; the other dressed for peace, wearing the badge of ostrich feathers. The body of the famous warrior was laid to rest near the shrine of St. Thomas. His recumbent figure, in full armour, may still be seen on his tomb in the Cathedral, surrounded by twelve shields; on six of them are his arms and his

motto *Homout*; on the other six his badge and the motto *Ich dien*.

The Black Prince was sincerely mourned all over Europe. He was considered the mirror of chivalry. He had, in the highest degree, all the virtues of the age in which he lived. His failings were the fault of that same high-souled conception of chivalry, which completely ignored the welfare and even the very existence of the common people.



RICHARD OF BORDEAUX
PRINCE OF WALES 1370-77

III

Richard of Bordeaux

PRINCE OF WALES, 1376-1377

(KING RICHARD II, 1377-1399)

RICHARD of Bordeaux, second son of the Black Prince and Joan of Kent, has already been introduced to the reader. He was born in the Abbey of St. Andrew on the Festival of the Epiphany (January 6th), 1367, just before his father's departure for Spain. He was a fine healthy babe, and as his elder brother Edward was rather a delicate child, he was the hope of his father and mother and the despair of his ambitious uncle, John of Gaunt.

Richard was baptized by the Archbishop in the Church of St. Andrew, having for his godfathers King James of Majorca and Richard, Bishop of Agen, who gave him his name. He never knew his illustrious father at the height of his fame, for when he returned from Spain the Black Prince was broken in health and fortune. As a little child Richard saw something of the horrors of war in Aquitaine. Froissart tells us that Joan and her second son accompanied the Prince to the camp at Cognac on the way to the sack of Limoges.

By the death of his brother Edward, Richard, at the age of four, came into the direct line of succession to the crown. He returned with his parents to England and

spent his early youth at the Manor of Berkhamsted. His chief companions were his half-brothers, the Hollands. They were wild, unbalanced boys, a few years older than Richard. Poor Joan had no control over them, and they were always getting themselves and her into trouble. But Richard was a dutiful son, who dearly loved his mother. He was a fair-haired, attractive boy, endowed with some of the "high spirit" of his father, and the charm of his easy-going, pleasure-loving mother; but he had none of his father's seriousness of mind and firmness of purpose.

When the Black Prince lay dying at the Palace of Westminster, he summoned Richard to his bedside and made him swear to carry out and respect all the legacies named in his will. He then addressed the sorrowing nobles who were gathered round, and begged them to serve his son as they had served him. Lastly, he commended Richard to the protection of his father, the King, and his brother, John of Gaunt; and they swore to maintain his right to the succession.

The old King was too far sunk into his dotage to take care of himself, much less of his grandson, and Richard was left to the tender mercies of his three surviving uncles. These uncles require, if they do not deserve, a short description. John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, was thirty-six years of age. He was a man of untiring energy, boundless ambition and considerable ability. He had commanded armies in Scotland, France and Spain. He had taken an active part in politics and government at home, and he had allied himself with the party of Wycliffe and the Reformers rather from political than from religious motives. His object was to deprive Churchmen of all temporal power. He had already driven William of Wykeham from his office of Chancellor; but that great bishop and founder was reinstated by the "Good Parliament"

When the Church lost its great supporter, the Black Prince, John of Gaunt once more turned out William of Wykeham, put his own men in office and restored Alice Perrers to the King. He was supposed to be aiming at the Crown, and tried to persuade Parliament to confirm the succession to the House of Lancaster, to the exclusion of Lionel's daughter Philippa, who had married the Earl of March. This the Parliament refused to do.

Fortunately for Richard, John of Gaunt was very unpopular in London on account of the patents and monopolies he had granted to certain favoured citizens. Richard, on the other hand, was under the special care and protection of the Londoners, who were devoted to his father, the Black Prince.

The second uncle, Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge, afterwards Duke of York, was a man of a different type. He was a "trimmer," cautious and shifty, never taking the lead, but always willing to follow another for his own advantage.

The third uncle, Thomas of Woodstock, afterwards Duke of Gloucester, was only twenty years of age when the Black Prince died, and not of much account; but he afterwards proved the most troublesome uncle of the three.

King Edward was quite intending to carry out his son's dying wish that Richard should be created Prince of Wales. Now it is very annoying to be urged to do something you are quite intending to do, and when the Commons sent him a petition to that effect, the old King showed a spark of his old spirit, and bluntly told them to mind their own business.

In the month of November, at Havering-atte-Bower, King Edward carried out his intention. In a long-winded document, signed by the King himself and numerous prelates and earls (it still exists in the British Museum), Richard was created Prince of Wales, Earl of Chester and

Duke of Cornwall, with all the rights and revenues pertaining to those creations, but during the lifetime of his mother she was to enjoy one-third of the profits. Once more his uncles John, Edmund and Thomas had to take an oath to maintain Richard's rights.

At Christmas the old King was feeling sufficiently well to give a family dinner party. The new Prince of Wales was honoured with a raised seat on his grandfather's right hand, and was helped first to the choicest portions of the royal goose. It was noticed with general satisfaction that his uncles occupied places of secondary importance.

The Commons had better luck when they petitioned that the Prince of Wales should be formally introduced to Parliament as the heir to the crown. A gracious compliance was returned to their request, and on the day fixed—it was "the Tuesday after the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul"—young Richard went in royal state to Westminster. Surrounded by his male relatives and the barons of the realm, he was acclaimed by the representatives of the people as their future King. He then called upon the Chancellor for a discourse, and the Bishop of St. David's preached a long and very tedious sermon, stuffed with the grossest flattery, which must have bored the poor boy to distraction.

The good people of London were delighted with their young prince, and went to the most absurd lengths to give him pleasure. Stow, quoting from an old manuscript, gives a most amusing account of a "mummary" got up by the Londoners for the entertainment of Prince Richard, just before Candlemas, 1377. A hundred and thirty citizens in fancy costume and mounted on horseback, accompanied by bands and torch-bearers, rode over London Bridge, through Southwark, to the royal manor of Kennington, at which country retreat the Prince and his mother were then residing. First came forty-eight

citizens attired as esquires, then a like number got up as knights. Next came the two principal personages of the procession, dressed in magnificent robes to represent respectively the Pope and the Emperor. Attending on them were twenty-four cardinals, while the rest of the mummers personated ambassadors from foreign Powers.

The cavalcade was warmly welcomed by Joan and Richard, the Holland boys, and the great lords and ladies of the Court invited to see the fun. And good fun it must have been for the Prince and his mother. When they had taken their places in the great hall of the manor, the chief citizen produced a pair of dice and challenged the Prince to a throw. Now these dice were so loaded that, whoever threw them, they were bound to turn up in favour of the Prince. The chronicler does not explain how this happy result was brought about, but it seemed to work all right. Richard got quite keen on the game and had soon emptied the citizens' purses of all their gold. Then they placed on the table a bowl, a cup and a ring, all made of gold and inset with jewels, and Richard won them all in three casts. The buxom Joan was looking on with eager eyes, and being very fond of finery, was by no means displeased when the citizens turned their attention to her and gave her the chance of winning a few trinkets of no small value. The young Hollands and the noble guests all had their turn at this wonderful and lucrative game, and it must be admitted that the good Londoners thoroughly deserved the sumptuous repast with which Joan regaled them before they rode merrily home with fuller insides and lighter pockets.

John of Gaunt was as cordially detested by the people of London as the Prince of Wales was loved. An occasion soon presented itself for an open manifestation of this dislike. John Wycliffe was summoned before a Synod (held in St. Paul's) to give an account of his teachings and writings.

The Archbishop Simon of Sudbury, and Courtenay, Bishop of London, were quite inclined to give him a sympathetic hearing, but his cause was ruined by the tactless and truculent behaviour of his supporters, John of Gaunt and Lord Percy.

No sooner had they entered the church than they began brawling and pushing people about, and assuming a haughty control of the proceedings. This drew forth a remonstrance from the Bishop of London, and John of Gaunt, who had no love for prelates, began abusing bishops in general. Courtenay, a high-spirited son of the Earl of Devon, could hold his own in repartee with the highest in the land, and answered him so smartly that John lost his temper and threatened to drag Courtenay out of the church by his hair. This insult to their bishop was too much for the onlookers, who assumed such a threatening attitude that Lancaster and Percy thought it prudent to beat a retreat.

A little while later they were sitting down to dinner at the Palace of the Savoy, thinking themselves quite safe. But they reckoned without the London mob; a howling and hooting was heard outside, the door was broken in, and the Palace was invaded by a crowd of roughs out for blood and plunder. The objects of their hatred fled dinnerless away, and only just in time, for a man who was mistaken for Percy was murdered by the mob. The outbreak was quelled by the arrival of the popular Bishop, who reminded the roughs that it was wicked to murder people in Lent!

Meanwhile Lancaster and Percy had fled to the only safe place of refuge, the royal manor of Kennington. The good-natured Joan willingly lent them her protection. She subsequently interceded with the city fathers on behalf of her brother-in-law to such purpose that, after mutual apologies, a reconciliation was patched up and Lancaster

could once more enter the city of London without fear of molestation, but it was a long time before he received anything like a civic welcome.

Perhaps John of Gaunt was not quite so black as he is painted by historians. He certainly had some good points. One of these, his support of Wycliffe, was shared by the Princess of Wales, though for rather different reasons. While Lancaster used him as a weapon against the Church, Joan had a real admiration for him as a reformer, and was an eager student of his writings. Later in the year, when Wycliffe was cited by the Pope to appear before a synod at Lambeth, it was a tactful message from Joan which stopped the proceedings.

In June the old King was lying on his death-bed at Shene, under the jealous care of Alice Perrers. When the citizens of London perceived that the end was near they sent a deputation to Joan and Richard, who were then staying at Kingston. They expressed their loyalty and devotion to Richard as their new King, and their desire to have him in their keeping, in view of the uncertain course events might take when the old King died. So Joan and the Prince of Wales took up their residence in the Tower of London in the midst of the faithful citizens.

When Alice Perrers saw that King Edward was at his last gasp, she collected all the portable property she could lay her hands on, including the rings off the dying man's fingers, and fled from Shene. The servants pillaged the Palace and likewise made off with their plunder. The only person present at the bedside of Edward III when he breathed his last was a mendicant friar, who had wandered into the empty palace in search of alms.

The King died on the 21st of June, 1377. It was a critical moment for a boy of ten to ascend the throne, for the truce with France had just expired. Before Richard had been King for a week the French and Spanish fleets

were ravaging the South Coast, plundering and burning at Rye, Lewes and the Isle of Wight. The young King, however, was crowned without delay by the Archbishop Simon of Sudbury. He was entrusted to the care of his mother, his half-brother, Sir John Holland, and his father's old friend, Sir Simon Burley. His boldness and tact at the time of Wat Tyler's insurrection, when even his ferocious half-brothers hid themselves from the mob, gave promise of a glorious reign which was not fulfilled. He committed the government of the kingdom to unworthy favourites, whose unpopularity gave Thomas of Woodstock the chance to play the tyrant. His marriage with "good" Queen Anne of Bohemia was a very happy one, but after her death Richard's character deteriorated, and he was largely responsible for his own undoing. The last sad scenes of his reign belong to the next chapter.

The Princess of Wales lived for ten years after her son came to the throne. She grew so fat that she could not walk, and had to be carried about in a litter; but she retained her charm of manner and countenance to the end. When Wat Tyler's rebellion broke out she was returning from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. The mob set upon her at Blackheath, but her ready wit and good nature made such an impression on the rioters that she was allowed to proceed to the Tower on payment of the toll of a few kisses.

At the Tower she did not fare so well. Her apartments were invaded by the mob, who prodded her bed with their spears. For her greater security she was removed to a house in Carter Street, called the Wardrobe, and there from time to time she was visited by her son, who made it his first duty to comfort and reassure his dear mother. Her Holland sons were not so considerate. They gave her trouble for the rest of her life, and John indirectly was the cause of her death.

One day in 1385 a monk accused John of Gaunt of conspiring to take the King's life. He was placed in the custody of Sir John Holland. The next morning the monk was dead, and Holland admitted that he had strangled him during the night. Joan interceded so effectively for her son that she obtained his pardon, for one monk more or less did not make much difference, and the fellow was obviously a liar and a scoundrel.

But a little later John Holland committed a more important murder; this time his victim was no less a person than the son of the Earl of Stafford. Holland fled to the sanctuary at Beverley, and Richard, who was then on the way to Scotland, swore that if he ever came out he should perish. The distracted mother followed Richard from place to place in her litter, imploring and weeping in vain. The fatigue and distress were more than she could bear, and she was carried away to die of a broken heart at the Castle of Wallingford. Richard then relented and pardoned his half-brother on the condition that he made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. But he never got farther than Spain with his father-in-law of Lancaster, where, according to Froissart, he performed prodigies of knightly prowess.

He lived by the sword and perished on the block, a victim to the spite of a cruel old woman.

IV

Henry of Monmouth

PRINCE OF WALES, 1399-1413

(KING HENRY V, 1413-1422)

FOR the third time John of Gaunt comes into our story. We have seen him playing the parts of brother and uncle to a Prince of Wales; he now appears in the rôle of grandfather to Harry of Monmouth. By his marriage with Blanche of Lancaster, John of Gaunt had a son named Henry of Bolingbroke, Earl of Derby, who was thus, like his cousin Richard II, a Plantagenet on both sides. Bolingbroke married Mary Bohun, co-heiress of the Earl of Hereford, and became the father of a future Prince of Wales, King of England, and Conqueror of France.

Young Harry, or Hal, as he was called to distinguish him from his father, was born at the Castle of Monmouth in August, 1387. The messenger despatched to announce the good news to the happy father, in his haste to secure the lavish reward bestowed on such occasions, rode his horse to death. Very little is known of Harry's infancy, but that he had a nurse named Joanna Waring is witnessed by an annuity of £20 bestowed upon her by the grateful Henry V "in consideration of good services done to him in former days."



HENRY OF MONMOUTH
PRINCE OF WALES 1399 1413

At the time of Harry's birth his grandfather was in Portugal, prosecuting his claim to the crown of Castile by right of his second wife, the daughter of Pedro the Cruel. But his armies were destroyed by disease and the strong wines of the country, and John of Gaunt returned home in 1389 a chastened man. He had lost his ambition to mount a throne, and for the rest of his life he played the part of a kind old uncle to Richard II. The young King found in him a supporter against the tyranny of his uncle Thomas, Duke of Gloucester; for John was not on good terms with his youngest brother. The cause of the unfriendliness was Bolingbroke's marriage with Mary Bohun. Gloucester had married her elder sister, Eleanor, and wishing to secure the whole of the Hereford inheritance for himself, he shut Mary up in a nunnery. But John of Gaunt came to the rescue and married her to his son Henry; and Gloucester never forgave his brother and nephew for playing him such an ungentlemanly trick.

John of Gaunt was also at enmity with his son. More than once he accused Bolingbroke of plotting against the King, and Richard had to save him from his father's fury. Bolingbroke's position got so precarious that he had to leave the country, and for three years he fought and wandered as a knight-errant and pilgrim in Africa, Livonia, and the Holy Land, returning now and then to pay a flying visit to his wife and increasing family. Poor Mary of Hereford died at the early age of twenty-three. She had presented her husband with five more children; three sons, John, Thomas, and Humphrey, and two daughters, Blanche and Philippa.

Henry was at Tunis when he heard of Humphrey's birth. He rewarded the messenger with thirteen shillings and fourpence, quite a decent tip at that period; but Humphrey's tutor, Thomas Rothwell, must have found

the same sum rather inadequate as a term's salary, even in the days when eggs were ten a penny. Doctors were not much better paid than tutors. Mr. Tyler tells us that a certain Thomas Pye received six and eightpence for riding from London to Leicester "with all speed, on account of the illness of young Lord Henry."

After their mother's death the whole family were taken under the care of their maternal grandmother, the Countess of Hereford, who saw that they were brought up in the way they should go. Religion was an important feature in the curriculum. When they went to church it was ordained that they should sit out the whole service, and if by any chance a member of the family was unable to go, he or she had to send the usual contribution to the offertory. The old lady's gifts to her grandchildren took the form of missals and breviaries.

Harry's education was entrusted to his uncle, Henry Beaufort, and that he was well instructed in all the arts of peace and war may be gathered from the wardrobe accounts of the period. Such items appear as "8*d.* for harp-strings for the young Lord Henry," "four shillings for seven books of grammar," and "twelve pence for a new scabbard for a sword for the young Lord Henry." The sword-knot, of black silk tissue, cost one and sixpence.

Tradition has it that the young Lord Henry went into residence at Queen's College, Oxford. There is no record of him as a member of the University, but it is quite probable that he lived at the College as the private pupil of Henry Beaufort, who was Chancellor at that time.

When Harry was about ten years old a tragedy occurred which ranks amongst those great historic mysteries which have never been solved. Thomas of Gloucester, though by no means a distinguished soldier himself, was always clamouring for war with France. John of Gaunt, who had seen more fighting than any man of his time, was striving

for peace. King Richard favoured the peace party, and astonished everybody by marrying, as his second wife, the French King's daughter, Isabel, a little girl of seven. This made Gloucester more hostile than ever. At last Richard lost his patience, and showing some of the high spirit of his father, he arrested his uncle with his own hands and sent him to Calais in custody of Thomas Mowbray, the Earl Marshal, there to await his trial for treason. At Calais Gloucester suddenly died, and it was commonly reported that Richard ordered his death. He certainly had good cause to get rid of his uncle, but his complicity was never proved.

However, some time afterwards, Bolingbroke (now Duke of Hereford) accused Mowbray (now Duke of Norfolk) of murdering Gloucester at Calais. Readers of Shakespeare will remember how these two "wrath-kindled gentlemen" had a violent quarrel in the presence of the King, abusing each other with all the choicest invectives in their (or Shakespeare's) vocabulary. Richard failed to pacify them, and ordered them to fight it out in the lists at Coventry. When the trumpet sounded for the tilt, the King threw down his warder, and banished Mowbray for life and Bolingbroke for ten years. This was a mistake, for Bolingbroke was very popular.

Another false step followed. A few months later "old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," departed this life at the not-very-advanced age of fifty-eight. Richard confiscated his estates, the inheritance of Bolingbroke. Then he made a third mistake; he went to Ireland. Even as far back as 1399 there was trouble in Ireland. The Lord-Lieutenant had just been killed in suppressing an outbreak. Now this Lieutenant was the Earl of March, grandson of Lionel Duke of Clarence, and heir to the crown. He had ever been loyal to Richard, and had once disclosed a conspiracy got up by the Duke of Gloucester to place him

on the throne. Richard was determined to avenge his death, and embarked with his army for Waterford, leaving his disaffected kingdom to the care of his shifty uncle, Edmund of York, and the tender mercies of his minions Bagot, Serope, Bushey and Greene. He took with him as hostages young Harry of Monmouth and another boy, a year or two older, Humphrey, son of the late Duke of Gloucester.

Harry's introduction to warfare was not very promising. The rebel (or patriot) chiefs retreated before Richard to their woods and marshes. There was no getting at them, and all the King could do was to set fire to the forests and try to burn them out. Once, when there seemed to be some promise of a fight, Richard summoned Harry and Humphrey to his presence, and solemnly conferred the honour of knighthood on his two young cousins.

"Fair cousin," he said to Harry, "henceforth be gallant and bold, for unless you conquer you will have little name for valour." Strange words from the unsuccessful King to the future hero of Agincourt!

Richard made little headway in the bogs and forests, and soon returned to Dublin. Instead of hastening back to his kingdom he wasted precious time. One day he heard that Bolingbroke had landed at Ravenspur in Yorkshire to claim his inheritance. He remembered how old John of Gaunt had warned him against his son, and exclaimed: "Ah, fair uncle of Lancaster, Heaven reward your soul! Had I believed you, this man would not have injured me. Thrice have I pardoned him; this is his fourth offence." Then he sent for Harry, and said:

"Harry, my child, see what your father has done to me; he has invaded my land as an enemy, and put my subjects to death. I am sorry for you, for by this unhappy proceeding of your father you will probably lose your inheritance."

"In truth, my lord," answered Harry, "I am sorry for these tidings, and I trust you are assured of my innocence."

"Your father's crime does not attach to you," said the King, "and therefore I hold you excused."

The news of Bolingbroke's return had travelled slowly, for owing to storms no ship had crossed to Ireland for six weeks, and Bolingbroke had got a good start. Even then Richard did not return at once, but sent the Earl of Salisbury to rally the men of Wales and Cheshire. He followed a fortnight later, after placing Harry and his cousin in safe custody in the Castle of Trim.

Some weeks afterwards a messenger arrived at Trim—not from Richard but from Bolingbroke—with instructions to bring the boys to England. But he found only one boy there, and that was Harry. The damp climate had done its work, and poor Humphrey had succumbed to a malignant fever. When Harry arrived at Chester he found Richard a prisoner in the hands of Bolingbroke, and heard what had happened. His long delay had cost him his crown. His faithful Welshmen, believing a report that Richard was dead, had dispersed to their homes, and the poor King, deserted by the Percies, his uncle of York, and that high spirit he had shown on former occasions, meekly resigned himself to his fate. Bitterly he reproached himself for having allowed Bolingbroke to live. "Thrice did I save the life of this Henry of Lancaster," he said. "Once my dear uncle, his father, would have put him to death for his treason and villainy. I rode all night to save him, and his father delivered him to me to do with him as I pleased."

But regrets were of no avail. The whole nation seemed to be in favour of Bolingbroke. The citizens of London, once so proud of their youthful King, would no longer give him any other title than Richard of Bordeaux, and

were shouting, "Long live the Duke of Lancaster!" A Parliament was summoned at Westminster and Richard was forced to abdicate. Henry claimed the vacant throne, "for three reasons," says Froissart: "First, by conquest, second, from being heir to it; third, from the pure and free resignation which King Richard had made of it. The Parliament then declared that it was their will he should be King, and the day of the coronation was fixed for the feast of St. Edward, which fell on a Monday, the 13th day of October."

The festivities made a most favourable impression on the citizens, especially the fountains in Cheapside, which "perpetually ran with white and red wine." Harry of Monmouth was a brilliant figure in the procession, bearing the sword of mercy. His father rode under a canopy of blue silk, borne by six burgesses of Dover. The sword of justice was carried by the Earl of Northumberland, and the sceptre by the Earl of Westmorland.

To make up for any flaw in his title to the crown, Henry was determined that there should be no doubt about his coronation. He was consecrated by two archbishops and ten bishops. Different stories are told about the origin of the holy oil with which he was anointed, but it was evidently something very special, as Richard II seems to have carried it about in his pocket, and Bolingbroke took it from him at Flint. After the Archbishop had placed the crown of St. Edward on his head, King Henry IV gave a grand dinner. He put himself right with the Church by having only the two archbishops and seventeen bishops at his table. He was waited on by Harry of Monmouth and the Earl of Northumberland, who must have been rather embarrassed by their respective swords of state which they had to carry throughout the meal.

Two days later Harry was created Prince of Wales; not simply by the prerogative of the King, but by the

assent of the Lords and Commons of the realm, for Henry was glad to have the succession made secure by Act of Parliament. But the people of Wales were not at all inclined to transfer their allegiance from the son of the Black Prince to the son of Bolingbroke ; and it took Harry seven long years to win his Principality.

Henry IV was a conscientious man and honestly thought that his coming to the throne was a great blessing to England. After a happy and prosperous reign he hoped to set out for the Holy Land and fulfil the old prophecy, " In Jerusalem shall Henry die." But it was not to be. Though he started his reign by showing mercy and forbearance to Richard's few adherents, a conspiracy was soon on foot against him. The prime mover was Richard's half-brother, John Holland, who had been degraded from his Dukedom of Exeter to his Earldom of Huntingdon. He was joined by two other degraded dukes ; his nephew, the Earl of Kent, and York's son, the Earl of Rutland.

Henry was going to celebrate the new year (1400) by holding a grand tournament at Windsor, and Huntingdon, although he was Henry's brother-in-law, proposed to murder the King and the four Princes in their beds after a family supper-party to which he and Rutland had been invited. When it came to the point, Rutland, who had inherited his father's timidity, took fright and failed to arrive at the rendezvous at Colnbrook. Huntingdon sent him a letter, and Rutland was fool enough to go in to dinner with this letter sticking out of his doublet.

" What's that letter ? " asked his father.

" Oh, nothing of importance," said Rutland.

" Then let me read it," said the Duke ; and Rutland refusing, his father snatched the paper from him and read it.

" A plot against the King ! We shall all be executed ! "

roared the father. "My boots! My horse!" And off he rode through the dark to Windsor. Rutland set off after him, arrived first at Windsor and, under promise of pardon, disclosed the plot to the King. Henry acted promptly—horses and ponies were saddled without delay, and with their father for their guide, the Prince of Wales and his three brothers galloped through the Great Park, and carefully avoiding the neighbourhood of Colnbrook, arrived in London before daybreak.

Hardly had they gone than Huntingdon and his band arrived at the Castle, and it was not till they had hacked all the woodwork to chips and torn the tapestry to shreds that they were convinced that their victims had eluded their fate.

The King marched out of London at the head of 16,000 citizens. Kent fled to Cirencester, where he was set upon and killed by the townspeople. Huntingdon reached the coast, took a boat, and was shipwrecked on the coast of Essex, to fall into the hands of the old Countess of Hereford, who had him beheaded. Rutland lived to become Duke of York, and to redeem an inglorious life by a glorious death at Agincourt.

After this hairbreadth escape from assassination the Prince of Wales began to think about getting married. Though he was only twelve years old it was not the first time his thoughts had turned in this direction. Some time before, he had courted young Mary of Britany and been accepted, but Mary's mother got a better offer and married her daughter to the Duke d'Alençon. This time Harry made advances to the little widowed Queen, but Isabel would not believe in Richard's death at Pontefract, and refused to have anything to do with Harry. When, a little later, Harry tried his luck a second time with better chances of success, that same Duchess of Brittany stepped in again and married her niece Isabel to the Duke of

Orleans. Harry had the satisfaction of meeting both these Dukes at Agincourt ; d'Alençon was slain, and Orleans became the prisoner of his former rival.

The call to arms soon summoned the young Prince from Court to camp. There was trouble in Wales. The cause of the trouble was an old gentleman named Owayn Glyndyfrdwy, or in plain English, Owen Glendower. He had been educated for the law at the Inner Temple, and at one time he had served as a squire to Richard II and was devoted to his cause. He had roused the Welsh for Richard, and made several gallant attempts to rescue him from Bolingbroke on his way to London. After Richard's death he settled down peacefully on his estates in Wales, and would probably have given no further trouble if Henry had behaved more civilly towards him. But when he appealed for justice against an English baron who had invaded his domains he was treated with scorn, and began reprisals on his own account. This was represented to the King as rebellion, so he invaded Wales to put Owen down. But Owen did not risk a pitched battle, and the King, tired of wandering about the mountains, withdrew. He entrusted the matter to Harry Percy—surnamed Hotspur, son of the Earl of Northumberland—who enrolled an army at his own expense, and laid siege to some castles in North Wales. The Prince of Wales was attached to Hotspur's army, and thus he had the advantage of studying the art of war under the greatest commander of the age. In a despatch to his father this boy of thirteen tells how he ravaged the lands of Glendower and burnt two of his houses, but found nobody to fight with.

Glendower now took the style and title of Prince of Wales, as heir of Llewellyn, and raised the old Welsh standard of the dragon. The King made two more attempts to invade Wales, and each time was driven back by dreadful storms raised by Glendower's magic art (for Owen was by

way of being a wizard). The old chief was thus able to boast :

“Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power. Thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.”

Harry Hotspur was recalled from Wales and sent to fight the Scots. Glendower, having produced a comet in the heavens to inspire his followers with a favourable omen, immediately renewed his activities. This time Sir Edmund Mortimer marched against him with his retainers—half English, half Welsh—and was defeated and taken prisoner at Brynglas. Henry's annoyance at Glendower's success was tempered by a secret pleasure at the capture of Mortimer, who was uncle to the young Earl of March, the rightful heir to the throne. He was so pleased to have him out of the way that he refused to ransom him, and Mortimer made his peace with Owen by marrying the old man's daughter and becoming his ally.

Of all those to whom Henry owed his throne he had most reason to be grateful to the Percies—the Earl of Northumberland, his brother, Earl of Worcester, and his son, Harry Hotspur. At this time they were smarting under Henry's cold treatment of them, and Hotspur had two private grievances of his own, namely, Henry's refusal to ransom his brother-in-law, Sir Edmund Mortimer, and Henry's claim to the Scottish prisoners he had taken at the battle of Homildon Hill. So Hotspur, bitter with rebellious thoughts, had a secret meeting with Glendower and Mortimer. It was decided that Henry should be overthrown, and over a map of England they arranged that Owen should have all the land west of the Severn, Hotspur the land north of the Trent, and the rest of the kingdom was to belong to Mortimer's nephew, the Earl of March. Hotspur then collected an army, ostensibly for

the invasion of Scotland. The King did not get wind of the conspiracy till Hotspur, with his uncle, the Earl of Worcester, and his prisoner, the Earl of Douglas, was actually on his way to join Glendower. Henry happened to be on the way to Scotland, but calling upon the Prince of Wales to join him with his levies, he turned aside at Burton-on-Trent, and intercepted the rebel army near Shrewsbury on the 21st of July, 1403. Both Henry and Hotspur hesitated before coming to blows, and messengers were sent from one side to the other, but all hope of coming to an understanding was destroyed by the insolence of Hotspur's uncle, Worcester.

As he was arming for the fray, Hotspur received a nasty shock. He asked his squire for his favourite sword, and was informed that he had left it behind at the village of Berwick, where he had slept the previous night.

"Berwick!" exclaimed Hotspur with dismay. "Did I sleep at Berwick? Alas, then, my death is near at hand, for a wizard told me that I should not live long after I had seen Berwick, which I thought was the town in the North. Yet will I not be cheaply won."

The battle began by a terrible discharge of arrows from Hotspur's archers, who were posted in a field of peas where the English horsemen could not ride them down. The Prince of Wales received a wound in the face, but obstinately refused to be borne from the field, protesting, "To be carried away without victory would be perpetual death." The King's men fell back before the shower of arrows, making a way for Hotspur and Douglas to lead a dashing charge. To the cries of "Esperance, Percy!" they fought their way into the very thick of the King's army, carrying all before them. Sir Walter Blunt, the King's standard-bearer, was killed, and two or three other knights, disguised in the royal insignia, were also cut down.

The King and his valiant son were hard pressed and fighting as it were with their backs to the wall—it seemed as if Hotspur must win the day—when a shout arose, "Harry Percy is killed!" And so it was—a chance arrow had pierced Hotspur's brain, and this hero of many fights lay lifeless on the field. His death could not be concealed. A dead Percy could not win the fight at Shrewsbury as a dead Douglas had won at Otterbourne. The rebels, losing heart at the loss of their leader, fell back. Prince Harry rallied his men for a charge, and the day was won for the King.

The battle only lasted three hours. Worcester was taken alive, beheaded as a traitor, and his head was stuck up on London Bridge. Hotspur's body was given honourable burial, but his head was afterwards placed on the gates of York as a proof of his death.

Shakespeare's account of the Battle of Shrewsbury is dramatic and comic, but not historic. Harry of Monmouth meets Harry Hotspur face to face, and says :

"I am the Prince of Wales : and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more :
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere ;
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales."

Hotspur quite reasonably considers this speech rather presumptuous from a boy of fifteen, and tells Harry the Prince that he can no longer brook his vanities ; whereupon they fight. Old Falstaff now appears, and is set upon by Douglas. The wily old man pretends to fall down dead, and Douglas departs. The Prince then gives Hotspur a mortal wound, and leaves him lying dead. Falstaff takes the body on his back, and meeting the Prince again, claims to have killed Hotspur himself. "If your father will do me any honour, so ; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself," he says.

"Why," says the Prince, "Percy I killed myself and saw thee dead."

"Didst thou?" says Falstaff indignantly. "Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock."

After the Battle of Shrewsbury a "Commission of Mercy" was held by the Prince of Wales, and pardon was granted to all those who would return peaceably to their homes. The King then left it to his son to settle Wales as best he could, and for four years he was employed in this thankless task. He was very hard up for money, and for the second time he had to pawn his plate. At his headquarters at Worcester he received distinguished visitors as paying-guests!

Only once did he get a chance of fighting a pitched battle. This was at Grosmont in 1405, when Harry rounded up and routed 8,000 so-called "rebels" commanded by two of Glendower's sons. He took one prisoner of note, and wrote to his father: "I would have sent him to you but that he cannot yet ride at his ease!" For two more years the Prince was occupied in crushing the sparks of rebellion in Wales, until at last Glendower ceased his activities, and Harry was able to settle down in London.

All this time the young Earl of March and his brother Roger Mortimer had been captive-guests of the King in Windsor Castle. Now Henry's half-crazy cousin, Constance of York, had a grudge against him, and conceived the idea of paying him out by releasing the Mortimers and escaping with them to Wales. She got a Windsor locksmith to make her some false keys, unlocked the door of their apartment in the dead of night, and had got well on her way to Wales with the two boys before she was overtaken. She threw all the blame on her brother; and Rutland, innocent for once in his life, was imprisoned in Pevensey Castle. The locksmith first had his hands chopped off

and was then decapitated ; but Constance escaped with a reprimand. The two boys were shut up in rigorous confinement in the Norman Tower. When Prince Harry heard of their plight he begged that they might be given to him as his wards, and the request being granted, he had them carefully educated and supplied with every kind of amusement, thereby earning their life-long devotion and gratitude.

When we come to Prince Harry's life in London between the years 1407 and 1413 we are faced with a puzzle. Contemporary documents make him out a sober and serious-minded prince, devoted to affairs of Church and State. Tradition, and Shakespeare enlarging on tradition, give him the reputation of a midnight reveller and amateur cut-purse. First of all, we will consider Shakespeare's riotous Prince Hal. To suit his own purposes the dramatist ante-dates events by several years, so that at the age of twelve Harry is quite well-known as a bad lot. In the last act of *King Richard II* Bolingbroke makes the following uncomplimentary reference to his son and heir :

"Can no man tell me of my unthrifty son ?
'Tis full three months since I did see him last.
If any plague hang o'er us, 'tis he
I would to God, my lords, he might be found :
Inquire at London, 'mongst the taverns there,
For there, they say, he daily doth frequent,
With unrestrained loose companions,
Even such, they say, as stand in narrow lanes
And beat our watch and rob our passengers."

In the first act of *King Henry IV* the King envies Northumberland for having Hotspur for his son. He exclaims :

"O ! that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet.
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine."

Hotspur was twenty-one years of age when Harry of Monmouth was born, and even in cradle-clothes would have been rather a handful for a night-tripping fairy.

The next scene introduces us to the Prince and his low companions. They arrange to waylay some rich merchants at Gadshill. The Prince and Poins make a private plot of their own to disguise themselves and fall upon Falstaff and the others as they are sharing the spoil. It all comes off as arranged, and next day, at the *Boar's Head* in Eastcheap, Falstaff, *splendide mendax*, recounts that famous story of the ever-increasing men in buckram. The scene in which the Prince and Falstaff alternately pretend to be the King and give each other a solemn lecture is excellent and harmless fooling. And all this before the Battle of Shrewsbury, when Harry was only fifteen years old.

In the second part of the same play we have another scene at Mistress Quickly's tavern; the fooling is more vulgar and less funny. In the last act Harry, as Henry V, turns on his boon companions, and packs them off to the Fleet Prison.

Now for a few facts. In 1409 the Prince of Wales was appointed Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover at a salary of £300 a year (rather better than it sounds nowadays). The next year he was made Captain of Calais and President of the Council, and according to the State papers of the day, he took a very prominent part in the government of the Kingdom and dealings with foreign ambassadors. He did not often attend his father's Court either at Windsor, Eltham or Westminster, except for business purposes. There were two reasons for his aloofness. In the first place his father had aged very rapidly since he came to the throne, and in his later years suffered from a horrible skin disease like leprosy, and from apoplectic fits. His reign had been a failure, his illusions

were shattered, and at the age of forty he was a soured and suspicious old man, jealous of the popularity of his eldest son.

But there was another reason for Harry's dislike for the Court. His father had presented him with a stepmother, and this stepmother was none other than that Joanna of Brittany who had frustrated his marriage with her daughter Mary. She was the daughter of Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, and though a fine figure of a woman, she was uncommonly crafty, malicious, and avaricious. Harry hated her like poison. He refused to be present at the wedding, nor would he attend the grand festival of St. George at Windsor Castle when she was there. And yet once he humbled himself to ask a favour of his stepmother, not for himself, but for the young Earl of March. The latter had fallen in love with the Lady Anne Stafford, daughter of the Duke of Gloucester, but the King would not hear of the marriage of such a dangerous rival. Harry begged Queen Joanna to use her influence with the King, and she promised to do so for a bribe of £200. She does not appear to have been successful, but she got her money, as two entries in the Payment Rolls bear witness.

Joanna was reputed to be a witch, and she kept a pack of sorcerers, necromancers, astrologers, and other hangers-on at Windsor Castle. A few years later, embittered by the loss of her brother and son-in-law at the Battle of Agincourt, and the treatment of her son Arthur, Earl of Richmond, an English Peer, who was captured while fighting for the French, she encompassed the death of her stepson, King Henry V, by witchcraft. By the advice of her confessor and her tame magicians she had some waxen images made of the King, stuck full of pins and put in a hot place to melt. Henry was none the worse for it, but his brother Bedford got wind of it, the confessor confessed, and was strangled in the Tower. Joanna was bundled out of

Windsor and shut up in Pevensey Castle until she was released by her generous stepson.

It would have been better if Henry IV had turned his attention to Joanna's riff-raff instead of persecuting the Lollards. Both father and son were very zealous against the so-called heretics, and the Prince was present at the burning of John Badby in 1410. Filled with compassion, Harry offered the martyr a pension for life if he would recant his opinions, but Badby resolutely refused. A large barrel was then placed over him, and the fire lighted. Badby was heard crying to God for mercy. The Prince thought he was appealing to him, ordered the barrel to be removed and the fire extinguished, and renewed his offer. Badby again refused, and the Prince rode sadly away, leaving the poor tailor to his fate.

King Henry presented the Prince of Wales with the mansion called Coldharbour, in the City of London. This house was originally a possession of the Earls of Hereford, and the Duke of Gloucester seized it by right of his wife, Eleanor Bohun. He was forced to give it up to Bolingbroke, who married Mary Bohun. When Bolingbroke was banished Richard gave it to the Earl of Kent, and after the violent death of Kent in his futile rebellion, it passed once more into the hands of Henry IV. It was situated in Dowgate Ward, quite close to London Bridge and not far from Eastcheap. Here Prince Harry held his Court during the last four years of his father's reign. Here he presided over the Council and received the Councillors and Barons of the realm, and ambassadors from foreign states, for his father was often too ill to attend to business. There are records extant of large quantities of wine being stored in the cellars of Coldharbour; and this fact, while supporting the tradition that the Prince was fond of good cheer, makes it seem improbable that he would find it necessary to resort to the *Bour's Head* in Eastcheap when he wanted

a drink. On the other hand, he probably had many old comrades with whom he had roughed it in Wales, and could meet them on a more even footing at a tavern than at Coldharbour.

When the Prince was not in London he often resided at his manor of Cheylesmore, near Coventry. He must have led a merry life there, for one night, it is said, he was arrested and committed to Coventry gaol by the Mayor, John Hornesby. This, however, is only a tradition, and critical historians tell us we must not believe any of these bad stories about the pious Prince. They are not mentioned, they say, in the State papers of the period. Is it likely they would be? They were written down by scandalous chroniclers a hundred years after Henry's death. But how did they originate, and why are they attributed to Henry V? These critics even ask us to disbelieve that priceless story about Judge Gascoyne—how the Prince insulted (or struck) the judge, who committed him to prison, and how pleased the King was with both of them. One thing is certain, at least, that Harry, on coming to the throne, dismissed Judge Gascoyne from his Privy Council.

The Prince of Wales was not the only one of his family to get into trouble, for his brothers also came under the notice of this same Judge Gascoyne. Stow narrates the following lively incident, which occurred in the summer of 1410:

"The King's sons, Thomas and John, being in Eastcheap, at supper, or rather at breakfast (for it was after the watch was broken up, between two and three of the clock, after midnight), a great debate happened between their men and others of the Court, which lasted for an hour, even till the mayor and sheriffs with other citizens appeased the same; for the which afterwards the said mayor, aldermen and sheriffs were sent for to answer before the King; his sons and divers lords being highly moved against the city. At which time, William Gascoyne, the King's

Justice, required the mayor and aldermen, for the citizens, to put them in the King's grace." The King heartily endorsed the action of the City authorities.

Early in 1412 the Prince was dismissed from the Presidency of the Council, and his brother John appointed in his place. The exact cause of offence is not known, but it was probably due to the King's suspicion and jealousy, and the reports he heard of Harry's behaviour. Perhaps Joanna had a hand in it.

The Prince was seriously annoyed by these scandalous rumours about himself, which penetrated even to the King's chamber. So one day, later in the year, he repaired to the Palace with a large retinue, to explain matters to his father and make his peace. The story is quaintly told by Holinshed. When they entered the great hall the followers durst advance no farther than the fireplace, but the Prince himself and two or three chosen friends (probably *not* Falstaff, Pistol and Bardolph) were admitted to the King's apartment. Harry was curiously got up for the occasion; he was arrayed "in a gowne of blew satten full of small oilet holes, at everie hole the needles hanging by a silke thread with which it was sewed," and round his arm he wore "an hounds collar set full of S S of gold." The Prince made an impassioned speech, and throwing himself at the King's feet and offering him his dagger, he asked his father to stab him if he believed the accusations made against him "by smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers." Of course the King did nothing of the sort, but as his son probably expected, he embraced him and gave him his forgiveness.

Henry's reign was fast drawing to a close. At the age of forty-six he was a worn-out old man. He rallied a little towards Christmas, and with the New Year (1413) he began to make preparations for a journey to the Holy Land. But one day in March, as he was offering at the

shrine of St. Edward in Westminster Abbey, he was seized with an apoplectic fit. He was carried, unconscious, into an adjoining chamber. When he came to his senses he inquired if the room had any particular name. On being told that it was called the Jerusalem Chamber, he remembered the old prophecy, "In Jerusalem shall Henry die," and resigned himself to his fate. He sent for the crown and had it placed on a cushion by his side. Then he fell into a trance, and his attendants covered his face with a linen cloth.

Soon Prince Harry came in, and thinking his father was dead, he walked off with the crown. When the King recovered consciousness he uncovered his face, and noticed that the crown had gone. He immediately summoned the Prince.

"Fair son," said the King, "for what reason did you take the crown?"

"My lord," answered the Prince, "I took it by my right as heir-apparent to the throne."

"Well," said Henry, "what right I had to it God alone knows."

"You took it by the sword," said the Prince, "and by the sword I will keep it."

"Then I refer all to God," and after some parting advice to his son, Henry of Bolingbroke passed away.

According to tradition the Prince's nature underwent a most astonishing change when he ascended the throne, and Shakespeare emphasizes this point very strongly in the first scene of *King Henry V.* The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of Ely cannot speak too highly in his praise. Says the Archbishop:

"The breath no sooner left his father's body
But that his wildness, mortified in him,
Seemed to die too: yea, at that very moment,
Consideration like an angel came,
And whipped the offending Adam out of him."

The Bishop of Ely suggests a plausible explanation :

"The strawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholesome berries thrive and ripen best
Neighbour'd by fruit of baser quality :
And so the Prince obscured his contemplation
Under the veil of wildness ; which, no doubt,
Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night,
Unseen, yet cressive in his faculty."

Shakespeare has made ample amends for his libels on the Prince of Wales by his glorification of King Henry V. That pathetic prayer on the eve of Agincourt gives us an insight into the true character of Harry of Monmouth.

"Not to-day, O Lord,
O not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interr'd anew
And on it have bestowed more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their withered hands hold up
Toward heaven, to pardon blood ; and I have built
Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul. More will I do ;
Though all that I can do is nothing worth
Since that my penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon."

Henry V was crowned in Westminster Abbey three weeks after his father's death. He released the Earl of March from captivity, married him to Lady Anne Stafford, and allowed him to take his seat in the House of Lords. The Earl of March well repaid this kindness by disclosing a conspiracy to place him on the throne, for which his brother-in-law, the Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

After conquering France, Henry married Catherine, daughter of the mad King Charles VI. He died from the hardships of his last campaign on the 31st of August, 1422, leaving for his infant son a burden too heavy for him to bear.

V

Edward of Lancaster

PRINCE OF WALES, 1454-1471

HENRY VI never had a fair chance. From his very birth he was up against a prophecy that "Henry born at Monmouth should have a short reign and everything get; Henry born at Windsor should reign long and everything lose." There was no getting away from these predictions. We have already seen one or two of them fulfilled, and we shall meet with more instances later on.

Henry possessed none of the qualities of his masterful and warlike father except his piety, and on his mother's side he only inherited his French grandfather's lunacy. He was a mild, shy, timid youth, devoted to study and religion, and shocked by the rough behaviour and coarse language of the young lords of his Court. He himself never used a stronger expression than "forsooth," or, under extreme provocation, "forsooth and forsooth."

Henry was not fit to get married; certainly not to a woman like Margaret of Anjou. Of course he would never have had the nerve to propose to a young lady himself. The whole scheme was planned and carried out by the Dukes of Suffolk and Somerset, and the poor King was led like a lamb to the altar. When the wedding took place in 1445 Henry was a blushing boy of twenty-three, and



EDWARD OF LANCASTER
PRINCE OF WALES 1464-1471

Margaret a proud beauty of sixteen. Was she not the daughter of René, King of Jerusalem, Naples and Sicily, Duke of Lorraine, and Count of Anjou, Bar and Provence? But René was a King without a kingdom, and what is worse, without a treasury. Henry got no dowry with his bride—on the contrary, he had to buy her at the price of Anjou and Maine, "the gates of Normandy."

This marriage was a triumph of the peace party over the war party; of Beaufort over Gloucester. The Cardinal and Humphrey of Gloucester died two years later, but the feud was carried on between Richard Plantagenet, Duke of York, and Edmund Beaufort, Duke of Somerset. The former was the grandson of Edmund of Langley, and descended through his mother from Lionel of Clarence. He was thus heir-presumptive to the crown. Somerset was the grandson of John of Gaunt. The two dukes hated each other like poison: York wanted Somerset's head, and Somerset wanted York's. The Queen favoured and protected Somerset, but so long as the King was childless, York could afford to wait. He was very popular, while Somerset was execrated for parting with Anjou and Maine. Margaret was not considered worth the price.

In September, 1453, the poor King completely lost his wits, and York's hopes ran high. A month later they were dashed to the ground, for on the 13th of October, at Westminster, Queen Margaret gave birth to a son. It was St. Edward's Day, and the boy was given the name of the saint.

He was baptized by Bishop Waynflete of Winchester. His godfathers were Cardinal Kemp and the Duke of Somerset, and his godmother the Duchess of Buckingham. An enormous sum was spent on cloth of gold and candles, and the infant Prince's christening robe cost £554.

Early in the New Year Prince Edward was taken to see his father at Windsor. The Duke of Buckingham carried

the royal babe into the King's apartment, and besought his father's blessing for the child. Henry took no notice. Then Margaret tried her hand, but the King still sat motionless, silent and indifferent, with a fixed and stony stare.

In March an attempt was made by twelve peers to acquaint the King with the death of Cardinal Kemp, Archbishop of Canterbury, but they failed to arouse his interest. When these peers returned to London and reported to Parliament that they could get no sign or answer from the King, the Duke of York was nominated Protector of the Realm. He acted with moderation and restraint, and recognized the right of Prince Edward as heir to the crown by creating him Prince of Wales on Pentecost Sunday, the 9th of June, 1454, and making generous provision for his maintenance.

On Christmas Day the King suddenly recovered his senses, and sent thankofferings to the shrine of St. Thomas at Canterbury and the shrine of St. Edward at Westminster. As soon as the Queen heard of his recovery she hastened to present the little Prince. This time the King was quite interested, and asked what the boy's name was. She told him it was Edward, and he thanked God. He was also "well content" with the godfathers, and when informed of the death of Cardinal Kempe, he remarked: "Then one of the wisest lords in the land is dead."

The Duke of York had to resign his Protectorship, and Somerset, who had been imprisoned in the Tower, was released and became a greater favourite than ever. York retired to his Castle of Ludlow, summoned his retainers, and prepared to put down Somerset by force of arms. In this resolve he was supported by the two most powerful barons in the kingdom, his brother-in-law, the Earl of Salisbury, and Salisbury's famous son, Richard Neville, Earl of Warwick. The Yorkists marched on London;

Somerset and the King went out to meet them. The armies met at St. Albans. Margaret was at Greenwich with her little son when she learned that the Lancastrian army had been routed, that Somerset, Northumberland (the son of Hotspur) and Clifford were slain, and her husband a captive in the enemy's camp. Somerset had been warned by a soothsayer to "shun castles," and while fighting gallantly in the main street of St. Albans he suddenly found himself under the sign of an inn called the "Castle." He lost his nerve, and was killed on the spot.

The poor King went mad again, and was returned by his captors to the loving care of Margaret. When he recovered he strove hard to bring about a reconciliation between the parties, with such success that Margaret walked hand in hand with Richard of York, Salisbury with the new Duke of Somerset, and Warwick with Exeter in solemn procession to St. Paul's Cathedral. This hollow farce was known as "Love Day," but Margaret and the sons of the Lancastrian nobles slain at St. Albans were bitter at heart and thirsting for revenge.

In 1459 Margaret took the young Prince of Wales on a progress through his Earldom of Chester. Wherever he went he distributed his badge, a silver swan, to likely supporters of the cause of Lancaster. The Yorkists took alarm. Richard once more rallied his adherents round him at the Castle of Ludlow. Margaret, hearing that Salisbury was marching from Middleham to join him with a large force, sent Lord Audley to intercept him. The armies met at Bloreheath. From the tower of a neighbouring church Margaret saw her army routed and Audley slain. She fled to the Prince at Eccleshall Castle, where she was presently joined by the King, who inquired, with a faint show of interest, which side had won.

However, the King (or Margaret) called the nation to arms, and his loyal subjects flocked in thousands to his

standard. The Yorkist leaders at Ludlow were seized with panic, and fled in all directions—Richard to Ireland, and Salisbury and Warwick to Calais.

For a time the Red Rose triumphed. But in the summer of 1460 Warwick landed at Sandwich. The men of Kent helped to swell his army to 30,000, and he was received in London with open arms. The King raised a large force at Coventry, and the armies met at Northampton. The Queen watched the fight with the young Prince from a little hill, and once more she had the mortification of seeing the White Rose triumph over the Red. Buckingham, Shrewsbury and many other loyal nobles were slain. Henry, quietly sitting in his tent, again fell into the hands of the enemy—not Richard this time, but Richard's hot-headed son, Edward, Earl of March.

The Duke of York hastened back from Ireland, and was received with pleasure by the citizens of London, who were always favourably inclined to the White Rose. Refusing to pay his respects to the King, he entered the House of Lords and placed himself with one foot on the step of the throne, and his hand on the cushion; hoping that the peers would cry, "Long live King Richard." But there was a gloomy silence. "Think of this matter, my lords," said the Duke, and walked sullenly out of the House.

A commission was appointed to hear York's claim to the throne. It was settled, with the King's consent, that Henry should be King for the rest of his life, and that then the succession should revert to the house of York. But in making this arrangement the mild Henry and the ambitious Richard had reckoned without the high-spirited Queen. From the rout at Northampton Margaret had fled with her son to Durham, and then sought refuge in Wales. On the journey they fell among thieves and were robbed of all they possessed. Margaret scornfully rejected a summons from the Duke of York to bring her son to

London, and after spending a few months at Harlech Castle, mother and son embarked for Scotland.

King James of Scotland had just been killed by the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh, but Margaret found a friend in his young widow, Mary of Gueldres. A conference, remarkable for the quantity of wine consumed, was held at Dumfries, and a marriage was arranged between the seven-year-old Prince of Wales and a Scottish Princess. Money was forthcoming, and Margaret had no difficulty in raising an army of rough Borderers, eager for the spoil of the South. The Northern Counties of England were loyal to the Red Rose, and in the bleak month of December the Queen was able to march into Yorkshire at the head of 18,000 men.

The Duke of York had heard rumours of Margaret's preparations, and on Christmas Eve he was at Sandal Castle, near Wakefield, with an army of 5,000. Margaret taunted him with cowardice and challenged him to come out and fight. Richard was urgently advised by an old veteran named David Hall, to stay where he was, but he was stung by the taunts of a woman, and answered: "No man ever saw me keep fortress when I was in Normandy, even when the Dauphin came to besiege me. Would you have me shut myself up for dread of a scolding woman whose weapons are her tongue and her nails?"

Now Margaret had laid a trap for him; while Somerset barred the way to Wakefield, Wiltshire and the Black Clifford were in ambush on the flanks. When Richard sallied out he thought he had only Somerset to deal with. He was quickly undeceived. Attacked on three sides, he fought the unequal fight till a body of Borderers came up and completed the Lancastrian victory. The Duke himself and 3,000 of his followers were slain. The Black Clifford cut off Richard's head and brought it to Margaret on the end of a pike. She had it crowned with a

paper crown and stuck up on the gates of York, along with the head of Salisbury, who was captured and beheaded after the battle. Two vacant spaces were left for the heads of Warwick and the Earl of March.

Margaret had at last won a victory, and was soon to win another—this time over the greatest warrior of the age, the Earl of Warwick. The Lancastrian army marched on London, and Warwick, with the captive King, came out to give battle. They met at St. Albans, and for the second time the streets of that city were the scene of a sanguinary combat. Warwick was worsted, and had to retreat to London. Henry was left behind in his tent with two old Yorkist noblemen who volunteered to take care of him. It is sad to relate that their kindness was rewarded with decapitation; one chronicler says by order of the Prince of Wales, but this is too absurd. After returning thanks in St. Albans Abbey, the King knighted his son and thirty other young gentlemen who had helped to gain the victory for the Red Rose.

The Londoners shut their gates on Margaret and her plundering Borderers, and news arrived that Edward, Earl of March, had routed Jasper Tudor at Mortimer's Cross and was marching to the relief of London. So Margaret had to retreat, and after her two great victories soon found herself back again in Yorkshire.

The Earl of March received a rapturous welcome in London and was proclaimed King, as Edward IV, in Westminster Hall. But he could not feel safe on his throne while Margaret was rallying her supporters in the North. He quickly levied an army and set out, with Warwick, for Yorkshire. Margaret sent Somerset and Exeter to meet him. All day long, on that fatal Palm Sunday, the battle raged furiously at Towton, in a howling gale and a blinding snowstorm. For some time fortune favoured the Lancastrians, and Warwick killed his horse

to show that he had no intention of seeking safety in flight.

It must have been an anxious day for Henry, Margaret and the Prince of Wales, waiting for news in the city of York. At last, towards evening, Somerset and Exeter came spurring to York in the forefront of the Lancastrian rout. The royal family fled as fast as they could to Alnwick. Edward only delayed to remove the heads of his father and Salisbury from the gates of York, and substitute those of Devon and Wiltshire; then he continued the pursuit. Feeling unsafe at Alnwick, Margaret, with the King and Prince, crossed the border into Scotland.

For a second time they met with a kindly welcome from the widowed Queen, and passed the summer and autumn in comparative comfort. But during the winter the Scottish friendship cooled. The Queen's generous allowance was stopped, and Margaret was hard put to it to make both ends meet. As a last resource she had to pawn her only remaining treasure—a gold cup—with the Scottish Queen.

It must have been about this time, or soon after, that King, Queen and Prince had to sustain themselves for five days on nothing but a herring and a loaf of bread. That the Queen's credit did not stand very high at this time is proved by the following story. One Sunday, when attending a church service, Margaret found herself in that awkward predicament, familiar to most of us, of having nothing in her pocket to place in the offertory. She appealed to an old Scottish archer who was by her side. After eyeing her for a moment, he put his hand in his pouch and produced a coin of the value of half a farthing, which he handed to the Queen, with the reminder that it was a *loan* and not a *gift*.

In the spring of 1462 Margaret heard that Warwick was at Dumfries trying to arrange a marriage between

Edward and the Queen-mother of Scotland. She thought it was about time to go, so raising some money from a French merchant whom she had formerly befriended, she sailed with the young Prince to Brittany. Henry got away to Wales, and found a refuge in Harlech Castle under the protection of a kind Welsh gentleman named David ap Jenan ap Einion.

When Margaret got to Brittany she learned that Charles VII of France was dead, and succeeded by his son, Louis XI, that crafty, superstitious monarch so cleverly portrayed by Scott in *Quentin Durward*. Louis had an eye to business, and it was arranged that Margaret should put Calais in pawn for 20,000 crowns. With this money she was able to hire some 2,000 foreign mercenaries; but she did something better than this, for she was lucky enough to attract a real champion to her cause in the person of a Norman knight, Peter de Brezé, who was worth a dozen Somersets.

The little expedition was singularly inadequate for the invasion of England, but the intrepid Queen made the attempt. Her ships were driven ashore at Bamborough. After placing the young Prince of Wales in the stronghold of Berwick, she sallied forth and took several castles, but when her mercenaries heard that Warwick was approaching, they put off in the ships. They were cast by a storm on Holy Island, where they were cut to pieces by a force under Sir Robert Ogle. Margaret and Brezé managed to launch a fishing-boat, which weathered the storm and brought them safely to Berwick.

The movements of Margaret and the Prince during the next year or so are rather obscure. Perhaps they sought refuge with David ap Einion at Harlech Castle. It is only reasonable to suppose that Margaret continued her activities, for in 1464 the Lancastrians had rallied sufficiently to fight and lose two more battles, Hedgley

Moor and Hexham After the latter battle Somerset was caught and executed.

Henry seems to have been at large about this time, for his cap of state fell into the hands of the victors, but he does not figure in the romantic adventures which fell to the lot of his wife and son in their subsequent wanderings. While making their way through a dense forest they are said to have fallen in with a gang of robbers, who deprived them of everything they possessed, but Margaret took advantage of a dispute over the booty to hurry her son away from their clutches.

The sequel to this adventure is that pretty story so dear to the youthful student of history. As they proceeded through the forest, the royal fugitives came across a rough-looking fellow of huge stature and forbidding features. Margaret guessed at once that he was an outlaw, and played her cards cleverly. "I am the unfortunate Queen of England," she said, "and this is my son. I entrust him to your care." The kind outlaw, unaccustomed to such trustfulness, fell a victim to this appeal. He conducted the Queen and Prince to his residential cave, introduced them to his wife and child, and went off in search of their friends.

In a day or two he returned to the cave with Sir Peter de Brezé, the Duke of Exeter and Edmund Beaufort, who had succeeded his decapitated brother as Duke of Somerset. He guided the party by unfrequented paths to the coast of Cumberland, whence they sailed for Scotland and landed safely at Kirkcudbright. But their troubles were not over. They were recognized by an Englishman named Cook, who had the Queen and her son placed in a little boat for shipment to King Edward. But fortunately de Brezé and his squire Barville had also been carried aboard this boat; a bit of bad judgment on the part of Cook and his friends, for the prisoners rose against the crew, killed them

and threw them overboard. Then they found that they were unable to navigate the craft, and they were soon driven on the rocks. De Brezé carried the Queen ashore on his shoulders, and Barville did the same for the Prince of Wales. But the Scottish Court was now openly hostile, so Margaret made her way to Bamborough, and embarked with a party of friends for France. Meeting with the usual stormy weather, her ship was driven ashore on the coast of Flanders.

Now this was very awkward for Margaret. Flanders was under the rule of Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, and the Duke was not only an ally of King Edward, but also the hereditary enemy of her father, King René, and she had vowed, in her days of prosperity, that if ever the Duke fell into her hands she would have his head off. However, by this time Margaret was quite at home in an awkward position. Nothing daunted, she sent an affectionate message to the Duke requesting an interview. The Duke sent a polite message back saying he was ill in bed and could not see her. Margaret was not to be put off by a trifling excuse like that. If the Duke could not come to see her, she could go to him ; so she hired a carrier's cart, and leaving the Prince of Wales at Bruges, set off for the Ducal Court at St. Pol.

On the way she met Charles, Count of Charolois, the Duke's eldest son, afterwards the famous "Charles the Bold" of *Quentin Durward*. Seeing her poverty, he gave her 500 crowns and sent a body of archers to escort her to St. Pol. This was lucky, as some English horsemen from Calais were lying in wait to arrest her. For some time the Duke refused to see her, but when he did, he was so touched by her pathetic appeal that he gave her 2,000 crowns and some comforting advice.

When Margaret got back to Bruges she took the Prince of Wales to pay a visit to the Count of Charolois. The

Count entertained them right royally, and behaved with the greatest courtesy and respect. At a banquet he declined to dip his hands into a bowl of water before the Prince had done so. The Prince suggested that they should both dip their hands in at the same time, but Charles would not even agree to this. To avoid further argument the Prince complied, but he could not help remarking :

"These honours are not due from you to us; in your father's dominions precedence should not be given to persons who are without dominions."

"Nay," said the Count, "in spite of your misfortunes you are still the son of the King of England, while I am only the son of the Duke of Burgundy."

On the whole the Prince, now eleven years of age, seems to have had quite a good time in Flanders, and must have been sorry when the time came to make a move. This move was to the small domain of his grandfather, King René; a little province called Bar. The old King of the Two Sicilies, Jerusalem, etc., received his unfortunate daughter and grandson with open arms, and gave them a castle near Verdun in which to reside, and an allowance of £80 a year out of his slender income with which to keep up the little Lancastrian Court, which gradually increased in size as Margaret's supporters flocked to Bar.

Shortly after taking up her quarters at Verdun, Margaret had bad news from England. Her husband was once more a prisoner. After wandering about for over a year in the Northern Counties, Henry was one day sitting down to dinner at Waddington Hall, when he was betrayed to the Yorkists by a treacherous monk. He was taken to London, placed on a sorry nag with his ankles bound under it, and was three times led round a pillory to the cry of "Behold the traitor." He never uttered a complaint till a vulgar rough hit him across the face. "Forsooth and

forsooth," said the long-suffering King, "ye do foully to smite the Lord's anointed."

Margaret resided at Verdun for about five years. Her poverty-stricken little Court was the resort of numerous exiled Lancastrians who were tramping the Continent in rags and tatters. The most distinguished of these unfortunate exiles was Henry Holland, Duke of Exeter. He was a grandson of that fierce John Holland the step-son of the Black Prince. He could trace a threefold line of descent from Henry III through John of Gaunt, Blanche of Lancaster and Joan of Kent. He married the daughter of Richard, Duke of York, and was for some time a supporter of his father-in-law's party. But he would not take up arms against his King, and, remembering his Lancastrian descent, he fought for the Red Rose at St. Albans, Wakefield, and Towton. Though Edward IV's brother-in-law, he was deprived of his estates and doomed to a banishment which his wife refused to share. But his worst misfortunes were still to come; for after being seriously wounded at Barnet, he begged his bread in France and Flanders till his dead body was one day found floating in the Straits of Dover. How it came there is not known.

Besides this unfortunate Duke there came to Verdun from time to time Edmund, Duke of Somerset, and his brother John Beaufort, John Courtenay, Earl of Devon, and Jasper Tudor, Earl of Richmond, half-brother of Henry VI. Morton, the parson of Blokesworth (afterwards Bishop of Ely and the inventor of "Morton's Fork"), and Sir John Fortescue, the Lancastrian Lord Chief Justice, were probably permanent members of the Household.

During these five years the Prince of Wales developed from a gentle child of eleven to a handsome, fair-haired, spirited youth of sixteen, endowed with excellent qualities of disposition and mind. His education, sadly neglected

during his early years, was entrusted to Fortescue, who wrote for him a treatise on the Laws of England—in Latin ! The poor boy must have found it rather dull at Verdun, and looked forward to an occasional visit to his dear old grandfather, King René, at Nancy. For the King of Jerusalem, etc., was, like old King Cole, a merry old soul, and bore all the troubles of himself and his family with a cheerfulness which shocked his daughter Margaret. He was the King of the Troubadours, surrounded by minstrels, mummers, poets and artists ; and if his Court at Nancy in any way resembled his Court at Aix, as described by Sir Walter Scott in *Anne of Geierstein*, it must have been just as pleasing to the young Prince as it was distasteful to his mother. We can quite imagine the boy returning to Verdun laden with sweetmeats, musical instruments, *his grandfather's latest compositions in music and verse*, and his own portrait painted on glass.

All this time the cause of the Red Rose looked quite hopeless, but Margaret never gave up hope, and was ever on the watch for some turn of fortune which would restore her husband and son to their inheritance. Towards the end of 1469 something happened in England which filled her with eagerness and joy. The King quarrelled with the Kingmaker. The offence was deep, and Warwick was in open rebellion against the King he had placed upon his throne.

Margaret was not the only person who was pleased with this event, so favourable to the Lancastrian party. The King of France also had a grievance against Edward, and welcomed this chance of getting even with him. Margaret knew this, and hastened with her son to take counsel with the foxy Louis at Tours.

Early in 1470 the Earl of Warwick, burning with resentment against Edward, crossed to France. He was accompanied by his wife and two daughters, Isabel and Anne.

Isabel Neville had recently married Edward's brother, George, Duke of Clarence, against Edward's wish ; and this was one of the causes of the quarrel. Clarence was easily persuaded by Warwick to accompany him to France, and join him in turning Edward off the throne. Clarence would then become King and Isabel Queen.

Warwick's journey to Amboise was a triumphal procession, and his reception at the Court of Louis could not have been surpassed if he had been the most powerful potentate in Europe ; for Louis was doing his utmost to ingratiate himself with the Kingmaker. To suit his own purposes he was bent on reconciling those two inveterate enemies, Richard Neville and Margaret of Anjou. Few people would have dared to think this possible, but at the back of his crooked mind Louis was hatching a scheme which none but Louis XI would have dreamed of.

The personal factor in this scheme was Edward of Lancaster. So far in our history we have only caught an occasional glimpse of the young Prince, hiding, as it were, behind his mother's skirts. He now comes into the limelight, and treads the boards as the hero and the victim of his own sad story. Louis' scheme, in fact, was nothing less than to cement the alliance between Margaret and the Kingmaker by marrying the heir of Lancaster to Anne Neville, the heiress of Warwick.

At first Warwick would not hear of the match, but he soon saw the advantages of such an alliance as a weapon against his ungrateful sovereign. He was also getting rather doubtful of Clarence as a future King of England. So, thinking it just as well to have two strings to his bow, he reluctantly gave his consent. Clarence was dead against the marriage, for he saw his chance of the crown considerably diminished by the reception of the Prince of Wales into the family.

When the proposal was broached to Margaret she nearly

died of rage and indignation ; but ambition for her son and the longing for vengeance on the house of York gradually overcame her repugnance to a union with the family of the hated Warwick.

Whether the Prince and Anne Neville were consulted we do not know. There is a pretty story that by chance they met at Amboise and fell in love with each other at first sight, which is probably true, as Edward was a good-looking youth and Anne a beautiful sweet-tempered maiden of fifteen summers. The following story of their wooing is too improbable to be credited. It is related that, some time before, when Warwick was Captain of Calais, Margaret and her son came over to England disguised as a monk and an acolyte, and found lodgings in London. Margaret managed to gain admission to the Tower, and spent a week there with her husband. When she returned to her lodgings the Prince was missing. She was in terrible distress till he returned a day or two later, and confessed that he had been to Calais to see Anne Neville !

Whether we believe this story or not, the Prince of Wales and Anne Neville were solemnly espoused in July, 1470, Warwick promising to set King Henry on the throne again, and Margaret promising to let bygones be bygones. Then began the preparation for an invasion of England. A large contribution was forthcoming from the King of France and a small one from the King of the Troubadours, who fairly bubbled over with merriment at the marriage-ceremony of his grandson, which took place a little later in the year.

Warwick gathered round him the exiled Lancastrians, the Duke of Clarence (already wavering), and his own great supporter, De Vere, Earl of Oxford. With a large force he sailed for England in September. King Edward was quite unprepared, and fled to Flanders. The Kingmaker went to the Tower, released Henry VI, and led him,

wearing the crown of England, to a thanksgiving at St. Paul's ; the fickle Londoners crying, " Long live King Henry ! "

This news was very pleasing to Louis XI, as Edward IV was the ally of his mortal foe, Charles the Bold of Burgundy. He was so confident that the Prince of Wales would come into his own again that he insisted on him standing as godfather to the infant Dauphin (afterwards Charles VIII).

All through the autumn and winter Margaret was making preparations to return to England as Queen, but her head was not turned by the sudden change of fortune, and she busied herself raising money and collecting supporters, for it was not unlikely that Edward would make another bid for the crown. There was now no Brezé to act as the Queen's champion, for that worthy knight had been slain while fighting for France against Burgundy ; but Margaret had Lord Wenlock, Fortescue, and Parson Morton by her side. In February, 1471, Warwick sent John Longstrother, Prior of St. John's, to urge the Queen and the Prince to hasten to England. The ships set sail, but were driven back by adverse winds. Three more times Margaret tried to reach the shores of England, but the elements always fought against her, and each time her ships were driven back to France. While waiting at Harfleur for more favourable weather her anxiety was increased by the news that Clarence had deserted Warwick, and that Edward had landed in Yorkshire and was marching on London.

At last the sea calmed down and the winds ceased to blow. On the 14th of April Margaret and the Prince landed at Weymouth. That same Easter Day the King met the Kingmaker at Barnet, and Warwick was defeated and slain. Queen Margaret was at Cerne Abbey when she heard the news, and for the first time her haughty spirit gave way. She hastened with the Prince to the Abbey of

Beaulieu, which had the privilege of sanctuary. Here arrived the Duke of Somerset, his brother John Beaufort, the Earl of Devon, and other Lancastrian fugitives from the stricken field of Barnet. The Queen was all for going back to France, but Somerset argued that Warwick was no real friend to the House of Lancaster, and that they would get on better without him. The Queen agreed to remain on the condition that the Prince should be sent to France, but Somerset, and Prince Edward himself, would not hear of such a thing. It was decided to tempt fortune once more. Exeter was named as the Lancastrian headquarters, and to Exeter rallied the men of the West to swell Margaret's little army. A move was made toward Bristol, with the object of joining the force which Jasper Tudor was raising in Wales.

Edward, meanwhile, was waiting at Windsor, not knowing whether the Lancastrians would march on London or on Wales. When Margaret and Somerset got to Bristol they heard that Edward was at Cirencester, and they hastened on to Gloucester, hoping to put the River Severn between themselves and their enemy. Gloucester, however, shut its gates against the Lancastrians. There was nothing for it but to tramp on to Tewkesbury, where the army arrived worn-out and hungry after its long march. Edward was close on their heels. Margaret wanted to cross the river without delay, but Somerset, poor general as he was, knew that it would be fatal to be caught in the act, and decided to make an entrenched camp and await whatever fortune it pleased God to send them.

Soon after sunrise on the morning of the 4th of May, Margaret of Anjou rode round the Lancastrian camp trying to inspire her supporters with a hope which she could hardly have felt herself. The Prince of Wales rode by her side in his armour, looking every inch a Plantagenet, with the arms of England and France blazoned on his

shield, and his face expressing his eagerness and excitement at the prospect of his first real fight. His appearance roused the greatest enthusiasm, and revived the worn-out spirits of the Lancastrians.

Each army was drawn up in three divisions. Lack of courage was not a Beaufort failing, and hot-headed Somerset placed himself, with his brother John, in the forefront of the Lancastrian array. Lord Wenlock commanded the second division, and by his side was Edward, Prince of Wales. The third division was under the Earl of Devon.

A sinister figure appears as leader of the Yorkist van—Richard Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, a youth in his nineteenth year, but experienced and capable as a man of forty. Edward the King commanded the second division, and Lord Hastings the third.

Somerset, beyond entrenching himself, did not display much judgment in making his dispositions for the coming battle. He purposely left gaps in his defences from which to sally out on the enemy, and a small wood on his right had completely escaped his notice. It did not, however, escape the eagle eye of Edward, who placed in it an ambush of 200 men, remembering, perhaps, what another Edward had done at Poitiers.

The battle began with a charge by Gloucester. As every effort to get inside the Lancastrian camp proved futile, he resorted to the time-honoured trick of tempting Somerset from his defences by pretended flight. Somerset had probably never heard of Joshua at Ai, and thinking he had only to dash out and gain a great victory, he called on his division to leap through the gaps, and off they went after Gloucester. The wily Richard rallied his flying division, and the King coming to his aid, the Lancastrians were driven headlong back to their camp with great slaughter. Somerset was beside himself with fury, and finding that Lord Wenlock had not stirred from the camp

to support him, he soundly reviled him, and "with his ax he stroke the brains out of his head."

The 200 men from the wood dashed in on the flank, and the Lancastrian ruin was complete. The Earl of Devon and John Beaufort were slain on the spot; the other Red Rose leaders sought refuge in the Abbey Church of Tewkesbury. What happened to the Prince of Wales is not accurately known. We seem to lose sight of him in the fight, but we can imagine that the son of Margaret of Anjou and the grandson of Henry V gave a good account of himself.

He may have perished on the field, but tradition tells a different story. According to Holinshed, he was found wandering between the camp and Tewkesbury by Sir Richard Crofts, who, eager to obtain the reward offered for his capture, assured him that his life would be spared, and led him to the King. Edward was sitting with his brothers, Clarence and Gloucester. At first he was inclined to be merciful, but stung by the bold retorts of the boy, he struck him in the face with his gauntlet. Taking this as their cue, Clarence and Gloucester plunged their daggers into his breast.

Shakespeare has treated this scene with dramatic effect. In answer to King Edward's question why he has taken up arms and stirred up his subjects against him, the Prince says:

"Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.
Suppose that I am now my father's mouth:
Resign thy chair, and when I stand kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to,"

Queen Margaret then lets loose her tongue and bandies a little repartee with Gloucester, who gets the worst of it, and loses his temper.

PRINCES OF WALES

- GLOU. For God's sake take away this captive scold.
 PRINCE. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back rather.
 KING EDW. Peace, wilful boy, or I will chain your tongue.
 CLARENCE. Untutored lad, thou art too malapert.
 PRINCE. I know my duty; you are all undutiful.
 Lascivious Edward, and thou, perjured George,
 And thou, misshapen Dick, I tell ye all,
 I am your better, traitors as ye are;
 And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.
 KING EDW. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here. (*Stabs him.*)
 GLOU. Sprawl'st thou? Take that to end thy agony.
 (*Stabs him.*)
 CLARENCE. And that's for twitting me with perjury. (*Stabs him.*)

In response to a request from Margaret to kill her too, Gloucester offers to do so, but is prevented by the King; so he hurries off to the Tower to kill King Henry.

It is not at all certain that Prince Edward was murdered by Clarence and Gloucester, but Shakespeare accepts the tradition. He rubs it in when Clarence is relating his ghastly dream to Brackenbury at the Tower.

Then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud,
 "Clarence is come; false, fleeting, perjured Clarence,
 That stabbed me in the field by Tewkesbury."

And on the eve of Bosworth the ghost of Prince Edward appears to Richard and exclaims:

"Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!
 Think how thou stabb'st me in the prime of youth
 At Tewkesbury; despair therefore, and die!"

Shakespeare is wrong when he makes Margaret present at the Prince's death. When she saw the battle going against the Red Rose, she fled with the Princess of Wales to a monastery on the bank of the Severn. Three days later she was captured, and for five years she was kept a prisoner

in the Tower and Windsor Castle. Then she was ransomed by Louis XI for 50,000 crowns, and spent the last five years of her unhappy life wandering about the Continent.

Somerset, the Prior of St. John, and other Lancastrians had taken refuge in Tewkesbury Abbey. The Lancastrians had respected Edward's Queen, Elizabeth Woodville, when she took sanctuary at Westminster, but Edward had no respect for Tewkesbury Abbey; perhaps it did not count as a sanctuary. After the battle he tried to force an entrance, but was prevented by a priest bearing the Host. The next day was Sunday, and the King was too pious to do violence on the Sabbath; but on the Monday he burst in, seized his wretched victims, and had them tried (by his brother of Gloucester!) and executed.

The body of Edward of Lancaster, Prince of Wales, was laid to rest under the tower of Tewkesbury Abbey at the entrance to the choir. Seven years afterwards, by the irony of fate, "false, fleeting, perjured Clarence," drowned, says tradition, in a butt of Malmsey wine, was buried in the same church, within a few yards of that "shadow like an angel, with bright hair," which had haunted him in his dreams.

VI

Edward of York

PRINCE OF WALES, 1477-1483

(KING EDWARD V, 1483)

ONE fine day, quite early in his reign, King Edward IV was out hunting in the forest of Whittlebury. He was riding in the direction of Grafton, where lived an old lady of some importance named Jacqueline of Luxembourg, Duchess of Bedford, destined to become the grandmother of a Prince of Wales and King of England, though she could hardly have foreseen it at this time.

Jacqueline in her early youth had married John, Duke of Bedford, brother of Henry V. The Duke died in France soon after the marriage, and one of his squires named Richard Woodville was deputed to escort his young widow to England. Now Woodville was an exceedingly handsome and accomplished young man. Jacqueline fell in love with him, and they were secretly married. The family sympathies were naturally with the Red Rose, and one of the numerous daughters of this union, a beautiful girl named Elizabeth, became a maid of honour to Margaret of Anjou. She married Sir John Grey of Groby, a Lancastrian knight, who was killed at the Battle of St. Albans, and Elizabeth was left a widow with two little boys. The



EDWARD OF YORK
PRINCE OF WALES 1477 1493

Grey estates were confiscated, and she went to live with her mother at Grafton.

As King Edward was riding towards Grafton on this memorable day, he saw, standing under a spreading oak-tree, a beautiful young woman, her eyes cast down, her golden hair falling over her shoulders, and holding by each hand a nice little boy. Edward, who was very susceptible to female charms, and probably guessed who she was, dismounted from his horse and entered into conversation. Artfully and demurely the young widow poured out her tale of woe, and implored the King to restore her sons' inheritance. The King was completely captivated and, to cut a long story short, within a few months he and Elizabeth were secretly married.

The secret could not be kept very long. The marriage, so satisfactory to the Woodville family, was intensely galling to Edward's mother and brothers and the powerful nobles who had placed him on the throne. Had they made him King to share his throne with the daughter of a Lancastrian squire, the widow of a Lancastrian knight? Had not the great Earl of Warwick two daughters more worthy of his choice?

The opposition to the new Queen might have been less strenuous if the Woodville family had behaved with some degree of modesty and moderation. They had many points in their favour. The father and brothers were handsome and courtly gentlemen, accomplished in arms, better educated, more refined and more capable than the rough barons of that time. But the whole family were presumptuous, overbearing, and greedy. Nothing short of being the greatest family in England would satisfy them. Elizabeth used all her influence with the King for their advancement and their ultimate downfall. The old man was created Earl Rivers and made Treasurer of England. Two of the brothers married the two wealthiest women

in England, Anthony securing the heiress of Lord Scales, while John was not ashamed to marry the old Duchess of Norfolk, a venerable dame of eighty, who had already buried three husbands. The pretty sisters soon found noblemen of high rank and ample estates.

Not content with insulting and snubbing Warwick, the Queen made a fool of him. While the Kingmaker was in France arranging a match between the King's sister Margaret and the brother of Louis XI, Elizabeth disposed of her to Charles the Bold of Burgundy. After this the enmity between the Nevilles and the Woodvilles developed into a deadly feud. The Queen's family became so unpopular that an insurrection broke out, and Lord Rivers and John Woodville were murdered by the mob at Grafton. For a time Edward was practically a prisoner at Middleham Castle, but after the Battle of "Losecoat Field" he got the upper hand, and Warwick crossed to France. When he returned in September, 1470, as the champion of the Lancastrian King, it was Edward's turn to cross the sea, leaving his wife and family behind him. Elizabeth was so alarmed that she sought refuge in the Sanctuary at Westminster with her three little daughters.

The Sanctuary was a curious building near the Palace of Westminster. It was built by Edward the Confessor, and was a very massive structure, strong enough to resist a siege; indeed, so strong, that when it came to be demolished the workmen despaired of accomplishing their task. The upper part was a church in the form of a cross; and here it was, in this refuge of brawlers and cut-throats and pickpockets, that an heir was born to King Edward on November 1st, 1470. Holinshed quaintly describes the event as follows: "His wife, Queene Elizabeth, took sanctuarie at Westminster, and there, in great penurie, forsaken of all hir friends, was delivered of a faire son called Edward, which was withe small pompe like a poore

man's child christened, the godfathers being the abbat and prior of Westminster and the godmother the ladie Scroope."

The Queen was lucky to have with her a nurse experienced in such emergencies, and one of those strange persons who called themselves physicians in those days, named Serigo. The little party was saved from starvation by a kind butcher named John Gould, who sent them "half a beef and two muttons" every week.

Warwick and his party piously respected the Sanctuary during the period of Edward's exile. King Edward got little help from Charles the Bold, who, though his brother-in-law, was at heart a Lancastrian. But he found a devoted ally in a Burgundian nobleman named Louis de Bruges, who placed all his resources at Edward's disposal. Crossing the sea with his brother Richard, his brother-in-law Anthony Woodville (now Lord Rivers), Lord Hastings, and 500 men, on March 14th, 1471, he landed at Ravenspur, just as Bolingbroke had done in 1399, and in York Cathedral, like Bolingbroke, he took a solemn oath that he had only come to claim his dukedom, and resigned all pretensions to the crown. But this meant nothing to Edward, for as soon as he reached London he flung poor King Henry into the Tower again, and with him Warwick's brother, the Archbishop of York. Then he went to the Sanctuary, where he was welcomed with raptures of joy by his wife and daughters, and was introduced to his four-months-old son. It is nice to know that he rewarded Margaret Cobb, the nurse, with an annuity of £12, and Serigo, the doctor, to the amount of £40 a year; while his gratitude to the good butcher, John Gould, was expressed by permission to load a ship with hides and tallow!

Leaving his wife and family at Baynard's Castle, the residence of the old Duchess of York, the King went off to beat Warwick at Barnet and Margaret at Tewkesbury.

During his absence the young Prince had an alarming experience, though perhaps he was not old enough to realize it at the time. A cousin of Warwick's, named Falconbridge, who was by way of being a pirate, sailed up the Thames with a fleet of ships to rescue Henry from the Tower, and the men of Kent, ever ready for a riot, invaded London and "made a hurly-burly," spoiling mansions and robbing beer-houses. At the first sign of the outbreak Elizabeth and her young family had fled to the Tower for greater security, and there they had to stand a siege by land and water. Fortunately the citizens remained loyal to the House of York, and when the rioters heard that Edward was approaching with his army, they dispersed, and Falconbridge sailed away. Edward returned on May 21st, with Margaret of Anjou a prisoner in his train. The next day Henry of Lancaster died a mysterious death, and his widow was locked up in the grim fortress where her husband had been a captive for so many years.

Once more firmly seated on the throne, Edward kept a lavish and extravagant Court at Windsor and Westminster. There exists a contemporary account of his reception in 1472 of Louis de Bruges, Lord of Grauthuse, who had so materially helped him to recover his kingdom. The banquets, decorations and amusements are described with the minutest attention to details, even to the washing arrangements, the casual refreshments, and the games which the honoured guest found Elizabeth playing with her ladies and children. One can easily imagine a pleasant picture of that royal nursery, the fond mother laughing, the little girls squabbling, and the infant Prince crowing over those games of marteaux (probably marbles) and closheys (ivory skittles). It is interesting to hear that Prince Edward was solemnly introduced to his father's guest, for we read that "My Lord Prince also, borne by his chamberlain, Master Vaughan, bade the Lord Graut-

huse welcome." The King created Lord Grauthuse Earl of Winchester, and took him to offer at the shrine of St. Edward at Westminster, when the infant Prince also laid his little offering on the altar.

In 1473 the King drew up an elaborate code of regulations for the education of Prince Edward. Considering the royal father's well-known reputation for loose-living, the strictness of these rules is rather remarkable, but Edward's training had been neglected during the Wars of the Roses and he was determined that his son should not suffer from lack of supervision.

The Prince was entrusted to the guardianship of his uncle Anthony, Earl Rivers, and the Bishop of Rochester, who were responsible for seeing that the rules were kept. Prince Edward was to rise every morning at "a convenient hour," and after matins had been said in his presence, to attend mass in his private chapel. The day was almost entirely devoted to "such learning as his age shall suffer him to receive," varied by religious services and sermons. There was to be no "playtime" till after supper. But this was not quite so bad as it seems, for the supper-hour was four o'clock, and he had a clear four hours till curtains were drawn at eight, when those who attended him had to "enforce themselves to make him merry and joyous towards his bed."

The regulations for the government of the Prince's household were equally exacting. Mass at six, matins at seven, and at nine "a mass by note, with children," then to breakfast. The members of the household were also expected to sit out such sermons as might be preached to the Prince; but perhaps they placed a wide interpretation on such words, and phrases as "convenient," "without cause reasonable" and "unless duty called them elsewhere," which frequently occur as loopholes in the apparently stringent rules. However, they had to reckon with

a person called the Clerk of the Cheque, whose duty it was to "tick off" any official who neglected his duties or was absent without leave.

Three chaplains formed part of this well-regulated establishment; but no swearer, brawler, backbiter, or common hazarder was allowed near the presence of the Prince. A pair of stocks was provided for the accommodation of anyone who quarrelled or otherwise disturbed the peace of the household. And lastly, the revenues of the Prince were to be placed in a strong box, of which the Queen, Lord Rivers and the Bishop of Rochester each had a key.

At Christmas, 1477, being then seven years of age, Prince Edward was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. At the same time his brother Richard was created Duke of York, and in honour of the occasion a large number of noblemen and gentlemen were made Knights of the Bath. It was probably a little earlier in the same year that the Prince was a conspicuous figure at a remarkable wedding; that of his brother Richard to Anne Mowbray, the heiress of Norfolk. Richard was five and his bride two years younger! The proceedings resembled a glorified children's party, for the wedding was followed by merry games and romps.

There were gay times at Court in those days; dances and banquets and hunting parties and pageants in which the Woodvilles and Greys showed off their handsome persons in velvet and cloth of gold. But there was a shadow in the background. The Prince's uncle, George of Clarence, was a prisoner in the Tower under a charge of treason. Left a widower, he had dared to seek the hand of Mary of Burgundy, whom the Queen wanted for her brother Anthony, also a widower. There was a curious trial, with much strange evidence of witchcraft and sorcery. But Edward had been warned by an astrologer to beware

of "G," and poor George's fate was a foregone conclusion. He is said to have been given the choice of his death, and chose to be drowned in a butt of Malmsey wine. It would have been better for the young Princes if the astrologer had told their father to beware of "R." Edward was wont to dabble in astrology himself, and by casting horoscopes he discovered that neither of his sons would be crowned King of England, but that his daughter would become Queen.

Domestic tragedies and astrological warnings cast but a passing dimness over the glitter of the brilliant Court. The Wardrobe Accounts of the period bear record of the purchase of costly attire for the two Princes. Such items are mentioned as "5 yards of white cloth of gold tissue for a gown," "a mantle of blue velvet lined with white damask," "a lace of blue silk with buttons of gold," "velvet upon velvet green cloth of gold," and others equally sumptuous. Most of these items were for Prince Richard, whose dignity as a married man presumably required more changes of raiment.

Prince Edward never quite reached the state of matrimony; he only got as far as an engagement with Anne, the heiress of Brittany. His mother, the Queen, was an inveterate matchmaker. After marrying her youngest sister Katherine to Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, a great nobleman with Plantagenet and Beaufort blood in his veins, she began to look round for suitable husbands for her young daughters.

One of the terms of the Treaty of Pecquigny was that her eldest daughter, Elizabeth, should marry the eldest son of Louis XI. When Edward returned from France, we are told that he took his ease in the Palace, and could talk of nothing but the brilliant future of his daughter, whom he always alluded to as the "Dolphiness." However, Elizabeth was destined to wear the crown of England

and not the crown of France. Equally ambitious matches were arranged for the Prince's other sisters. Cicely was betrothed to the Duke of Albany, brother of the King of Scotland ; Katherine to the son of Ferdinand and Isabella ; and Anne to Philip, the son of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy. None of these fine matches came off. Cicely had to be content with Lord Willes ; Katherine married William Courtenay, Earl of Devon ; while Anne became Lady Howard.

Prince Edward was one of the earliest patrons of the art of printing in England. Caxton, a native of Kent, lived for many years in Flanders and held some kind of office in the household of King Edward's sister, Margaret of Burgundy. It was owing to the encouragement of the King and Anthony Woodville that he returned to England in 1476, and was able to set up his press in a disused side-chapel or " Scriptorium " adjoining the Almonry at Westminster.

The first book Caxton printed in England was called *Dictes and Notable wise Sayings of the Philosophers*, a translation from the French by the Prince's accomplished Uncle Anthony. It was a great joy to the young Prince to accompany his parents to the Almonry, and watch the master-printer working his press. In one of Caxton's books there is a picture of a good-looking boy with fair curls, standing between his father and mother, while old Caxton himself is presenting them with a specimen of his work.

When he was about twelve years of age the Prince of Wales took up his residence at Ludlow. There had been a lot of trouble in Wales, and it was a happy idea on the part of the King to send his heir to that old Castle on the Welsh border, which had once been the stronghold of Richard, Duke of York. Here he could, nominally at least, administer the affairs of his Principality, and his

very presence at Ludlow acted like oil on troubled waters. He was under the guardianship of his uncle Anthony, Lord Rivers, and had with him his half-brother, Sir Richard Grey, his old chamberlain, Vaughan, and other devoted attendants.

It was while the Prince was at Ludlow that his father was thrown into a paroxysm of fury by a trick played on him by the crafty Louis XI. Mary of Burgundy died suddenly, and the people of Flanders handed her children over to the King of France. Edward heard that Louis was going to marry the Dauphin to little Margaret of Burgundy, and realizing that in this case, his eldest daughter would never become "Dolphin," he worked himself into such a passion that he was seized with a fever. His constitution, ruined by luxury and dissipation, was in no condition to shake off the attack, and the King soon realized that he was on his death-bed. After exhorting the hostile nobles to be reconciled with the Woodville party, he passed away on April 9th, 1483. His body was buried on the north side of the Choir of St. George's Chapel, Windsor. A year or two later the remains of his victim, Henry VI, were removed from Chertsey and buried a few yards away from Edward, on the south side of the Choir.

The Prince of Wales was now King Edward V, but he was never crowned, and can hardly be said to have reigned. Shakespeare calls him the Prince of Wales to the end of his life, and with such a precedent there is a valid excuse for concluding his short sad story.

When the news of King Edward's death reached Ludlow, Lord Rivers hastened to escort the young King (as we must now call him) to London. They were accompanied by Sir Richard Grey, Sir Thomas Vaughan and a body of horsemen. On April 22nd the royal cavalcade was approaching Northampton.

The wicked uncle now appears upon the scene. Richard,

Duke of Gloucester, was fighting in Scotland when he heard of his brother's death. He journeyed southward with a strong force of horsemen, and on April 22nd was awaiting his nephew's arrival at Northampton. Here he was joined by the Duke of Buckingham, who, although he had married the Queen's sister, was violently anti-Woodville. Rivers and Grey came to Richard at Northampton, and announced that the King had gone on to Stony Stratford with Vaughan and the escort. Dissembling his displeasure at this slight, Richard entertained Buckingham, Rivers and Grey to dinner at an inn, where they spent a merry evening. Early next morning the four mounted their horses, and rode on in a very friendly manner to Stony Stratford. Here they found the young King in the act of departing for London. Richard lost his temper, turned on Rivers, Grey and Vaughan, called them traitors and had them arrested and sent to Pontefract Castle. Poor Edward was distracted at being deprived of the protection of his favourite uncle, his half-brother and his faithful "nurse," but Gloucester assured him that he could have no better protector than his affectionate uncle Richard.

When Elizabeth heard of the doings at Stony Stratford she gave everything up for lost, and fled to the Sanctuary with her five daughters and her youngest son Richard, now a widower of ten. Here she was joined by her eldest son, the Marquis of Dorset, who, as Constable of the Tower, might have saved the situation if he had stuck to his post.

Edward had a great reception from the Lord Mayor, aldermen and citizens of London, who went out in state to meet him and feast him (and themselves) at Hornsey Wood. On arriving in the city he was lodged at the Bishop's Palace. His mother, with the rest of the family, was living in the Abbot's house at Westminster, which was rather more comfortable than the Sanctuary. Great pressure was brought to bear upon her to leave her retreat,

but the timid Queen obstinately refused. At last she was persuaded by Archbishop Bouchier to part with her son Richard, who was sent to join his brother. The Protector proposed to place them both in the Tower for their greater security. According to Shakespeare, the Duke of York was rather a pert little boy. He dares to indulge in some witty repartee with his uncle Richard, and tells him flatly that he has no use for the Tower. He says to his brother :

- What ' will you go unto the Tower, my lord ?
PRINCE. My lord protector needs will have it so.
YORK. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.
GLOU. Why, what should you fear ?
YORK. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost :
My grandam told me he was muider'd there.
PRINCE I fear no uncles *dead*.
GLOU. Nor none that live, I hope.
PRINCE. An' if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord ; and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

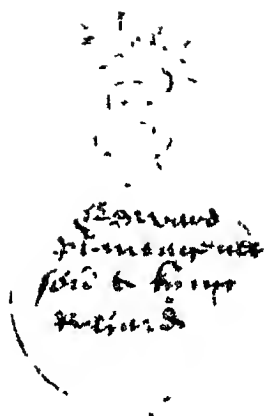
After the removal of the boys to the Tower events marched rapidly. Rivers, Grey and Vaughan were beheaded at Pontefract, and Hastings at the Tower. Buckingham offered the crown to Richard, who, with well-assumed reluctance, accepted it. When Edward heard of this he naturally took alarm, and is reported to have said, " I would mine uncle would let me enjoy my life, though I lose my kingdom and my crown."

Richard's next step was to remove his nephews from the State Apartments to the Tower called " Bloody." Their sole attendant was a man bearing the ominous name of William Slaughter, otherwise known as " Black Will." For some time nothing was heard of them, and people began to wonder what had happened. At last Richard quietly announced that they were dead.

The story of the murder of the Princes is well known. It rests on a doubtful confession extorted from two of the

supposed murderers, Tyrrell and Dighton, in the reign of Henry VII. Richard first approached Brackenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, who flatly refused to connive at the crime. A more willing tool was found in a certain Sir James Tyrrell. Having obtained the keys of the Tower for one night, Tyrrell introduced his two hirelings, Dighton and Forrest, and while he stood outside the door of the room, the two villains, who found a ready accomplice in "Black Will," smothered the poor young Princes as they slept peacefully side by side, by pressing the pillows and bedclothes over their faces. Their bodies were buried at the foot of the staircase, but were soon afterwards removed by command of Richard.

Several futile searches were made for their remains, but it was not till the reign of Charles II that a large chest, containing the skeletons of two boys, was discovered buried deep in the ground at the base of the White Tower.



EDWARD OF GLOUCESTER
PRINCE OF WALES 1483 84

VII

Edward of Gloucester

PRINCE OF WALES, 1483-1484

RICHARD "CROOKBACK," father of this unfortunate and almost unknown Prince of Wales, was the youngest son of Richard, Duke of York, and Cicely Neville, sister of the Earl of Salisbury and aunt of the Kingmaker. He was born at Fotheringay Castle in 1452. Tradition has it that he came into the world with flowing locks and a full set of teeth. His nephew, that "parlous boy" Richard of York, alludes to this after his uncle has been teasing him about his rapid growth :

YORK. Now, by my troth, if I had been remembered
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout
To touch his growth nearer than he touched mine.

DUCH. How, my young York, I pray thee let me hear it.

YORK. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old.
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

DUCH. I pray thee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

YORK. Grandam, his nurse.

DUCH. His nurse ! Why she was dead ere thou wast born.

YORK. If 'twas not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Richard of Gloucester is indeed a very precocious child in Shakespeare's Plays. At the age of three he takes an

active part in the Battle of St. Albans. After slaying Somerset "underneath an alchouse' paltry sign," he three times comes to the rescue of his uncle Salisbury when unhorsed and in peril of his life. Increasing age does not abate his fiery spirit. Five years later, at Wakefield, his father says of him :

Three times did Richard make a lane to me
And thrice cried "Courage, father, fight it out."

As a matter of fact, Richard was probably safe in one of his father's castles when St. Albans and Wakefield were fought. His mother got him away to Holland after Wakefield, fearful that he might share the fate of his brother Rutland; but he returned after the victory of Towton had made his brother's throne secure. We do not hear much of him till he fled with his brother Edward to Flanders in 1470. He probably paid frequent visits to his cousin Warwick's castle at Middleham, where he would naturally meet Warwick's daughters. It seems to have been understood that Clarence was to marry Isabel, and Richard her sister Anne. The former marriage came off in 1469, but Anne, as we have seen, became the wife of the Lancastrian Prince of Wales.

Richard commanded with conspicuous skill and courage at Barnet and Tewkesbury. After the latter battle the widowed Anne, suspecting that Richard would soon be on her track, sought concealment in London. In her plight she found a ready sympathizer in Clarence, who had no desire to share the great Warwick inheritance with his brother. He got her a job as "cook-maid" in a city family. But she could not long elude the investigations of the crafty Richard. He discovered her in her menial occupation, and removed her to the sanctuary of St. Martin. There followed a most unseemly quarrel between the two brothers. Edward had to intervene and adjudicate on the division of the Warwick estates, quite ignoring the

existence of the widowed Countess, who was in sanctuary at Beaulieu. Richard then married Anne, whose husband he is supposed to have stabbed at Tewkesbury. They made their home at the great Castle of Middleham, the scene of Warwick's feudal magnificence; and here it was, in 1474, that a son was born to them, who was named Edward. Richard at this time seems to have loved his wife, and he was devoted to his little boy. It is not improbable that ambition to make his son heir to the crown led him to commit those crimes which have made his name infamous in history.

Little or nothing is known of young Edward during the first nine years of his life at his quiet home in Yorkshire. He was the pet of his fond mother and the hope of the house of Neville, for Isabel's son was an idiot. We can only imagine him growing from infancy to handsome boyhood—more like his mother than his father—studying his Latin grammar with his tutor, Sir Richard Bernal, and riding his pony or roaming with his dogs and hawks over the broad acres of Middleham. Three days before the "execution" of his uncle Clarence in 1478 he was created Earl of Salisbury (one of Clarence's titles), and three days after that tragic event his father founded and endowed two monasteries.

In June, 1483, an abrupt change came over Edward's quiet life; he suddenly became a person of the highest importance. It was about the middle of that month that Richard decided to usurp the throne. He immediately sent a message to Anne at Middleham to bring their son to London for the coronation. After a rapid journey for those days, the mother and son took up their quarters with the old Duchess of York at Baynard's Castle. The coronation was fixed for Sunday, the 6th of July, and gorgeous robes were being hurriedly made for the new Queen and Prince. On the 4th they were rowed in the

state barge to the Tower, where Edward was formally created Prince of Wales. At the same time Sir John Howard, that faithful servant of the House of York, was made Duke of Norfolk, and Lord Stanley and the Archbishop of York were released from their captivity to take part in the coronation. It was on this day that Richard removed his nephews from the royal apartments to the Bloody Tower; and that night the new Prince of Wales, in childish innocence, slept in the bed formerly occupied by his two unfortunate cousins.

The next day there was a grand water pageant to Greenwich, where there was much feasting and merriment. But this was all eclipsed by the pomp of the coronation on the Sunday. The procession was made as dazzling and imposing as possible to impress the people, but it did not make quite the impression which Richard intended. There was no real enthusiasm for the new King, and the whole brilliant display was thought to be in bad taste, considering the circumstances.

Richard and Anne were crowned by Archbishop Bouchier in Westminster Abbey, and they had some extra anointing of their bodies to make up for their lack of title to their crowns. Richard's train was borne by the Duke of Buckingham, and Anne's by Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond. Little did poor Anne foresee that in just over two years she and her husband and her son would all be dead, and her train-bearer's son would be wearing the crown of England. Nor could Buckingham foresee that before the end of the year he would perish by the headsman's axe. He was already beginning to feel qualms about the part he had played, and pleaded illness as an excuse for not attending the coronation. But Richard sent him word that if he could not walk he would have to be carried. One way or the other he managed to come.

The Prince of Wales was an interested spectator of the

gorgeous ceremony, though he does not seem to have performed any particular office. He probably played a more active part at the subsequent banquet in Westminster Hall. At the end of the feast Sir William Dymoke, the King's champion, rode in, clad in full armour, and challenged anyone to deny Richard's right to the crown. No one dared do so, for Richard had brought 5,000 armed ruffians from the North to quell the Londoners in case of any opposition. The leader of this mob was that terror of the Woodvilles, Robin of Redesdale, who had seized and beheaded old Lord Rivers and his son many years before.

The day after the coronation the Queen and the Prince retired to Windsor for a few days' rest. The poor boy must have been quite worn out after his three hectic days in London; and we may almost assume that he was suffering from a bilious attack as the result of so much feasting and excitement. While he was at Windsor the Spanish Ambassador arrived with a proposal from Ferdinand and Isabella for him to marry their eldest daughter. But this was not to be. The young lady subsequently married the King of Portugal.

From Windsor the Prince and his mother journeyed to Warwick, and there they kept their Court in the old castle, which at that time belonged to the half-witted son of Clarence and Isabel, as his share of the Neville inheritance. At the end of three weeks they were joined by the King, who had been making a progress through the western counties with the Duke of Buckingham. He achieved some popularity by refusing the gifts of money offered him at Oxford, Gloucester and other places he visited. While at Gloucester, Richard heard that attempts were being planned for the rescue of his nephews from the Tower, and he dispatched one John Green with instructions to his lieutenant, Brackenbury, to get rid of them. Richard

received Brackenbury's indignant refusal at Warwick Castle. A page, who heard him lamenting his bad luck, informed him that Sir James Tyrrell was in the next room. He sounded Tyrrell, and finding him a willing accomplice, he despatched him to London with a warrant to supersede Brackenbury for one night.

Buckingham, who suspected that the Princes, if not already murdered, were going to be, had left Richard at Gloucester, and proceeded to his castle at Brecon, where he was already hatching rebellion with his prisoner Morton, Bishop of Ely. From Warwick, Richard, with his wife and son, progressed through Coventry to his castle at Nottingham. Thence he sent instructions to prepare for a second coronation at York on an even grander scale than the one at Westminster. This was done partly to impress the people of the North, and partly because Richard now knew that his nephews were dead, and he had a more valid right to the crown.

The royal party arrived at York on August 29th. On September 8th, Richard and Anne were re-crowned in York Minster, and Edward seems to have been re-created Prince of Wales. After a sumptuous banquet, at which Richard knighted the Spanish Ambassador, King, Queen and Prince progressed in state through the streets of York, resplendent in all the trappings of their high estate. Young Edward, we are told, was wearing a "demi-crown" and carrying his silver rod as Prince of Wales.

This was the little Prince's last display of pomp and state. From York he was conveyed to Pontefract Castle, where he was left with his tutor, while his father and mother proceeded to Lincoln. The nation was becoming disquiet, and in various places there were risings of the people in favour of the Princes in the Tower. As a choice of two evils, Richard spread a report that they were dead, hoping to quiet the people. But it only made matters

worse, and Richard had to hurry from place to place to assert his authority. Buckingham's insurrection was the most serious, but it was nipped in the bud by a sudden rising of the Severn, known long afterwards as Buckingham's Great Flood. His supporters were drowned or dispersed, and the ill-starred Duke was betrayed to Richard and beheaded at Salisbury.

Meanwhile the Prince of Wales had returned to Middleham, where, surrounded by his faithful retainers, he was probably much happier playing with his dogs in his feathered cap than strutting about the streets in a demi-crown.

Richard's first Parliament met at Westminster in January, 1484. In addition to passing some wise laws, it confirmed the crown to Richard, and the succession to his son. But Richard was not content with this. In the following month he assembled nearly all the Lords Spiritual and Temporal "in a certain room, near the passage which leads to the Queen's apartments, and here each subscribed his name to a kind of new oath of adherence to Edward, the King's only son, as their supreme Lord, in case anything should happen to his father."

Richard at last persuaded Elizabeth Woodville to leave her retreat and accept a pension as Dame Elizabeth Grey. He had some idea of strengthening his son's position by marrying him to the young Elizabeth, who was separated from her mother and given a post in the household of Queen Anne. All Richard's hopes and ambitions were centred on his boy, but Nemesis was nearer than he thought. The little Prince was suddenly taken ill at Middleham Castle, and there, on the 9th of April, he died "an unhappy death." To quote again the Chronicle of Croyland: "On hearing the news of this at Nottingham, where they were then residing, you might have seen his father and mother in a state almost bordering on madness, by reason of their sudden grief."

The day on which the Prince died was the anniversary of the death of Edward IV and the accession of Edward V. The feelings of the distressed father can only be imagined. Did he accept this blow as a visitation from Heaven? Did he realize that he was only reaping what he had sown? That he was devotedly attached to his son is beyond doubt. He looked forward to a great future for this innocent boy, which he could hardly anticipate for his guilty self. In a certain document, written during the boy's lifetime, he says of him, "his singular wit and endowments of nature wherewith (his young age considered) he is remarkably furnished, do portend, by the favour of God, that he will make an honest man." A short time after the boy's death he came across his son's name in a paper he had to sign, and wrote in the margin "whom God pardon." If we cannot pity the father, we may pity the poor mother. Anne Neville fell into a decline after her son's death, her beauty faded, and haunted by the suspicion that Richard wanted to get rid of her, she died of a broken heart in March, 1485.

Five months later Richard of Gloucester met Henry of Richmond on Bosworth Field. Surrounded by foes, he scorned to seek safety in flight. "I will die King of England!" he cried; and on he fought, hacking right and left, till overwhelmed by numbers he ended his blood-stained life by a death worthy of the last of the Plantagenets. His battered crown was found in a hawthorn bush by Sir Reginald Bray, and was placed on the head of Henry Tudor by his stepfather, Lord Stanley.



ARTHUR OF WINCHESTER.
PRINCE OF WALES, 1489-1502.

VIII

Arthur of Winchester

PRINCE OF WALES, 1489-1502

THE most wonderful woman of the Wars of the Roses was Margaret Beaufort, Countess of Richmond, grandmother of the two Tudor Princes of Wales. She was also the most fortunate woman. It is true she lost a few Beaufort relations, but they could well be spared, and their loss paved the way for the accession of her son Henry to the throne.

Margaret was the daughter of John Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, grandson of John of Gaunt. Her father died when she was about two years old. At fourteen she found herself faced with a problem not uncommon to attractive young ladies. Her hand was sought by two suitors: the son of the Duke of Suffolk, and Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond. She could not make up her mind which to choose, so she sought the help of a wise lady of the Court, who advised her to consult St. Nicholas, the recognized expert in such matters. So Margaret explained her dilemma to the saint, who kindly appeared to her, and advised her to marry Edmund Tudor.

And who was Edmund Tudor? He was a member of an ancient but respectable Welsh family, which might never have come into prominence but for, what seemed

at the moment, a most unlucky accident. Owen Tudor, Edmund's father, was a soldier in the army of Henry V. He distinguished himself at Agincourt, where he is said to have slain d'Alençon, and after the death of Henry he was attached to the household of his widowed Queen Catherine. One day he was dancing in her presence when he stumbled, and found himself in the Queen's lap. Far from being angry, Catherine showed great favour to the handsome squire, and not long afterwards they were secretly married. Three sons were born to them, Edmund, Owen, and Jasper, who were brought up with their half-brother, Henry VI.

Edmund died soon after his marriage with Margaret ; their son Henry was not born till after his death. Owen was killed at Mortimer's Cross. Jasper Tudor, Earl of Pembroke, was the real hero of the Wars of the Roses. That loyal and valiant Welshman was the most faithful supporter of the House of Lancaster, and guarded his young nephew through thick and thin as the future King of England. He was rewarded with the Dukedom of Bedford and the hand of Katherine Woodville, widow of the Duke of Buckingham. Margaret married as her second husband Sir Humphrey Stafford, and as her third that Lord Stanley who carried the sword of state at Richard's coronation, and set the crown on his stepson's head at Bosworth.

After Bosworth, Henry of Richmond proceeded to London. The mayor and aldermen, ever ready for a feast, welcomed him at Hornsey, as they had welcomed Edward V. Most of these festive citizens fell victims to the sweating sickness, which was raging in the capital, and Henry's coronation in October was a very quiet affair. On January 18th, 1486, he united the Roses by marrying Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Edward IV. Thus the old Duchess of York, after all her vicissitudes, had the

satisfaction of seeing her grand-daughter Queen of England. This grand old dame had lost more relations in the Wars of the Roses than any other woman, but she had the distinction of being the mother of two kings, the grandmother of two Yorkist Princes of Wales and the great-grandmother of the two Tudor Princes.

Henry had spent most of his life in Wales and Brittany. He was steeped in the lore of Celtic history and mythology, and had made a special study of his own genealogy. Welsh pedigrees are wonderful things: in one of them, it is said, there is a marginal note about half-way down to the effect that "about this time the world was created." Perhaps Henry did not go quite so far as that, but he traced his descent from Cadwallader and the early British kings, and possibly from some old Druid who had a boat of his own at the Flood. He knew all about King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table. He was firmly convinced that Winchester was the ancient Camelot, and he decided that his eldest son should be born there and called Arthur. As Miss Strickland says in her humorous way, it was a mercy he escaped being called Cadwallader.

So the Queen was packed off to Winchester in charge of the King's mother—not her own mother—for Henry had the greatest faith in the wisdom of Margaret Beaufort, and gave her a free hand in the management of the royal household. The two Elizabeths, mother and daughter, had no voice in the matter at all.

It was just as well that these preparations were made in good time, for Arthur arrived rather sooner than he was expected, on the 20th of September. The christening was delayed for a few days in order to give the Earl of Oxford, who was to be godfather, time to come from Suffolk. The King, not usually lavish with his money, spared no expense to make the ceremony worthy of the occasion,

and no doubt the good citizens of Winchester appreciated the free drinks provided in the Cathedral Close.

But when the time arrived there was no Earl of Oxford. The brilliant company assembled for the christening, after waiting six hours, grew impatient, and the ceremony was begun without him. The infant Prince, wrapped in a mantle of crimson cloth of gold furred with ermine, was carried to the font by the Queen's sister Cicely. She was assisted by the Marquis of Dorset and the Earl of Lincoln—presumably they took it in turns to relieve her of her precious burden during the tedious wait. Dorset was Cicely's half-brother, and Lincoln was the son of Edward IV's sister; he was named heir to the throne by Richard III after the death of the little Prince of Wales at Middleham. At last the Earl of Oxford arrived—one account says just in time, another just too late, to give Arthur his name. The other godfather was Lord Stanley, now Earl of Derby. Elizabeth Woodville the elder was the godmother.

At the age of three Arthur was created Prince of Wales, quite privately, to save expense, and made a Knight of the Bath. Two years later he was made a Knight of the Garter. He was happy to be born at the period known as the Renaissance. His father took advantage of the revival of learning to give his heir an education such as no Prince of Wales had ever enjoyed before. His first tutor was a certain John Rede, who passed him on to the blind poet-laureate, Bernard Andreas. After a few years Bernard drew up for the edification of the King an astounding list of all the Greek and Latin authors with whose works Arthur was supposed to be thoroughly conversant. According to his tutor, his knowledge of the classics at the age of fourteen must have been good enough for a first in Mods. or the Classical Tripos. Twice, at an early age, he went into residence at Magdalen College, Oxford. He lodged with the President, and instructions were issued for

strewing his bedroom with rushes, furnishing his table with fish and wine, and presenting him with gloves.

The companion of his studies was the young Lord Mountjoy, afterwards the disciple and patron of the great Erasmus. The two lads were often called into the King's apartment and put through a stiff examination in history and geography. Arthur's education was completed by Thomas Linacre, the most learned Englishman of his day, who translated *Proclus on the Sphere* for his royal pupil.

The union of the Roses and the birth of an heir, half Lancaster and half York, had been hailed as a solution of the dynastic problem, but Henry's reign was troubled by pretenders to the throne. First came Lambert Simnel, who personated the Earl of Warwick (son of Clarence), then a prisoner in the Tower. He was easily suppressed, and became a scullion in the King's kitchen. The second was much more serious. Perkin Warbeck appeared from Flanders as that little Duke of York who was smothered in the Tower, and backed by Burgundy and Scotland, he caused trouble for several years. He was captured in 1497 and sent to join Warwick in the Tower.

After the Simnel insurrection, Arthur's grandmother, Elizabeth Woodville, was shut up in the Abbey of Berrymondsey, where she remained till her death. His mother was also kept rather in the background, though, to please the Yorkists, Henry gave her a grand coronation all to herself. She had several more children, but only three of them survived their infancy, namely Margaret, Henry, and Mary, of whom more will be heard in the next chapter.

Prince Arthur was rather a delicate boy, more fitted for book learning than for outdoor sports, but he seems to have acquired some reputation at archery. The real interest of his life lies in his marriage with Catalina, youngest daughter of the King and Queen of Spain, known in English history as Catherine of Aragon. Ferdinand of

Aragon, by his marriage with Isabella of Castile, and by driving the Moors from Granada, had made Spain a united and perhaps the richest and most powerful kingdom in Europe. Henry, looking round for an attractive alliance, not unnaturally fixed on the daughter of the joint sovereigns of Spain, and negotiations were begun when Arthur was barely six years of age. But the match hung fire; the crafty fathers played a waiting game, each suspecting the other of trying to score some advantage over him, and they were not far wrong in their estimate of each other. Ferdinand was a bit doubtful of Henry's tenure of the throne. He wanted no more Simnells or Warbecks, and it was probably owing to his representations that Warbeck and the Earl of Warwick were executed in 1499 for conspiring in the Tower, a thing of which the latter was mentally incapable.

The affair got as far as a formal betrothal, and Arthur and Catalina corresponded in Latin. Some of these Latin love-letters have been preserved. They are very courtly and formal; but they are not so bad, considering they were written in a dead language to a young lady the writer had never seen. A short quotation will be quite sufficient to give the reader an idea of the Prince's manner of wooing.

"Most illustrious and most excellent lady, my dearest spouse, I wish you very much health, with my hearty commendation. I have read the most sweet letters of your Highness, lately given to me, from which I have easily perceived your most entire love for me. Truly, then, your letters, traced by your own hand, have so delighted me, and have rendered me so cheerful and jocund, that I fancied I beheld your Highness, and conversed with and embraced my dearest wife. I cannot tell you what earnest desire I feel to see your Highness, and how vexatious to me is this procrastination about your coming. I owe

eternal thanks to your Excellence, that you so lovingly correspond to this my so ardent love. Let it continue, I entreat, as it has begun, and like as I cherish your sweet remembrance, night and day, so do you preserve my name ever fond in your breast, and let your coming be hastened, that instead of being absent we may be present with each other, and the love conceived between us, and the wished-for joys may reap their proper fruit."

This letter is dated the 15th of October, 1499, "from our Castle of Ludlow," where Prince Arthur was completing his education and keeping his eye on his Principality. The Governor of the Castle was a valiant Welshman named Rhys ap Thomas. He was the man who came to the rescue of Richmond at Bosworth and slew Richard III. Henry VII naturally had a great regard for "Father Rhys," as he called him, and showed it by entrusting him with the care of his eldest son.

In 1500 Henry arranged the final details of the marriage with the Archduke Philip and his wife Juana, Catalina's mad elder sister. The meeting took place outside Calais. Philip was much too wary to trust himself inside an English town. Catalina was to bring a dowry of 200,000 crowns, half of it cash down, the other half payable at some later date. In return she was to enjoy one-third of the revenues of Wales, Chester, and Cornwall.

Catalina embarked at Corunna on the 21st of May, 1501. She had in her suite several "Byshoppes" and grandees, and brought with her 100,000 crowns in gold, the first instalment of her dowry. The weather was very stormy, and the ship was so beaten about by wind and waves that the voyage lasted five months! Catherine (as we must now call her) landed at Plymouth in the last week of October. She was met by the Duchess of Norfolk, and having hardly recovered from the fatigues of her voyage, travelled very slowly towards London.

Arthur, meanwhile, had left Ludlow, and after paying a visit to his old college at Oxford, was hastening with his father to meet his bride, when they were met by a Spanish courier, who informed them that it was contrary to Castilian etiquette for them to see Catherine before the marriage ceremony. The King was not to be put off by a trifle of this kind. He rode on ahead of Arthur through the wet November day to Dogmersfield in Hampshire, where Catherine was resting in the old Palace of the Bishop of Bath and Wells. He knocked at the door and loudly demanded to see his "daughter-in-law elect."

"She is fatigued," said a "Byshoppe" who came to interview the intruder, "and has retired to rest."

"I will see her and speak to her even if she is in bed," insisted the King, "for that is the intent and purport of my coming."

Catherine thought it prudent to get up and receive him in her "third chamber." Conversation was rather difficult. Henry had to speak in Latin to the Bishops, who translated into Castilian for the benefit of the Princess, and vice versa. As the King was going off to change his wet garments Arthur arrived. His father took him into the third chamber and introduced him to his bride, to the consternation of the Castilian ladies-in-waiting, and then through the medium of the Bishops pretty compliments were exchanged. After supper Catherine forgot all about her fatigue, and danced Spanish dances with her ladies. Arthur danced an English dance with his sister's governess, Lady Guildford, who seems to have turned up rather mysteriously.

Two days later the Princess was welcomed by the Queen at Kennington, and took up her quarters at Lambeth. She made her state entry into the City of London on November 12th. The good citizens fairly laid themselves out to do her honour and make the event worthy of the occasion. Old Edward Hall, the chronicler, excuses him-

self for not describing the pageant by describing it as follows :

" I passe over the nice devises, the prudent speeches, the costlie works, the cunning portratures practised and sett forth in seven goodlie beautifull pageants erected and sett up in diverse places of the city. I leave also the goodlie ballades, the sweet harmonie, the musicall instruments, which sounded with heavenlie noise on everie side of the streets. I omit further the costlie apparell both of goldsmith's work and imbroderie, the rich jewels, the massie chaines, the stirring horssees, the beautifull bardes and the glittering trappers both with belles and spangels of gold. I praetermit also the rich apparell of the Princesse, the strange fashion of the Spanish nation, the beautie of the English ladies, the goodlie demeanure of the young damosels, the amorous countenances of the lustie bachelers. I passe over also the fine ingrained clothes, the costlie furies of the citicens standing on scaffolds raised from Gracechurch to Paules. What should I speak of the auriferous scarlets, the fine velvets, the pleasant furies, the massie chaines, which the maior of London, which the senat, sitting on horseback at the conduit in Cheape ware on their bodies and about their necks. I will not speak of the rich arras, the costlie tapestrie, the curious velvets, the beautifull sattens, which did hang in everie street where she passed, the wine that ran continually out of the conduits and the graveling of the streets ncedeth not to be remembered."

Hall had a singular weakness for costlie furies and velvets, and could never resist a massie chaine.

The wedding ceremony took place on November 14th on a large platform, covered with scarlet, erected in the nave of St. Paul's. The bride was led from the Bishop's Palace by the future Henry VIII, then a boy of ten. The bridegroom entered by a side-door from the Deanery. All three were attired in white satin. The bride's hair fell

loose over her shoulders, and her train was carried by Arthur's aunt Cicely, who had held him in her arms at his baptism. The young couple—Arthur was only fifteen and Catherine not quite sixteen—were married by Henry Deau, Archbishop of Canterbury; and after hearing mass the Prince formally endowed his wife with a third of his worldly goods. She walked hand in hand from the Cathedral—not with her husband, but with his young brother Henry.

A notable figure at this historic wedding was Edmund de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk. He was the nephew of Edward IV, and the younger brother of the Earl of Lincoln, who had been killed at Stoke while backing up Lambert Simnel. Having committed a murder for which he could hardly hope to be forgiven, he had sought refuge in Burgundy, but came over for Arthur's wedding and spent such an enormous sum on his outfit that he was unable to pay his debts, and sought refuge once more in Flanders. He will be heard of again.

The festivities that followed the wedding lasted for a fortnight: masques, tournaments, pageants, dances and other amusements too numerous to mention. The Princess of Wales danced Spanish dances with her ladies, and the Prince took a turn with his aunt Cicely; but the most conspicuous figure of all was young Henry, who cut capers with his sister Margaret.

At the end of November, Arthur and Catherine journeyed to Ludlow and there set up their Court as Prince and Princess of Wales. Their chamberlain was Sir Richard Pole, husband of Clarence's daughter Margaret, and father of the Cardinal Pole who played such an important part in Mary's reign. A council was provided for the government of the Principality, and Arthur and Catherine had nothing to do but enjoy themselves. Whether they did so, history does not relate. We only know that after a

residence of four months at Ludlow, Prince Arthur was seized with an illness, and died on April 2nd, 1502. What he died of is not known. Some say the plague, but it is more probable that his weak constitution, impaired by excessive study, broke down under the excitement and fatigues of the festivities attending his early marriage, and the hard winter in Shropshire did the rest.

The sad news was broken to his father and mother by the King's confessor, who said to Henry in Latin, "If we receive good from the Lord shall we not also receive evil?" When Henry understood what he meant, he sent for the Queen that they might share their sorrow together. Elizabeth bade him be of good comfort, and told him to take care of "his own noble person," as he was an only son, whereas they had another son, Henry. But when the poor Queen retired to her own chamber, she completely broke down, and her ladies had to send for her husband to comfort her, which he did with more feeling than his cold unsympathetic nature had ever shown before.

Dr. Doran, on the authority of the herald in Leland, gives a touching description of the funeral journey to Worcester and the last sad rites in the cathedral. The sombre procession left Ludlow on St. George's Day, April 23rd. It was a miserable journey. "Foul roads, high winds and rain beset the sad procession. The torches were extinguished, and in some places oxen had to be sent for to aid the six horses to drag the car through the ruts and mud."

The night of the 25th was passed at Bewdley, and next day the procession reached Worcester. "The young Lord Gerard rode into the Cathedral on the dead Prince's courser and covered with his armour, when he made offering of the horse to the gospeller of the day, the Abbot of Tewkesbury, and then retired on foot, bearing a pole-axe in his hand, the head downwards, and was so led away." Rich

offerings were made and doles of groats given to the poor. Then the Prince's body was lowered into the grave with weeping and lamentation. "The orisons," says the herald, "were said by the Bishop of Lincoln, also sore weeping. He set the cross over the chest, and cast holy water and earth thereon. His officer-of-arms, sore weeping, took off his coat-of-arms and cast it along over the chest, right lamentably. Then Sir William Uvedale, comptroller of his household, sore weeping, and crying, took the staff of his office by both ends, and over his own head broke it, and cast it into the grave. In likewise did Sir Richard Croft, steward of the household, and cast his staff broken into the grave. In likewise did the gentlemen-ushears their rods. This was a piteous sight to those that beheld it."



HENRY OF GREENWICH
(AS DUKE OF YORK)
PRINCE OF WALES 1503 1509

IX

Henry of Greenwich

PRINCE OF WALES, 1503-1509

(KING HENRY VIII, 1509-1547)

HENRY TUDOR, second son of Henry VII, was born at Greenwich on the 28th of June, 1491. From his earliest childhood he was a very important person. He was Warden of the Cinque Ports and Constable of Dover Castle before he could walk or talk. At the age of three he was made Lieutenant of Ireland with Sir Edward Poyning as his deputy. Two months later, to please the Yorkists and score off Perkin Warbeck, he was created Duke of York, a precedent which has been followed by subsequent Kings of England in favour of their second son. Within a year he added the Garter and the Bath to his other honours and dignities.

Harry, as we must call him to distinguish him from his father, was more robust in body than his brother Arthur, and at least his equal in what we are pleased to call "brains." He had the benefit of the same estimable tutors, Bernard Andreas and Thomas Linacre, and they found him an apt pupil. In Latin composition he could hold his own with the learned Erasmus; in theology he could out-argue a bishop or a dean. From Linacre he imbibed a taste for medicine, and on his accession to the

thence he made his old tutor physician to the Court. To his mother he owed his talent for music; he was a capable performer on the organ and the flute, and at the age of ten took his place in the choir at the Chapel Royal. We possess a sample of his skill in harmony in that beautiful anthem "O Lord the Maker of all things," which is still sung in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, above the vault where the royal composer found his last resting-place.

In the exercises of the body he was equally proficient. As an archer he was second only to his brother Arthur. At wrestling, tennis, horsemanship, tilting, dancing, and all the manly sports of the day, he was *facile princeps*. His accomplishments, in fact, were such as at the present day would have gained for him a double-first and a double-blue. The King and Queen were proud and delighted to have such a paragon as their second string, and it was decided that Harry's future should be provided for at the expense of the Church by his appointment to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. The idea of Henry VIII as an archbishop may raise a smile on the face of the casual student of history, who only knows him as a bully and a Bluebeard; but Harry as a young man had all the makings of a first-class Primate. He would, at any rate, have been spared those matrimonial adventures which ruined his character and his reputation.

In the winter of 1500-1 Erasmus was paying his second visit to England. He was staying with his former pupil Lord Mountjoy, and in one of his letters, written some time afterwards, he describes his introduction to Prince Harry in the royal nursery at Eltham.

"I was staying at Lord Mountjoy's country house when Thomas More came to see me and took me out for a walk as far as the next village, where all the King's children except Prince Arthur were being educated. When we came into the hall the attendants not only of the Palace

but of Mountjoy's household were all assembled. In the midst stood Prince Henry, then nine years old, and having something of royalty in his demeanour, in which there was a certain dignity combined with singular courtesy. On his right stood the Lady Margaret, a child of eleven years, afterwards married to James, King of Scotland, and on his left the Lady Mary, a child of four, engaged in her sports, while Edmund, an infant, was held in his nurse's arms."

Thomas More had composed some complimentary verses for the occasion which he handed to Prince Harry, and Erasmus felt annoyed with himself for not having provided a similar tribute. However, during dinner Harry passed a Latin note to Erasmus, playfully challenging him to a competition in Latin composition. Not so bad for a boy of nine, considering Erasmus had a European reputation; but Harry was never lacking in assurance. The learned Dutchman was rather taken aback for the moment, but some days later he sent Harry a Latin poem in praise of the royal family.

The description of Harry at the age of nine as given by Erasmus is borne out by his early portraits. They are ridiculously like the familiar features of the burly monarch in later life, and there is no doubt that, in his case, the child was father to the man. The little Edmund mentioned in the letter died before he was a year old.

In return for his poem, Harry sent Erasmus a letter of thanks, of which the latter was very proud. "Erasmus gave me this to read at Ferrara," wrote Dean Pace, "he always carried it about him wherever he went, in a little box, as a hidden treasure." The famous scholar thoroughly enjoyed his stay in England. He was entertained and made much of by the noblest and most learned in the land. Writing to a friend abroad he says: "Your friend Erasmus is greatly improved, he has become a perfect

horseman, almost a hunter ; a tolerable courtier, he makes a good bow and smiles with a good grace, and all this in spite of nature. You too, if you are wise, will proceed to England." His opinion of English hospitality must have received a rude shock when he was leaving the country he praised so highly. Mountjoy and his other admirers had presented him with handsome sums of money to enable him to go to Italy. Now Henry VII had revived an old statute forbidding the conveyance of gold and silver out of England, and when Erasmus got to Dover all his precious gold pieces were confiscated.

It is a pity Erasmus is generally regarded as rather a dull person (apart from his learning) by those who do not know him. His very name (an assumed one) has a dry sound, and puts people off. He was really intensely human—at any rate, human enough to appreciate being kissed by the young ladies at the houses where he stayed—and he had the priceless gift of seeing the humorous side of his troubles. His inimitable letters give a picture of the Europe of the period which has inspired more than one writer of historical romance. A wet Sunday might be less profitably and pleasantly employed than in reading *The Life and Letters of Erasmus*, by J. A. Froude.

But to return to Prince Harry. He was in great form at his brother's wedding, and improved the occasion by displaying his handsome young person to the best advantage. Not being of a particularly shy and retiring disposition, he raised no objection to playing a prominent part in the ceremony. We can see him strutting about in his white satin suit, quite the most important figure in the procession. It was young Harry who led Catherine into the cathedral, and it was young Harry who led her by the hand to the banquet which followed the wedding, usurping, as it seemed, thus early, his elder brother's place. At the subsequent festivities he was equally prominent.

He danced in such a sprightly fashion with his sister Margaret that he was encored by the spectators, whereupon, flinging off his robe and dancing in his jacket, he repeated the dance with redoubled energy, to the amusement and applause of the spectators and "the pleasure of his father the King and his mother the Queen."

At this period Harry was still in training for the Archbishopric of Canterbury, but the idea had to be abandoned when he became heir to the throne. Authorities differ as to the date on which he was created Prince of Wales. One says a few weeks, another six months after the death of his brother Arthur. The latter date is the more probable. Harry got no pecuniary benefit with his Principality. His father saw to that. At previous creations of a Prince of Wales an Act had always been passed conferring the revenues of Wales and the County of Chester on the Prince; but this time it was omitted, and Harry had to be content with the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. The Act has never been revived.

Arthur's widow was rather a problem. Her father sent an ambassador to demand her back with the half of her dowry which had been paid; she was also entitled, as the widow of the Prince of Wales, to one-third of the revenues of the Principality. Now Henry was not good at parting with money, nor was he wishful to forego the half of the dowry as yet unpaid; so he refused to let her go.

Ferdinand had doubtless expected this, and not being particularly anxious to have his daughter on his hands again, he had given the ambassador secret instructions to suggest that the best way out of the difficulty would be for Catherine to marry the new Prince of Wales. This just suited the King, and a papal dispensation having been obtained, in 1503 Harry and Catherine were betrothed. Neither of them was at all enthusiastic about the idea. Catherine did not fancy a boy six years younger than

herself, nor did Harry care about his brother's widow as a fiancée. Two years later he wrote a formal protest against the marriage, but this is supposed to have been a dodge on the part of his father to enable him to get out of the bargain if he found it inconvenient.

Henry VII was a great hand at arranging marriages. In 1502 his daughter Margaret was affianced to James IV of Scotland, a bridegroom seventeen years her senior, who had considerable experience in matrimonial entanglements. After the betrothal she was treated as Queen of Scotland, and it is said that her brother Harry lost his temper when required to salute her as such, and flatly refused to do so.

Henry was very anxious to marry his youngest daughter Mary to the son of the Archduke Philip, but he could not get Philip to come to the point. The little boy, at that time only two years old, afterwards became the Emperor Charles V. He was the catch of Europe; but in spite of Henry's schemes the marriage never came off. Mary married Louis XII, the old King of France. The gaiety of his young wife was too strenuous for the old man—she kept him up till nine o'clock at night!—and after a few months he died, whereupon Mary married the man she loved, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk.

Poor Catherine of Aragon, a stranger in a strange land, was very unhappy, and longed to go home to her relations and orange groves. At first the King and Queen were kind to her and kept her with them at Richmond and Windsor, but the climate and food did not suit her, and she suffered from ague and internal complaints. The Queen died in 1503, and Catherine's troubles were increased by the stinginess of the King and the malevolence of the Spanish ambassador, Puebla. She could get nothing from her father-in-law—he was putting the screw on for the purpose of compelling the payment of the remaining half of her dowry—and her revenues from Wales were not

paid to her, and she got deeply in debt. In four years she only bought two new dresses, and she found herself in the unfortunate position of "having nothing to wear." She had to sell her bracelets and jewels to pay her servants' wages. She wrote bitter complaints to her father, but the unsympathetic old parent only advised her to be patient and make herself agreeable to the King. She wrote back, with a touch of sarcasm, that money alone was "agreeable" to the King. Henry told her she would get nothing out of him until the 100,000 crowns were paid; and when she assured him that her father would pay, he was quite rude, and said sneeringly, "That remains to be seen."

Meanwhile Prince Harry was completing his education under the poet Skelton, a man of good scholarship but bad reputation. He was no more bothering about Catherine than she was bothering about him.

In 1506 Erasmus was in England again. He wrote a Latin letter of condolence to the Prince of Wales on the death of Philip, King of Castile, and received the following reply:

"Your letter charms me, most eloquent Erasmus. It is not for me to commend a style which all the world praises, nor if I tried could I say as much as your merit deserves. I will, therefore, leave all that. It is better not to praise at all than to praise inadequately. I had heard before your letter reached me that the King of Castile was dead. Would that the news had proved false. I have never been more grieved since I lost my mother and, to confess the truth, that part of your letter pleased me less than the grace of the language deserved. When you have news more agreeable to communicate do not fail to let me hear from you."

The King of Castile mentioned in this letter was better known as the Archduke Philip. He was the son of the Emperor Maximilian and Mary of Burgundy, daughter of

Charles the Bold. In his infancy he was engaged to a daughter of Edward IV, but he eventually married Juana, the crazy daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella. When Isabella died at the end of 1504, Juana became Queen of Castile, and in January, 1506, she and her husband set out from Flanders to take possession of their Spanish kingdom. But their fleet was scattered by a storm; the royal ship caught fire, and only just managed to put into Weymouth.

Now by the custom of the time, a foreign Prince landing without an invitation was considered a kind of prisoner, and Philip was very anxious to get away, but found this impossible. Henry was delighted when he heard of Philip's bad luck, for he had long wanted to get hold of him. He invited him to Windsor, and lodged him in an apartment communicating by a secret passage with his own. The two monarchs vied with each other in politeness, and the first night was spent in seeing one another to bed.

Philip and Juana stayed three months at Windsor. Catherine was delighted to see her sister, who seems to have behaved quite decently for a reputed lunatic. The King-Archduke was made a Knight of the Garter, and in return he conferred on Prince Harry the Burgundian order of the Golden Fleece.

Henry got everything he wanted out of Philip. First, a commercial treaty with Flanders, highly favourable to the English. Secondly, a contract of marriage between his daughter Mary and the six-year-old Charles, heir to Burgundy, Flanders, Austria and Spain. Thirdly, a marriage for himself with Philip's sister Margaret, widow of the Infant of Spain. Philip knew that his sister was a very independent woman and would never accept Henry, so he readily gave his consent. But for a long time he held out against the fourth request, the delivery of the Earl of Suffolk, who was a refugee in his dominions. At

last he yielded, on the King taking a solemn oath to do Suffolk no harm. Henry VII kept his oath, but Suffolk was executed by Henry VIII in 1513.

The King and Queen of Castile reached Spain in April, and in September Philip died from the effects of getting overheated at tennis. He was considered the handsomest man in Europe, and poor Juana, whose redeeming feature was her passionate love for her husband, mourned his loss for forty-seven years. When Henry found out that Philip's sister would not have him, he actually proposed to marry his poor distracted widow, so that he could become King of Castile. He informed her father that if he could not have Juana he would send Catherine back to Spain. Ferdinand refused to have her back, and began to talk about sending the remaining half of the dowry, while the threat stirred Prince Harry to take a little interest in his fiancée, with the result that he fell in love with her.

During the last few years of his reign Henry's greed for gold became a positive mania. He employed two lawyers named Empson and Dudley, whose extortions far surpassed those of any modern Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The King suffered much from ill-health, and when attacked by sickness would have a sudden fit of generosity at other people's expense, which took the form of liberating from gaol all the debtors who owed less than forty shillings. He died worth nearly £2,000,000. He was probably the only millionaire in the world, for America had only just been discovered. Early in 1509, when feeling very ill, he made a will charging his son to restore all his ill-gotten gains, and he died before he felt well enough to revoke it. His son pocketed the fortune and executed Empson and Dudley.

Henry VII had the luck to reign in an age of prosperity and progress. He did his bit by lending Cabot ten pounds wherewith to discover Newfoundland. He was a man of

peace. Once he raised a large sum of money from his subjects for the purpose of making war on France, and accepted an equally large sum from the French King not to do so. His hobby was building. He erected a fine palace at Shene, which he re-named Richmond, and when that was burnt down he built another. He added a beautiful chapel to Westminster Abbey, and to him we owe St. George's Chapel, Windsor, in its present form. Building was cheaper in those days than it is now. Wages were fixed by the employer and not by a trade union; and when the employer was a Tudor King there was no error on the side of generosity. A groat a day was considered handsome remuneration. A strike would have been high treason.

Henry VIII ascended the throne on the 21st of April, 1509. A few weeks later he married Catherine of Aragon. He was really in love with her, at least so he told the Spanish ambassador. On St. Peter's Day they were crowned, but the festivities were cut short by the death of the old Countess of Richmond. She had watched over Henry's upbringing and training with a grandmotherly eye from the cradle to the throne. Her life and fortune were devoted to good works, and no woman has ever done more for the cause of education. She has left a name behind her in the Lady Margaret Professorship of Divinity at both Universities, and the two colleges she founded at Cambridge, Christ's and St. John's.

No King ever came to the throne with brighter prospects than Henry VIII, and if he had died before his matrimonial troubles began some eighteen years later, no King would have been more sincerely lamented. The following is an unsolicited testimonial from Thomas More, writing to his friend Erasmus shortly after Henry's accession:

"What, my dear Erasmus, may you not look for from a Prince whose great qualities no one knows better than yourself, and who is not only no stranger to you, but

csteems you so highly! He has written to you, as you will perceive, under his own hand, an honour which falls to few. Could you but see how nobly he is bearing himself, how wise he is, his love for all that is good and right, you would need no wings to fly into the light of this new-risen and salutary star. Oh, Erasmus, could you but witness the universal joy, could you but see how proud the people are of their new sovereign, you would weep for pleasure. Heaven smiles, earth triumphs and flows with milk and honey and nectar." And more to the same effect.

The letter alluded to by Thomas More was an invitation from Henry to Erasmus to settle in England. "Our acquaintance began when I was a boy," writes Henry, "sorry to hear you are ill—come to England—name your own terms. We shall regard your presence among us as the most precious possession we have. You shall do as you like—your time shall be your own."

One more testimonial, from Erasmus himself. He writes: "The King himself studied hard in his youth. He was quick, prompt, skilful in all he undertook, and never took up anything he did not go through with. He made himself a fine shot, a good rider, a fair musician besides, and was well grounded in mathematics. His intellectual pursuits he has always kept up. He spends his leisure in reading and conversation. He argues so pleasantly that you forget you are speaking with a Prince. He has studied the schoolmen, Aquinas, Scotus and the rest. Mountjoy, who saw I was suspicious about the book, showed me one day a number of the King's letters to himself and others. They were obviously his own, corrected and altered with his own hand. I had no answer to make." The book referred to was the one Henry wrote against Luther, for which the Pope rewarded him with the title of Defender of the Faith.

In addition to the accomplishments mentioned by Erasmus, Henry fancied himself as a wrestler. Of course he was invincible in England, but at the Field of the Cloth of Gold he challenged the lusty Francis I to a wrestling bout, and for the first time in his life Henry found himself on his back.

Henry and Catherine had two sons, who died in their infancy, and one daughter, Mary, who lived to be a very unhappy Queen of England. If the sons had survived, the story of Henry's reign might have been very different. It was not till 1527 that he began to express doubts about the validity of his marriage with Catherine. After the divorce he married Anne Bolcyn, and by her became the father of Queen Elizabeth. By his third wife, Jane Seymour, he had a son, King Edward VI. This son was never created Prince of Wales. It is said that a patent for his creation was being prepared when Henry died, but it is more likely that the incorporation of Wales with England in 1536 was the real reason. So, for over a hundred years—from 1509 to 1610—there was no Prince of Wales, and between this chapter and the next we have to skip the most interesting century in the history of England.



HENRY FREDERICK
PRINCE OF WALES 1606-19

Henry Frederick

PRINCE OF WALES, 1610-1612

WHEN Margaret Tudor was betrothed to James IV of Scotland, it was pointed out to her father, Henry VII, that her descendants might succeed to the crown of England, in which case England would become a subsidiary kingdom to Scotland. Henry smiled, and said the smaller kingdom would surely be merged in the larger one. The truth of the far-seeing monarch's remark was proved when Margaret's great-grandson, James VI of Scotland, found himself James I of England, on the death of Queen Elizabeth in 1603.

James had not inherited the charming face of his mother, Mary Queen of Scots, or the handsome figure of his father, Lord Darnley. Uncouth in his manner and shambling in his gait, he was endowed with goggle-eyes, a tongue too big for his mouth, and an over-weening conceit in his own learning and sagacity which earned for him the apt title of "the wisest fool in Christendom." His speech was broad Scotch, mixed with swear words and scraps of Latin and Greek. He married Anne of Denmark, a silly and obstinate woman with a violent temper. At the time of his accession to the throne of England they had three children, Henry, aged nine, Elizabeth, aged seven, and Charles, a weakly boy of two and a half.

Henry Frederick, the eldest son, was born at Stirling on February 19th, 1594. It was dangerous to be heir to a King of Scotland in those days, and James, fearing that Henry might be kidnapped or murdered by his disloyal nobles, had him brought up in safety and seclusion at Stirling Castle under the charge of the faithful Earl of Mar. From an early age Henry enjoyed the titles of Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Lord of the Isles and Baron of Renfrew. His father wrote a book for his instruction, called *Basilicon Doron* (Royal Gift), stuffed with sage maxims and learned nonsense for the guidance of a future King. It was probably quite wasted on a boy of six, but it enunciated that theory of Divine Right which was to prove so fatal to Henry's brother Charles. James, however, could give good advice when he liked, and before starting on his journey to ascend the throne of England he wrote Henry a very sensible letter in which he said: "Let not this news make you proud or insolent, for a King's son ye were, and no more are you yet; the augmentation that is hereby like to fall to you is but in cares and heavy burthen." James could not then foresee that the "heavy burthen" would fall on his second son.

James set out for England by himself to see what kind of a reception he would get; if favourable, the Queen was to follow in about three weeks with Prince Henry and Princess Elizabeth. Baby Charles, being too delicate to travel, had to be left behind at Dunfermline. The Countess of Mar, in the absence of her husband, refused to deliver up Prince Henry without a warrant from the King, and the Queen had such a fit of passion that she nearly died. When the warrant did arrive, she refused to receive her son from the hands of Mar at Holyrood, according to the King's instructions.

The reception of the King and Queen in England was all that they could desire. James was delighted with the

hunting parties arranged for his amusement, and Anne was entranced with the masques and pageants got up in her honour. The festivities culminated in a grand chapter of the Garter at Windsor Castle, when Prince Henry and the Duke of Lennox were installed Knights of the most noble order. The Prince's demeanour on this occasion made a good impression, and the spectators were particularly pleased with "his quick witty answers, princely carriage and reverent obeisance at the altar."

The King revived an old statute by which he was entitled to levy "aids" for the knighting of his eldest son, and he showed his sagacity by leaving it to his loyal subjects to contribute as much as they liked. The result justified his confidence.

Prince Henry and his sister Elizabeth were soon fixed up with an establishment of their own at Oatlands. It was on quite a grand scale. There were seventy servants to start with, and the number increased by leaps and bounds to a hundred and fifty. The brother and sister also held their Court at Nonsuch and Hampton, and when in town at St. James's.

Henry's tutor was Adam Newton, who received the handsome salary of £200 a year, with an occasional bonus from the Treasury. The Prince got on well with his studies, and at the age of ten had read Phaedrus, Terence and Cicero. On the first day of 1604 he gave his father, as a New Year's present, a poem which he had composed (with the help of his tutor, no doubt) in Latin hexameters. James got rather suspicious of his son's Latin prose—it was a bit too classical for a boy of ten—and wrote to him asking for a letter that was entirely his own work.

The following story seems to suggest that Adam Newton was in the habit of applying the stick to his royal pupil. One day the Prince was playing golf, and was on the point

of taking his stroke, when it was noticed that his tutor was in close proximity.

"Be careful, sir," said one of his attendants, "that you do not hit Mr. Newton."

"And if I do," said the Prince, "I shall but be paying my just debts."

Mr. Jesse, in his *Memoirs of the Court of England*, tells another story of the Prince and his tutor. They were playing at shuffleboard, when Newton blamed the Prince for changing so often, and taking up a piece, he threw it on the board and missed his aim.

"Well thrown, master," said his pupil, laughing.

"I will not strive with a Prince at shuffleboard," said Newton, in a huff.

"You gowmsmen," said Henry, "should be best at exercises which are not meet for men who are more stirring."

"I am meet for whipping of boys," retorted the tutor, still more annoyed.

"You vaunt then," answered his pupil, "that which a ploughman or carter can do better than you."

"I can do more, for I can govern foolish children," was Newton's repartee.

The Prince, not wishing to carry the matter further, rose from the table, remarking in a low tone:

"He had needs to be a wise man who could do that."

In the practice of arms the Prince was instructed by Sir Richard Preston, and he became an expert performer with sword and musket, bow and pike. But he had a more famous preceptor than either Newton or Preston, namely Sir Walter Raleigh, then a prisoner in the Tower. Henry often visited the great Elizabethan courtier, who fired him with an enthusiasm for history, geography and navigation. Raleigh built for his royal pupil a model ship, and it was for his instruction that he began to write his *magnum opus*, *The History of the World*. Henry is said to have

expressed his surprise that his father should keep so rare a bird in such a cage.

The captive knight was not the only attraction at the Tower. On the 3rd of June, 1605, we are told, King James took his family to the Tower of London "to see the lions." A writer in Chambers' *Book of Days* (on the authority of Howe's chronicle) gives us a description of the entertainment provided for the royal visitors. "The taste of King James," he says, "was not of the most refined character. It pleased him to have an addition made to the Tower lion-house, with an arrangement of trap-doors, in order that a lion might be occasionally set to combat with dogs, bulls or bears for the diversion of the Court. When the under-keepers on this occasion got a couple of lions turned out into the place of combat, they acted much like Don Quixote's lions; more amazed and puzzled than anything else; they merely stood looking about them till a couple of pieces of mutton were thrown to them." After devouring the mutton and a live cock, they contented themselves with sniffing at a lamb which was let down to them. Another lion was brought in and attacked by two mastiffs. "A brended dog took the lion by the face and turned him upon his back—but the lion spoiled them all. The best dog died the next day."

The writer tells of another visit of the royal family, when a bear which had killed a child, a horse and six strong mastiffs, was let in upon a lion, with only the effect of frightening the creature. "There were divers other lions put into that place one after another, but they showed no more sport nor valour than the first, and every one of them, so soon as they espied the trap-doors open, ran hastily into their dens. Lastly, there were put forth together the two young lusty lions which were bred in that yard and were now grown great. These at first began to march proudly towards the bear, which the bear perceiving came hastily

out of a corner to meet them ; but both lion and lioness skipped up and down, and fearfully fled from the bear ; and so these, like the former lions, not willing to endure any fight, sought the next way into their den."

The menagerie at the Tower dated from the reign of Henry III, when the Emperor Frederick sent that monarch a present of three leopards. In the fourteenth century it cost sixpence a day to keep a lion in the Tower, while the allowance for a human prisoner was only one penny. No doubt Prince Henry often stopped to look at the lions after a lesson with Raleigh. One of the lions was always called by the name of the reigning monarch, and as the death of this lion was supposed to augur the death of the King, it was to the latter's interest to see that he was well fed and cared for.

When Prince Henry was little more than eleven years of age he was taken by his royal father to Oxford to matriculate at the University. The King was lodged at Christ Church and the Prince at his own college, Magdalen. On the first day the latter was regaled with Latin disputations by young noblemen and gentlemen commoners of the college. He was so pleased that he gave the disputants his hand to kiss. The next four days were devoted to arguments on points of theology, law, medicine and philosophy, open to the whole University. The knotty points to be decided included such subjects as " Whether saints and angels know the thoughts of the heart," and " Whether the imagination can produce real effects." The King sat out all these arguments, and at the end of each stated *his* opinion, which was final.

At this time James was on very friendly terms with Henri IV of France, and the Prince seems to have sent the little Dauphin (afterwards Louis XIII) a present of some beagles. Henri IV sent a special ambassador, Monsieur de la Boderie, with directions to pay particular respect to the

Prince and tell him " that the Dauphin often speaks of him and thanks him for his pack of little dogs, but he is sorry that his Governess and Physician will not allow him to make use of them."

Henri had previously sent the Prince a fine horse and the best horseman in France to teach him to ride. M. de la Boderie went to see him perform and was very pleased with his horsemanship. He wrote to the French Secretary of State and recommended that the Dauphin should send Henry " a suit of armour, well gilt and enamelled, with sword and pistol of the same kind ; also two horses, one of which goes well, and the other a barb." These gifts arrived the next year. In a subsequent letter the French ambassador says of the Prince: " None of his pleasures savour the least of a child. He is a particular lover of horses and what belongs to them, but is not fond of hunting, and when he goes to it, it is rather for the pleasure of galloping than that which the dogs give him. He plays willingly enough at tennis and at another Scots game very like Mall " (probably golf). " He is never idle and when not at his studies is engaged in throwing the pike, shooting with the musket, hurling the bar, leaping and other exercises." He preferred the society of " grown-ups " to that of boys of his own age, and was very zealous in the interests and advancement of those who had done him any service.

When the French ambassador came to take his leave, he found Prince Henry practising with the pike.

" What message shall I give to my royal master ? " asked the ambassador.

" Tell him how you found me employed," answered the Prince.

With all his varied interests, Prince Henry's favourite hobby was the Navy. It was probably owing to his conversations with Raleigh that he developed such keenness

and curiosity about everything connected with ship-building. Very soon after he arrived in England a curious boat or ship was constructed for him by Phineas Pett, the master-shipwright at Woolwich Dockyard. It was twenty-eight feet long and built somewhat on the model of Noah's Ark. Henry christened this strange craft himself with a bowl of wine, naming it *The Disdain*. It was kept moored by the privy steps at Whitehall, and Henry and his sister made frequent voyages up and down the Thames in this quaint shower-proof little vessel.

It must have been a great joy to the young Prince when his uncle, King Christian of Denmark, came over on a visit in 1606, bringing with him some of the finest ships in the Danish Navy. Miss Yonge, in her admirable *Cameos*, tells us how King James and the Queen and Prince Henry were entertained to a banquet by King Christian on his largest ship, and how every time the royal guests pledged one another it was announced by drum and trumpet and the ship's cannon, answered by those in all the forts of the Thames.

"The diversions," says Miss Yonge, "concluded with a grand display of fireworks with a device of King Christian's own; but unfortunately time and tide hurried his departure, so that it had to be displayed in broad August daylight, before the English King and Queen returned to Woolwich. Lord Nottingham, the High Admiral, came to hasten their departure, and in the course of the endeavour to come to an understanding with the Danish King, who comprehended as little of English as the Admiral did of Danish, the Queen fell into such a fit of laughter that the old lord thought she was deriding him and his young wife, Margaret Stewart, and there was a very serious quarrel in consequence."

King Christian presented his nephew with his vice-admiral's ship, valued at £25,000, and a naval rapier and hanger, worth 2,000 marks.

Prince Henry was frequently rowed to Woolwich in the barge of his Danish ship. On one of these occasions Phineas Pett prepared a little surprise for him in the shape of thirty brass "chambers" concealed behind a mound, which were fired off all at once as the Prince approached the Dockyard. After partaking of Pett's hospitality, Henry inspected the "chambers" and requested that they should be discharged in his presence. But cannon were dangerous toys in those days, and the cautious Pett persuaded the Prince that he should row off a little way in his barge. Then, at the appointed signal (the dropping of a handkerchief), the chambers thundered forth a parting salute.

Henry was a good friend to Phineas Pett, when the latter was accused of misappropriation of money voted to the dockyard, and stoutly affirmed his innocence. When Phineas was acquitted the Prince declared that it was a pity his accusers could not be hanged. The Pett family were master-shipwrights to the Navy from the reign of Edward VI to that of Charles II. Phineas built the *Prince Royal* and the famous *Sovereign of the Seas*. There is a fine picture of his son Peter and the latter ship in the National Portrait Gallery.

As Prince Henry grew up he developed strong Puritan tendencies. Unlike his father, who was a wobbler in religious matters, he was openly hostile to the Roman Church. The Puritans looked forward to the time when he should become King, and a couplet of the period voiced their sentiments thus:

Henry VIII pulled down abbots and cells,
Henry IX shall pull down bishops and bells.

He was very regular in his attendance at church, and took a special delight in listening to long sermons. No profane word ever passed his lips, and at the houses where

he held his Court, boxes were provided into which those who used bad language had to deposit a fine. The money thus collected was distributed among the poor of the neighbourhood. The Prince disliked the drunken and ribald habits of the courtiers, and frequently had occasion to feel ashamed of his own father, as the following anecdote suggests :—

One day, when the Prince was out hunting, the stag was set upon and killed by a butcher's dog. The courtiers were for giving the butcher and his dog a sound beating for spoiling their sport, but Henry said, "How could the butcher help it?" and would not allow it. On one of the courtiers remarking how the King would have sworn if it had happened while *he* was out hunting, the Prince observed, "All the pleasures in the world are not worth a single oath."

Prince Henry also developed a strong instinct for business. A Cornish gentleman named Richard Connack wrote him a very humble letter, reminding him (very respectfully) that he was Duke of Cornwall, and entreating him to take a little more interest in his Duchy. Henry did this to some purpose by exacting all the arrears of rent and other monetary payments due to him. This probably reminded him that it was about time his father created him Prince of Wales. So he wrote to Richard Connack instructing him to search the records and State papers, and find out what previous Kings of England had done for their eldest sons. The worthy Richard did not fancy this job at all, but not wishing to disoblige the Prince, he did what he was told, and the result was a curious memorandum, of which a printed copy was made in 1751 from the MS. in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

That Connack was fearful of getting into trouble with the King is shown by the requests he makes in his preface.

"First, that your Highness would be pleased to secrete

these things to yourself until you find an inclination in the King's Majesty to create you Prince of Wales as others had been : Next, that His Majesty upon the perusal thereof, should allow the same, as I hope he will, I have my Desire. If otherwise, that then you would use your best endeavour to excuse me, and by Humble suit to his Majesty obtain his gracious pardon for my boldness therein, and keep me from his Displeasure. For as in all duty I am bound to obey your lawful commands, so I ought to be careful not to give his Majesty just offence in the least degree, as in this I hope I do not."

Connack, anxious to make out a good case for his princely client, tries to prove that Edward III and Edward VI were created Princes of Wales by their fathers, but these two kings are not included in the illuminated manuscript, "Arms of the Princes of Wales," in the Windsor Castle library, compiled in 1821 by Edward Naylor, York Herald and Genealogist of the Bath, who ought to be something of an authority on the subject.

Connack's little effort seems to have produced the desired result, for towards the end of the year (1609), the King announced his intention of creating Henry Prince of Wales in the following June.

We now come to the famous fighting at the Barriers. On Christmas Day several of Henry's friends, in quaint attire, entered the Court and in the presence of the King and Queen proclaimed a challenge in the name of Moeliades (an anagram on *Miles a Deo*) that he and six companions would contest the Barriers with any number of nobles and knights who liked to put in an appearance. Moeliades, of course, was Henry, and his supporters were the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Southampton and Arundel, Lord Hay, Sir Thomas Somerset and Sir Richard Preston, his old master-at-arms.

The contest took place on Twelfth Night in the great

banqueting chamber at Whitehall. At the upper end, on a raised dais, sat the King and Queen with their guests, and on their right was a rich pavilion for Henry and his six "assistants." Across the middle of the room were the Barriers, and at the lower end a "commodious apartment" had been rigged up for the "defendants," but no one would have imagined it could have contained half so many, for no fewer than fifty-six knights emerged from its shelter. Each challenger fought two combats with eight of the defendants, one with broadswords and the other with pikes. Official scorers kept a record of the contest. When time was called it was found that Prince Henry had given and received 32 thrusts of the pike and 360 strokes of the sword. There were no casualties.

"These feats of arms," says Dr. Birch, "with their triumphant shows, began before ten at night and continued till three the next morning, being Sunday. On that day his Highness, with his assistants all in a livery and the defendants richly dressed, rode in great pomp to conduct the King to St. James's, whither the Prince had invited him and all the Court to supper, the Queen only being absent. The supper was not ended till after ten at night; from where they went to the play, after which they returned to a set banquet in the gallery where they had supped, at a table 120 feet in length."

The Dr. Birch quoted above wrote a *Life of Henry Prince of Wales*, which he dedicated to the Prince of Wales of his time (afterwards George III) in a fulsome and flowery epistle. Horace Walpole describes the doctor as "a worthy good-natured soul, full of industry and activity, with no parts, taste or judgment." He has certainly succeeded in making his biography rather heavy reading, but we are indebted to it for much information about this particularly interesting Prince.

Dr. Birch does not mention the shocking scene that took

place at the "set banquet" after the royalty had departed. It was very late, and the Prince was tired, so he merely led his sister twice round the big table to inspect and admire the decorations—imitations of fountains flowing with rose-water, windmills, dryads, soldiers on horseback, and other triumphs of the confectioner's art. As soon as the Prince and his sister had withdrawn, the guests lost all sense of decorum, and scrambled for the good things in a most unseemly fashion. The long table was broken down, and everything which was not eaten or destroyed in the struggle was carried off by the guests—decanter, dishes, silver-plate, spoons, and goblets—not even a water-bottle survived this feast, which cost £637.

Henry's investiture as Prince of Wales was fixed for Monday the 4th of June. On the last day of May he rode with some companions to Richmond, where he supped and slept, and returned by water the following day. At Barn-elms he landed and refreshed himself with sweetmeats and fruit. At Chelsea he was met by the City Companies in fifty-four barges. A young lady, attired as a nymph and mounted on a "property" whale, was towed alongside, and recited a flattering address to the "great Duke of Cornwall." Near Whitehall Steps the procession was delayed by another address from "The Genius of Wales" riding on a dolphin. They were four hours late at Whitehall, the dinner was getting cold, and the King, not in the best of tempers, was getting hungry. Prince Henry retired to bed immediately after dinner, thoroughly tired out.

In honour of the occasion, and to collect a few fees, the King created twenty-five gentlemen Knights of the Bath. On the Saturday they assembled at Durham House in the Strand, and the usual formalities were observed. Each gentleman had his own little bath "lined both within and without with white linen and covered with rich say, and a ticket of every man's name set upon his tub very orderly."

After bathing they retired to a large dormitory—separate beds, and so that there should be no dispute or unseemly scrambling, each man's coat-of-arms above his bed.

Sunday was devoted to fasting and praying; in the evening the King invested the new Knights, and they attended service at the Chapel Royal, to be ready for the greater investiture of the morrow.

On the Monday, King and Prince went by river to Westminster. James mounted the throne in the "great white chamber." Prince Henry entered from the opposite door. He was wearing a surcoat of purple velvet, closely girt. With him were Garter King at Arms, carrying the patent, and nobles bearing the princely insignia. The patent having been read by the Earl of Salisbury, the Prince was decked with his robes and sword by the Earls who carried them, but the crown, ring, rod and patent were handed to him by the King himself. James held out his hand to be kissed, and then kissed his son on the cheek and seated him on his left hand; then back to Whitehall, preceded by heralds and trumpets.

Masques and fireworks, tilting and dancing kept things going till it was time for the "set banquet." The King, we are told, dined privately upstairs, but Henry presided over a brilliant gathering at the head of the table in the great hall. The new Knights of the Bath were accommodated "at a long side-board," where no doubt they did themselves well after their enforced abstinence of the previous day.

To support the dignity of the new Prince of Wales, the household at St. James's Palace was re-established on a larger scale. In a weighty appendix Dr. Birch sets out *in extenso* the rules for the regulation of this household, and the names and salaries of the members thereof. The pervading note in the rules is an insistence on cleanliness and tidiness. No groom of the chamber was to come

into the Prince's presence with his doublet unbuttoned or his hose untied. No "ragged or unsweet person" was to be allowed within the doors. The rooms were to be "strewn, aired and made clean" before the Prince came out of his chamber. Any servant or page without a bed had to sleep "out," as also "such as have not shift of apparel or linen." Gambling, swearing and noisy sports were strictly forbidden. All "unemployed" persons were to be ejected from the Prince's apartment; "busybodies" were rigorously excluded.

The Prince's barber, one Walter Meek, was the best-paid official of the household. With allowances for "livery" and food he drew about £108 a year. The doctor comes next with £100. The Governor, Sir Thomas Chaloner, only got £66 13s. 4d., with meals. The gentlemen of the Privy Chamber (there were about fifty of them) were paid £46 6s. 8d., and the librarian £30. Altogether the household consisted of between four and five hundred persons, but the cost of feeding them was not excessive to modern ideas. Mutton worked out at 3d. a pound and beef at 7 lb. for a shilling. A "veal" could be bought for 17s., and a lamb for 6s. 8d.

A curious unofficial member of this household deserves mention—his name was Thomas Coryat. He was a kind of amateur buffoon, and served as a butt for the witty remarks of Prince Henry and his companions. His very appearance was enough to provoke a laugh: his head was the shape of a sugar-loaf, with the small end in front. As the price of his position, he had to suffer many indignities; but he had a sharp tongue, and was quite capable of holding his own with his tormentors in a battle of words. The son of a Somersetshire clergyman, Coryat was educated at Westminster and Oxford (leaving without a degree), and had lately returned from a walking tour on the Continent. He wrote a book about it, which he entitled

Coryat's Crudities, hastily gobbled up in France, Savoy, Germany, &c., and being very anxious to publish it, he pestered Prince Henry and his friends for recommendations. Entering into the fun of the thing, they wrote absurdly flattering letters and poems in praise of the author and his work, which Coryat published with the *Crudities*, with a modest preface expressing his surprise at receiving these unsolicited effusions from his admirers. There are only two copies of the original *Crudities* in existence. The one in the British Museum was a presentation copy to Prince Henry. In 1612 poor Coryat set out on another walking tour and got as far as India, where he died.

More courtiers flocked to St. James's than to Whitehall, and the King grew jealous of his son's popularity. Once, when James and Henry visited Newmarket, they returned by different routes, and all the courtiers followed the Prince. Archie Armstrong, the jester, who was always putting his foot in it, called the King's attention to the fact that only the servants were following him, and poor James burst into tears. When Henry and his friends heard that Archie had been causing trouble, they lay in wait for him, and tossed him in a blanket.

The following story illustrates the Prince's tact. A Welsh gentleman is said to have remarked that there were 40,000 men in Wales ready to serve the Prince against any King in Christendom.

"In what service?" asked the jealous father.

"In cutting off the heads of 40,000 loeks," replied the tactful son.

With all his popularity, Prince Henry had two bitter enemies, his father's chief minister, Robert Cecil, Earl of Salisbury, and his father's favourite, Lord Rochester (afterwards that Earl of Somerset who poisoned Sir Thomas Overbury), who were jealous of his increasing influence. It was Cecil who advised the King to refuse the Prince's

application for permission to preside over the Privy Council. His enmity with Rochester is said to have originated in a quarrel at tennis. This seems to have been a very contentious game in those days, for on another occasion the Prince lost his temper with the Earl of Essex and called him "Son of a traitor," whereupon the young Earl gave him a bang on the head with his racket.

Prince Henry did not live to get married or even engaged. At one time there was some talk of a Spanish match, but nothing came of it. In 1611 the mother of the young Louis XIII came forward with an offer of her daughter Christine and a dowry of 50,000 crowns. As this offer was received with hesitation, 20,000 crowns more were thrown into the scale. Henry, however, was not attracted by the dowry or a bride of nine, and affirmed that if he got married at all, he would choose a Protestant lady.

At the same time King James was scheming to marry his daughter Elizabeth to Philip III of Spain—a widower of thirty-four—but when he understood that she would have to change her religion he dropped the idea. Henry was very much against this match, and said that anyone who suggested marrying his sister to a Roman Catholic was a traitor. It gave him great satisfaction when negotiations were opened for her marriage with Frederick, the Elector Palatine, a youth of eighteen who was looked upon as the future champion of the Protestant cause in Germany.

Henry and Elizabeth went several times to Woolwich to watch the progress of a big ship which Phineas Pett was building, to be called the *Prince Royal*. It was 114 feet long and 44 feet in the beam, and had an armament of 64 guns. The Prince had suspicions that Rochester had agents at work to spoil the success of the launch, and he had everything very carefully inspected and tested before the ceremony took place in the presence of all the royal family. But in spite of all Henry's precautions something went

wrong with the works, and the *Prince Royal* obstinately refused to enter the water. The royal family had to return to Greenwich for the night, but Henry went back to Woolwich at three o'clock the next morning, through a storm of thunder and rain, and had the satisfaction of seeing the big ship take the water like a duck.

In the spring of 1612 the Prince of Wales began to suffer from a general decline of health and a troublesome cough. He spent the summer at Richmond, and did himself no good by his habit of bathing in the river in the evening after a heavy supper. His cough grew worse, and his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks caused uneasiness to his attendants. His wonted activity deserted him; he lost his energy and interest in life, and would lie in bed till late in the morning. Now and then he roused himself to ride over to the Manor of Woodstock, lately presented to him by his father, to superintend the improvements and the laying out of the pleasure grounds. He was planning a grand fête there, and towards the end of the summer he entertained his royal relations and a select company of friends in a huge green arbour erected on the lawn.

From Woodstock he had to hasten to London to welcome his future brother-in-law. Frederick's arrival had been delayed for a month while he took dancing lessons to enable him to cut a figure at the English Court. He arrived on the 16th of September, and the two Princes, being about the same age and having much in common, soon became warm friends. Henry struggled manfully against his disease, and entertained his princely guest right royally, but he was unable to attend the banquet at the Guildhall. On October 24 he played a match at tennis with Frederick's uncle, Henry of Nassau. It was a cold day, but the Prince got very hot, took his coat off, and neglected to wrap up afterwards. Next morning he was suffering from a severe chill, but, as it was Sunday, he got

up and listened to a long sermon in his chapel at St. James's. Then he proceeded to Whitehall, and sat out another long sermon in the King's chapel. He dined with his father and Frederick. After the meal he was seized with a fainting fit, and had to be carried back to St. James's and put to bed.

The next day he was seriously ill. His devoted sister was assiduous in her attentions, but his parents kept aloof. On the 1st of November he rallied, and was visited by his father and mother. That night he had a relapse, and a malignant fever set in. His relations were forbidden to come near him—the King and Queen, fearful of infection, shut themselves up. Elizabeth was not so easily put off. She tried to gain admittance in disguise, but failed to make her way to the sick chamber.

The doctors were hopelessly puzzled and completely at variance. Strange remedies were administered—pigeons were applied to the patient's head and a split cock to the soles of his feet. But the Prince got worse. Once it was thought he was dead, and the wail of his attendants in the palace was taken up by the sympathetic crowd in the street. As a last resource, the Queen sent to Sir Walter Raleigh for a specific which she had heard he possessed. He sent it, and said it would cure any disease not caused by poison. The Prince took the dose (it was probably quinine), and for the first time broke into a profuse perspiration, which brought temporary relief. But Henry was too far gone to recover, and before midnight on November 5th he passed away. His last words were, "Where is my dear sister?"

Never was the death of a prince more sincerely mourned by the people. His parents showed their grief in rather a curious way—the King retired to Theobalds and the Queen shut herself up in Somerset House, firmly convinced that her son had been poisoned. James, who hated mourning, did not attend the funeral, which took place on

December 7th. Prince Charles and the Elector Frederick walked behind the coffin as chief mourners, followed by two thousand people dressed in black. On the top of the coffin was an effigy of the dead Prince, so life-like that it caused the sorrowing spectators to burst into tears.

Henry, Prince of Wales, was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, near the remains of his grandmother, Mary Queen of Scots. Forty years later his "dear sister" Elizabeth was laid to rest by his side, and after the lapse of another thirty years, her gallant son, Prince Rupert.



CHARLES
PRINCE OF WALES 1818 1825

XI

Charles

PRINCE OF WALES, 1616-1625

(KING CHARLES I, 1625-1649)

CHARLES, the younger son of James I and Anne of Denmark, was born at Dunfermline on the 19th of November, 1600. At his birth he was hardly expected to live, and he was baptized privately at once. At his public baptism a little later, he was created Duke of Albany. He was a delicate child and slow in his development. When his parents left for England in 1603 "Baby Charles," as he was always called, could neither walk nor talk, and he had to be left behind at Dunfermline under the care of Lord and Lady Fyvie.

From the time of his arrival in England in the summer of 1604, Charles was styled Duke of York, but he was not formally invested until Twelfth Night of the following year. Being unable to walk in the procession, he was carried in the arms of the Lord High Admiral. At the same time he was created a Knight of the Bath, and no doubt he got through the customary formality quite comfortably with a little assistance from his nurse.

The Queen took advantage of this occasion to indulge her passion for acting in a masque. It was written by Ben Jonson, and was called *Blackness*. Anne and her ladies

represented the "Daughters of the Niger," and were blacked up for the part. People thought it foolish of the Queen thus to hide the fairness of her complexion and emphasize the thinness of her face, and the courtiers were rather shy of kissing her dusky hand to the titters of the spectators, who were curious to see if it would imprint a smudge on their lips. After the masque, "there was," says Jesse, "a banquet in the great chamber which was so furiously assaulted that down went tables and trestles before a bit was touched."

Later in the year the young Duke of York was in some danger from the Gunpowder Plotters. Their purpose was to blow up the King and his eldest son, seize Charles and his sister Elizabeth, and set up a new régime more favourable to the Roman Catholics. Charles was then under the charge of Lady Carey, who, trusting to kindness and nature, gradually relieved him of his disabilities. Sir Thomas Carey, in his *Memoirs*, says that the King wanted to have the string of Charles's tongue cut, and to make him wear iron boots for the support of his weak ankles, but Lady Carey, backed up by the Queen, would not hear of it, and after many arguments the two ladies got their own way. Charles's brother Henry used to tease him about his crooked legs, and suggest that he should become Archbishop of Canterbury, so that he could hide them with his robe.

The Duke of York's tutor was Thomas Murray, who wrote his Latin letters for him. At the age of nine he wrote a letter to his father not unlike the one Mr. Bulitude wrote at the dictation of Dr. Grimstone. "To enjoy your company," he says, "to ride with you, to hunt with you, will yield to me supreme pleasure. I am now reading the *Colloquies of Erasmus*, from which, I am sure, I can learn both purity of the Latin tongue and elegance of behaviour." So like a boy of nine!

In a more natural letter to his mother (who was suffering

from gout) he says : " I wish from my heart that I might help to find a remedy for your disease ; the which I must bear the more patiently because it is the sign of a long life. But I must for many causes be sorry, and specially because it is troublesome to you, and has deprived me of your most comfortable sight, and of many good dinners, the which I hope, by God's grace, shortly to enjoy."

Baby Charles was very fond of his big brother Henry, in spite of the latter's teasing propensities, and he wrote him some charming little letters ; for example :

" Sweet, sweet brother : I will give anything that I have to you, both my horses and my books and my pieces and my cross-bows, or anything that you would have. Good brother, love me, and I will ever love and serve you."

As he grows older he gets more formal.

" Good brother : In your absence I visit your stables and ride your great horses, that at your return I may wait on you in that noble exercise. So longing to see you I kiss your hand and rest, York."

And still more formal.

" Sir, Please, your Highness : I do keep your hares in breath and have very good sport. I do wish the King and you might see it."

The Duke of York made his first public appearance the day after his brother's investiture as Prince of Wales. His mother had, as usual, seized the opportunity to gratify herself and the Court by the presentation of a masque. Those who like reading about such things will find a charming description of it in Miss Strickland's *Anne of Denmark*. Dr. Birch also deems it worthy of mention. The Queen was got up as " Tethys, Mother of the Waters," attended by Princess Elizabeth as the River Thames, and seven other young ladies representing as many rivers. But the central figure of the whole show was Baby Charles as a Zephyr. Attired in green satin, with little silver wings, he was sur-

rounded by a dozen little girls, all daughters of Earls or Barons, who danced a ballet in such amazing fashion that the young Prince was always to be found in the centre. A "sea-slave" handed Charles a golden trident which he passed on to his father as a present from the Queen, and to his brother Henry a sword valued at 20,000 crowns.

Owing to his delicate health, the Duke of York never became such a prominent figure as his brother Henry. He was fixed up in a household of his own when Henry became Prince of Wales, and we hear of him going a-Maying to Highgate in the early summer of 1612 and taking part in the entertainment of Prince Frederick in the autumn. He acted as chief mourner at his brother's funeral, and attached the Garter round Frederick's leg when the Elector was invested with the insignia of the Most Noble Order. He led his sister Elizabeth to the altar when she was married to Frederick, and afterwards accompanied the bride and bridegroom to Canterbury. Here they spent several days. The happy couple lodged with the Dean, and Charles found quarters in a house hard by. While dallying at Canterbury he received a peremptory summons from his father to attend a Chapter of the Garter at Windsor, and to his great regret was unable to see his sister off at Dover. She crossed to Flushing in the *Prince Royal*, commanded by the great shipbuilder, Phincas Pett himself.

The King was rather hard up about this time, and it seems he tried to keep the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall for himself, alleging that Charles, not being the eldest son of a King of England, had no right to them. The matter was referred to the law-courts, and the Judges decided in favour of Charles. This was not the only time that a legal decision went against James. He gave instructions for a wall to be built at Windsor between the Chapter Garden and his private park, and sent in the bill to the Dean and Canons of St. George's. They refused to pay. The lawyers were

again called in, and decided that as the King had ordered the wall he had got to pay for it.

For some years James had had an unworthy favourite named Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester and Earl of Somerset. In 1615 Somerset's star was on the wane and was completely eclipsed by a new favourite who was introduced to Court in the person of George Villiers, afterwards Duke of Buckingham. He was an attractive young man, and James took a fancy to him at once. He wanted to appoint him to a post near his person, but he took rather a roundabout course to gratify his desire. He requested Archbishop Abbott to request the Queen to request him (the King) to make Villiers a gentleman of the privy chamber. The Queen rather reluctantly consented to do so, and James graciously granted her request. The next day (St. George's Day) James knighted Villiers. Miss Stickland gives the following amusing description of the ceremony :

"On St. George's Day her Majesty being with Prince Charles in the privy chamber, told the King she had a new candidate for Knighthood worthy of St. George himself. She then requested the Prince her son to reach her his father's sword, which he did. Drawing it out of the sheath, she advanced to the King with the sword. He affected to be afraid of her approach with the drawn weapon, but kneeling before him, she presented to him George Villiers and guided the King's hand in giving him the accolade of Knighthood. James, either being very awkward or too powerfully refreshed at the festival of St. George, had nearly thrust out the favourite's eye at this ceremony."

Sir George Villiers established a complete ascendancy over the royal family, and was soon afterwards created Earl of Buckingham. James called him "Steenie" after a supposed likeness to a picture of St. Stephen at Whitehall. The Queen always addressed him as "my kind dog."

She charged him with the task of keeping the King in order when he was behaving in a silly and unkingly manner—(which James often did)—“give the old sow a lug by the ear” was her nice way of putting it.

On November 4th, 1616, at Whitehall, Charles was created Prince of Wales. There was none of the pomp and ceremony which accompanied his brother's investiture, on account of Charles's delicate health. Nor were there any pageants or revells got up for the occasion, because, we are told, the Prince declined to take part in any festivities and also refused to be left out. For the same reason his mother had to deny herself the pleasure of a masque.

Charles, at this time, had grown into a handsome, though rather delicate-looking youth of sixteen. Graceful and courtly, he was slightly built and not very robust, but the only trace of his childish infirmities was a slight impediment in his speech, which inclined him to be silent and reserved. He was an excellent horseman, an accomplished dancer, and almost as good a tennis-player as his brother Henry had been. He was encouraged in his games by his father, who, with all his faults, was a sportsman. The *Book of Sports*, which James published, was one of the most sensible things he did, but it did not find favour with the Puritans, who objected to any form of amusement on the Sabbath.

Charles was the first Prince of Wales who was a Cambridge man. It will be remembered that four of his predecessors, the Black Prince, Henry V, Arthur and Henry Frederick were Oxford men. About three years before his investiture Charles paid a visit to Cambridge, and became an honorary member of the University. When the Oxford bigwigs heard about it they were seized with jealousy, and invited the Prince to visit *their* University. Though only thirteen, Charles had already adopted that convenient formula, “pressure of business,” which he pleaded as his excuse for not complying with the request, but he sent them his por-

trait attached to a gold chain. The Oxford Dons, however, were not to be put off with this, and they forwarded to him the register of Christ Church, with a request to sign his name in it, and Charles, complying, thus became a member of "the House."

Anne of Denmark was a devoted mother to Charles, her favourite son, and he felt her loss keenly when she died in 1618. During her last illness he insisted on remaining in her room when requested to withdraw.

"What good can you do here?" asked his mother.

"I want to wait on you," answered the dutiful son.

"I am a fine piece to wait on, my *servant*," said the dying Queen, who always spoke of her subjects as servants.

It was found in her will that she had left all her jewels to Charles, which was by no means pleasing to the King, who had been hard put to it to raise money since he dismissed the "Addled Parliament" so abruptly in 1614, declaring that he would never summon another. It was this impecuniosity which made him unable to help Elizabeth and her husband when they fell on evil times. The Elector Palatine rather unwisely accepted the throne of Bohemia as the Protestant candidate, and he and Elizabeth for a short time kept a royal court at Prague, where the famous Prince Rupert was born. But in 1620 the unfortunate family were not only driven out of Bohemia by the Imperialists, but the Palatinate was also overrun by their enemies, and they had to seek a refuge in Holland. Frederick reproached his father-in-law for not helping him, and James reproached his son-in-law for being so unfortunate. When Charles heard of his sister's misfortunes he sent her £5,000, and volunteered for service in Germany, but his father would not hear of it.

James had another reason for not interfering, besides lack of means; he was afraid of offending Spain. For some time he had been very keen on arranging a marriage

between Charles and the Infanta Maria Althea, but the young lady's father, Philip III, did not view the proposal with much favour. However, in 1621 Philip died from the effects of sitting too near a big fire—the nobleman whose duty it was to move his chair was absent, and of course it was not etiquette for a King of Spain to move his own chair—and his successor was more favourably inclined towards the match. James got it into his head that if the match could be brought off, Spain might be induced to restore the Palatinate to Frederick. But he had to tread warily; public feeling in England was very bitter against Spain, and James simply dare not promise religious tolerance to the Roman Catholics, which was one of the conditions of the match. The negotiations hung fire. At last Charles lost his patience, and astounded his father by proposing to go to Spain with Buckingham, woo the Infanta in person and bring her back with him. He suggested that Sir Francis Cottington and Endymion Porter, who had been to Spain before, should accompany them. The king at first consented; then he sent for Cottington.

"Sir Francis," he said, "Baby Charles and Stcenic have a mind to go post to Spain to fetch home the Infanta. What do you think of it?"

Cottington was dead against the scheme, and James, fearing he would never see his son again, tried to retract. However, after an outburst of tears, he was finally persuaded by Buckingham and Charles to let them go. The escapade had to be kept a profound secret; there would have been a tremendous outcry of indignation if it had become known. Charles retired from Court under the pretence of hunting at Theobalds. Buckingham withdrew to Chelsea for a rest-cure. The two met at Buckingham's place in Essex. Assuming false beards and the popular name of Smith, they rode post, like ordinary travellers, towards Dover. Cottington and Porter had been sent on

ahead to secure lodgings. The Smiths made several mistakes on the way, which aroused suspicions, and at Canterbury they were hauled before the magistrates. Tom Smith (Buckingham) had to remove his "bushy" beard and disclose his identity before they were allowed to proceed.

At Paris the disguised travellers were admitted to the Louvre to witness the rehearsal of a ballet by the royal family. Charles only had eyes for the young Queen (Anne of Austria), the sister of his Infanta. He did not know then that one of the dancers, a dark-eyed sprightly little girl of thirteen, would in two years' time become his wife. Everybody seemed to know who the two Englishmen were except the English ambassador, Lord Hervey. When Hervey was told, he advised them to get on to Spain without delay.

The travellers arrived at Madrid on a couple of mules. The English ambassador, the Earl of Bristol, nearly had a fit when Tom Smith called on him with a portmanteau under his arm. However, he took Buckingham to see the Spanish Prime Minister, and next day Charles had a glimpse of the Infanta and a secret interview with her brother, Philip IV. Philip took his sister out for a drive on the following day with a blue ribbon tied round her arm, so that there should be no mistake. She is said to have blushed prettily as she passed the spot where her lover was lying in wait.

For some time Charles remained *incognito* and could not go to Court. Meanwhile his poor father was suffering trepidations of anxiety and alarm. His jester, Archie Armstrong, played the part of a Job's comforter. He told the King bluntly that Baby Charles would never be allowed to come back.

"I must change caps with your Majesty," said Archie.

"Why?" asked the King.

"For allowing Baby Charles to go to Spain."

"But how if he comes back?" asked James.

"Then I will give my cap and bells to the King of Spain," retorted Archie.

James probably thought he could bear his anxiety better without Archie, for when he sent out a retinue of gentlemen and servants to attend on Charles, he included the jester among them. "A rich embroidered coat for Archie" appears in the wardrobe accounts of the day, and this garment seems to have given the jester an exaggerated idea of his own importance. He put on swaggering airs, and gave great offence by insisting on having a servant of his own to wait upon him.

The Prince of Wales at last threw off his *incognito* and made a grand public entry into Madrid, riding under a canopy by the side of the King. He was introduced to the royal circle, but he could not break through the stiff Spanish etiquette and get anything like an interview with the Infanta. Archie Armstrong seems to have been more fortunate. He penetrated everywhere, "blowing and blustering, and uttering whatever he chose." He had several conversations with the Infanta (in what language we are not told), and "ragged" her about the Spanish Armada. The Infanta was *not* amused.

Charles got very bored with the etiquette of the Court and the slowness of his courtship. He thought if he could only have a *tête-à-tête* with the Infanta that the business could be settled on the spot; and inspired, perhaps, by the success of Archie Armstrong, he resolved on a desperate expedient. He found out that she was wont to repair to a certain orchard in the early morning for the purpose of gathering May-dew. So Charles lay in ambush with Endymion Porter behind the garden wall, and when Maria appeared he leaped over it, rushed up to her, and tried to kiss her hand. The Infanta screamed and ran away, and the old nobleman in attendance fell down on his knees and implored the Prince to depart.

James began to write desperate letters, entreating his son to bring the Infanta to England at once, or to come home without her. He addressed Charles and Buckingham as "Sweet boys and dear venturous knights," while they began their letters with "Dear dad, sow and gossip." But time went on, no dispensation arrived from the Pope, and the Queen of Spain informed Charles privately that she did not think there was much chance of the marriage coming off. Buckingham, after the novelty had worn off, got tired of Madrid, and by his insolence and studied disregard of etiquette gave offence to the Spanish grandees.

Charles at last told Philip that his presence was required at home, and after an interchange of costly and curious presents, he was allowed to depart. His ships lay off St. Andero, and on his vessel he gave a farewell banquet to the grandees who were seeing him off. But as he was accompanying them in his barge to the shore, a terrific storm came on, so that the barge could neither reach the land nor get back to the ship. When they had almost abandoned hope the light of another ship was seen quite near them, and they were rescued just in time. After getting rid of the Spaniards, Charles scoffed at the King of Spain for being such a fool as to let him go!

The Prince's return was the signal for a wild outburst of joy. There was a perfect orgy of wine-swilling, bell-ringing and bonfires all over the country. The Spanish match was declared "off" unless the Palatinate were at once restored to the Elector Frederick. For a time Charles and Buckingham were the most popular men in England. The country was on the verge of a war with Spain, and James, very much against his will, had to summon a Parliament, which promptly impeached the Earl of Middlesex, the Lord Treasurer. He was sentenced to forfeit all his offices and pay a fine of £50,000. Charles and Buckingham supported the Parliament in this impeach-

ment, but James was against it, and with prophetic instinct he told Buckingham "that he was furnishing a rod for his own back," and Charles "that he would soon have his bellyfull of impeachments."

The Spanish ambassador had been recalled, but he had not gone, and he found means to convey to James a warning that Charles and Buckingham were planning to put him on one side and get the government into their own hands. Poor James was very distressed, but Baby Charles and Steenie knew exactly how to manage the old man, and soon persuaded him there was nothing in it but the malice of their enemies.

Buckingham now proposed that Charles should marry Henrietta Maria, the young sister of Louis XIII and the Queen of Spain. Charles remembered seeing her dance at the Louvre, and wished he had noticed her more particularly. Lord Kensington was sent to the French Court to negotiate. He wore the portrait of the Prince of Wales slung on a ribbon round his neck, and everybody was permitted to admire it except the person most interested—it was not etiquette for her to show any interest in the proceedings. The poor little Princess had to beg the lady with whom Lord Kensington lodged to borrow it and show it to her privately.

While the negotiations were proceeding King James was seized with a tertian ague. In spite of some old-fashioned remedies prescribed by Buckingham's mother, he grew rapidly worse, and on March 27th, 1625, he died. He was a curious character; perhaps, after all, he was really a very wise man who concealed his wisdom under a cloak of folly.

In May the Duke of Buckingham went to France to bring back the new King's bride. He astounded and disgusted the French Court by his extravagant ostentation and his impudent admiration of the Queen, Anne of

Austria. Louis XIII was annoyed, and vowed he would never receive him again.

Charles welcomed his little bride and her enormous retinue at Dover. A civil marriage took place at Canterbury. It was not a very wise marriage, for Henrietta Maria was just as much a Roman Catholic as the Infanta of Spain, and was to be allowed to have her private chapel and services at St. James's.

When the time came for the coronation, Charles had to be crowned alone. The Queen not only refused to be crowned, but even to enter the Abbey as a spectator. Her French attendants were so troublesome that Charles ordered them all back to France, and when they refused to go they had to be turned out by force. Then Charles and Henrietta Maria settled down to a happy domestic life.

XII

Charles

PRINCE OF WALES, 1630-1660

(KING CHARLES II, 1660-1685)

AT the beginning of the reign of Charles I a certain Lady Eleanor Davies enjoyed some reputation as a prophetess on the strength of a faulty anagram, "Reveal, O Daniel," formed from the letters of her name, and some of her predictions were not far off the mark. She told Queen Henrietta Maria that her prosperity would last for sixteen years, and that she would have a son, who would be born, baptized, and buried in one day. This son was born in May, 1628, and lived an hour, just long enough to be christened Charles James. Lady Eleanor's prophecies were not always so successful. In August, 1633, she foretold that Archbishop Laud would die before the 5th of November. This was going a bit too far, and she was summoned before the Star Chamber, where she was thrown into confusion and discredit by one of the judges handing to her another anagram on her name—Dame Eleanor Davis—"Never so mad a ladie."

King Charles's second son was born at St. James's on the 29th of May, 1630. We do not know what kind of a future Dame Eleanor predicted for him, but the appearance of the planet Venus in broad daylight was thought to augur



CHARLES
PRINCE OF WALES 1630 1680

well for his career. He was *declared* Prince of Wales soon after his birth, and the baptismal ceremony at the Chapel Royal on the 27th of June was the first instance of the christening of an actual Prince of Wales.

The sponsors at the font were the Duke of Lennox, the Duke of Hamilton and the Duchess of Richmond, acting as proxies for Louis XIII, the Elector Palatine and the Queen-Mother of France respectively. The Duchess, as representing a Queen, assumed royal state, and tipped everybody so handsomely that she could not have got off much under £10,000.

Baby Charles the second was not a pretty child. Even his mother had no illusions about him, nor did she trace a fanciful resemblance to his father, as fond mothers are wont to do. If he resembled anybody, it must have been his maternal grandfather, Henri of Navarre. "He is so ugly," writes his mother to Madame St. George, "that I am ashamed of him ; but his size and fatness supply the want of beauty. I wish you could see the *gentleman*, for he has no ordinary mien. He is so serious in all that he does, that I cannot help deeming him far wiser than myself." And a little later : " He is so fat and tall that he is taken for a year old, and he is only four months. His teeth are already beginning to come. I will send you his portrait as soon as he is a little fairer, for at present he is so dark that I am ashamed of him."

The following statement, quoted by Jesse from a manuscript of the period, bears witness to the young Prince's tenacity : " When he was but very young he had a strange and unaccountable fondness to a wooden billet, without which in his arms he would never go abroad nor lie down in his bed : from which the more observing people gathered that when he came to years of maturity, either oppressors or blockheads would be his greatest favourites."

He had a not unnatural dislike for taking medicine,

which was not made so palatable in those days as it is now. His mother writes to him : " I am sorry that I must begin my first letter to you with chiding you because I hear you will not take your physic." Charles probably obeyed his mother's commands, and took his physic as an act of duty rather than of faith, for a little later he writes to his governor, Cavendish, " I would not have you take too much physic, for it doth always make me worse, and I think it will do the like with you."

Charles did not suffer from lack of governors, pastors and masters, for in addition to Cavendish (afterwards Earl of Newcastle), he had the Marquis of Hertford, the Earl of Berkshire, Hobbes (of *Leviathan* and *Behemoth* fame), Dr. Harvey and Brian Duppa (subsequently Bishop of Winchester). The royal pupil is described as having some ability in mathematics, but no taste for classics or literature.

When Charles was twelve years of age the Civil War broke out between the King and Parliament. In February of that year (1642) Queen Henrietta left England with her daughter Mary for Holland, and a month later the Prince wrote to his sister as follows : " My father is very much disconsolate and troubled, partly for my royal mother's and your absence, partly for the disturbances of this kingdom." A little later, when the king was on the point of setting out for York, the Parliament sent a deputation to him, demanding that the Prince of Wales should remain in London as a kind of hostage in their hands, but Charles answered that a father was the proper person to take care of his son, and the Prince accompanied him to York.

In August the King raised his standard at Nottingham ; and the Civil War began in earnest. Charles held a Chapter of the Garter at Nottingham, and the Prince of Wales and his cousin Prince Rupert were invested as Knights of the Most Noble Order. The first conflict between the

Royalists and the Parliament took place at Edgehill. The Prince was present, though he did not take any active part in the fighting. He and his brother James had retired to view the battle from a neighbouring mound, under the charge of the learned Dr. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. The good doctor sat down and read a book, and got so absorbed in it that he did not observe that the course of the battle was approaching nearer and nearer, to the great delight of the two boys. It was not till a cannon-ball whizzed past his head that Dr. Harvey shut up his book, and hastily withdrew his royal pupils to a safer locality.

We next hear of the Prince of Wales suffering from the measles at Reading. On his recovery, he joined his father at Oxford. The King made the loyal University city his headquarters for nearly three years. He held his Court at Christ Church; the Prince remained with him, and completed his education as an Oxford man. Early in 1643 Queen Henrietta sailed from Holland, but after being tossed about by a storm for a fortnight, her ships had to return. The Queen showed the greatest spirit, comforted her attendants, and laughed heartily at the confessions they made when they thought their last hour had come.

The Queen's next attempt was more successful, and she reached Oxford, after almost incredible adventures, in July. She resided at Merton College for about a year, and did much harm to the King's cause by her frivolity and intrigue. Once she told her doctor that she was afraid she was going mad. "Nay, madam," he answered, "that is impossible, for you are mad already." After about a year at Oxford she escaped to France.

At the beginning of 1645 the King thought it was about time the Prince of Wales did something, and he gave him the high-sounding title of "Generalissimo of the Army of the West"; an army which did not exist. The truth

was that, after Marston Moor, Oxford was no longer safe, and the King thought his son would be more out of danger in the Western Counties, and able, if the worst came to the worst, to slip away to France.

Prince Charles said good-bye to his father at Abingdon, and proceeded to Bristol. He had with him Lord Berkshire as his governor, and a Council which included Hyde, Southampton and Culpepper, but no money and no men.

From Bristol he went to Bridgwater and thence to his Duchy of Cornwall, where, handing over his "command" to Hopton, he sailed for the Scilly Isles. But the Scilly Isles were at the mercy of any Parliamentary ships that happened to be cruising about, and after repeated injunctions from the King and Queen to get Charles away to France, his Council decided to remove him to Jersey.

The Prince, now just on sixteen, had a gay time in Jersey, and speedily became the idol of the Islanders. His favourite amusement (apart from feasting and merrymaking) was sailing a little yacht, which he allowed no one to handle but himself. His father and mother, however, were writing urgent letters to his Council to get him away to France, and the King even implored the Queen, if he would not come, to go and fetch him. So she sent him some money and some gentlemen with instructions to bring him away. Charles embarked for France after a delightful stay of ten weeks in Jersey, where they still preserve his leather riding-boots.

The two years Charles spent in France were not happy ones. The English royal family were by no means welcome guests at the French Court, and though outwardly treated with politeness, they could not help being aware of it. A kind of civil war, known as the Fronde, which broke out between the city of Paris and the Court, did not improve matters. There was a lack of money, and the slender allowance made to Charles by Anne of Austria, the Queen-

mother, was appropriated by Henrietta, who doled out to the Prince of Wales a little pocket-money when she could spare it, which was not very often. The chief interest of these two years lies in Henrietta's efforts to marry Charles to that extraordinary creature known as La Grande Mademoiselle. She was the daughter of the Duke of Orleans and the richest heiress in France. But she looked upon Charles as a penniless adventurer, and only laughed at him when he tried to make love to her in broken French.

At last Charles got tired of St. Germain, and repaired to Holland, to the Court of his sister Mary, who had married the Prince of Orange. An opportunity soon came for a dash to England to rescue his father from the clutches of the Parliamentary army. A revolted Parliamentary fleet came across to Holland with the intention of shipping the Duke of York as their Admiral. Charles would not serve under his brother, though the latter was nominally Lord High Admiral of England, and after some arguing they seem to have agreed to command separate squadrons. A start was made from Helvoetsluys, but the weather was stormy and nothing was accomplished. The fleet sailed a second time under the command of Prince Rupert, with the same result.

Then came the news of the trial of King Charles. The Prince of Wales sent a blank sheet of paper, bearing his signature, to the Parliament; thus signifying his willingness to accept any terms for his father's life. But all in vain; in a few days came the sad tidings of the shameful execution of the Martyr King, who, in the words of one of his enemies:

"Nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But laid his comely head
Down as upon a bed."

In February, 1649, the Prince of Wales was proclaimed

King of Scotland and invited to come over and be crowned on condition that he would accept the Solemn League and Covenant. The Covenant had no attractions for Charles—it was opposed to all his principles and natural instincts—so he allowed the Marquess of Montrose to cross to Scotland and try to get up a Royalist rising in the Highlands. The expedition was a dismal failure, and the gallant and loyal Montrose was captured and hanged by the Covenanters.

Charles now saw that his only chance of mounting the throne of Scotland, as a stepping-stone to the throne of England, was by becoming a Covenanter himself. After a visit to his mother in Paris and a trip to Jersey, he returned to Holland and set sail in June, 1650, with the young Duke of Buckingham, Lord Wilmot, and a few attendants. He took three weeks to reach the coast of Scotland, and when he landed found himself practically a prisoner in the hands of the Covenanters. His situation must have been particularly distasteful to a man of Charles's temperament. Each day was a long round of praying and preaching. Sermons of any kind were by no means Charles's idea of entertainment, but the sermons he had to listen to were all about the wickedness of his father and mother. Anything approaching amusement was looked upon as a deadly sin. One day Charles was playing cards with Buckingham, and, as the weather was warm, he had opened the window of the room. He was seen by some people in the house opposite, who sent a minister across to admonish him. The minister was evidently one of the better sort, for after duly delivering the admonition, he whispered to Charles: "The next time you play, keep the window closed."

Charles was at first allowed to visit the Scottish army, encamped between Leith and Edinburgh, but his hearty manners made him so popular with the soldiers that his visits were forbidden lest he might acquire an undodly influence over the troops.

Meanwhile Cromwell had invaded Scotland with an army of 16,000 men. On the 3rd of September, at Dunbar, Leslie played into the hands of the Protector by coming down from the heights to give battle on the flat, as James IV had done at Flodden. The Prince of Wales was not present at this battle; he was kept in semi-captivity at Perth, and got so bored with life that about a month later he tried to escape from the Covenanters, but was caught and taken back to Perth. On New Year's Day, 1651, he was crowned at Scone. The occasion was observed as a solemn fast-day, and Charles (with his tongue in his cheek) had to sit out a two hours' discourse, by the Rev. Mr. Douglas, on the sins of his father and his own regeneration.

Although Charles was now King of Scotland he was not King of England; so we may still regard him as Prince of Wales. It would be a pity to leave out the most exciting year of his life. His position as King gave him greater freedom, and he was allowed to take command of the army, which he found entrenched in a strong position in front of Stirling. Cromwell had done nothing much since his victory at Dunbar, owing to his sufferings from ague. When he recovered he marched towards Stirling, but finding the Scottish position impregnable, he crossed the Forth with the intention of taking the Scots in the rear.

A brilliant idea now occurred to Charles. With Cromwell no longer in front of him to bar his way, why not make a dash for England! Argyle and the more rabid Covenanters declined the enterprise, but many Royalists from the Highlands flocked to his standard. With about 10,000 men he set out on his southward march. Cromwell started at once in pursuit, leaving the command in Scotland to General Monk.

Charles was hoping and expecting that there would be a general rising of the Royalists in his favour, but in this

he was disappointed. Under the impression that the King of Scotland had become a genuine Covenanter, the Cavaliers for the most part held aloof. In Lancashire he was joined by the Earl of Derby with 200 men from the Isle of Man, but staying behind to rouse the Royalists of that county, the Earl was routed in a skirmish with Cromwell's advance guard, from which he barely escaped with his life.

Charles's intention was to march straight for London, but he was headed off by Lambert towards Worcester, and arriving at that city with his army dead-tired and Cromwell hard on his heels, he determined to make a stand and fight it out. His army only numbered 12,000, of whom but 2,000 were English. The Roundheads had some 23,000 men. Charles hardly stood a chance.

About midday on the 3rd of September—the anniversary of Dunbar—the King of Scotland stood on the tower of Worcester Cathedral. He could see Cromwell preparing a bridge of boats to cross the Severn at Bunhill, and he noticed musketry fire at Powick. He marched himself to Powick Bridge, and having entrusted the defence of it to Colonel Montgomery, he returned to the city. But Fleetwood forced the passage of the Team at Powick, and Cromwell got four regiments across at Bunhill, and returned to assault the "Fort Royal" with his artillery. It was now that Charles made his sortie from the Sidbury Gate and flung himself on Cromwell, expecting to be backed up by the main body of the Scottish Horse under Leslie. Cromwell recoiled before the charge, leaving his guns in the hands of the Scottish Cavaliers. But reinforcements came up for Cromwell, and Leslie only arrived in time to see the King's gallant little band being thrown back in confusion on the Sidbury Gate. Here an overturned ammunition cart blocked the way, and Charles had to dismount and enter on foot. When he reached Friar Street he took off his armour and mounted another horse.

He tried to rally and encourage his men, but perceiving that they were weary and dispirited, he exclaimed: "I had rather you would shoot me dead than keep me alive to see the sad consequences of this fatal day!"

Fort Royal and Castle Hill were stormed by the Roundheads, who were soon entering the city at the Sidbury Gate. The King was urged to escape while there was yet time. Lord Cleveland and Colonel Careless, with a devoted troop of Cavaliers, made a last desperate charge on the incoming Roundheads, which gave Charles time to withdraw by St. Martin's Gate. As his troops gathered round him he made repeated appeals to them to face about and renew the fight, but many of them threw down their arms or galloped away. As darkness came on, the King found himself left with fifty or sixty horsemen, and it was decided to make for Scotland. But the Earl of Derby suggested going to a house called Boscobel, belonging to a Roman Catholic family, where he himself had found a hiding-place after his recent defeat in Lancashire. The Earl acted as guide, and before daylight, Charles, with a few faithful friends, arrived at Whiteladies, another house belonging to the same family, about a mile from Boscobel.

It is impossible in this short sketch to give a detailed account of the King's amazing adventures and hairbreadth escapes after the Battle of Worcester—they may be found in the *Boscobel Tracts* and the King's own narrative which he dictated to Pepys. At Whiteladies he changed his clothes, putting on what he describes as "a green cloth jumper coat, and breeches of the same, an old sweaty leathern doublet, a noggen course shirt and a greasy old steeple-crowned hat without a lining." He cropped off his long black curls, and smeared his hands and face with soot from the chimney. As day broke he said good-bye to his faithful friends, who rode off to capture, and in one case—the Earl of Derby—to a cruel death.

Charles was left in charge of a loyal family named Penderell, who lived on the estate. George was caretaker at Whiteladies and William at Boscobel, but it was Richard Penderell who took Charles under his guidance and led him to a little wood half a mile from Whiteladies, called Spring Coppice. Here he lay hid all day in the pouring rain, for there were search parties prowling round, and there was a reward of £1,000 on Charles's head. Richard brought him a blanket, and his sister, Mrs. Yates, brought him food, while the other brothers scouted round. Charles had plenty of time to think over his plans during that dreary day, and decided to cross the Severn and escape into Wales. So late that night he and the faithful Richard set off, and before daylight reached the house of a Mr. Woolf at Madeley. Charles spent the day in Mr. Woolf's hay-loft, but hearing that all the bridges and ferries across the Severn were watched and guarded, he was fain to return by night to Boscobel Woods.

At Richard Penderell's cottage he found that gallant Colonel Careless who had so bravely covered his retirement from Worcester. Charles thought of spending the next day at Boscobel House; but Careless, belying his name, was full of care for the morrow. It was highly probable that Boscobel would be searched, for the report had already got abroad that Charles had visited Whiteladies; so Careless suggested that they should climb up into a big oak-tree which stood about a bowshot from the house, and having been lopped three or four years before, had grown very thick and bushy. Up in the branches of this oak Charles and Careless lay concealed the whole day, regaling themselves with bread and cheese and small beer, supplied by the Penderells; who, in their occupation as woodmen, kept watch below. Charles adds a memorandum to his account of this incident: "That while we are in this tree we see soldiers going up and down in the thicket of the

wood searching for persons escaped, we seeing them now and then peering out of the wood."

After nightfall the two fugitives retired to Boscobel House, which stood in a small clearing in the wood—hence its name, *Bosco bello*, "beautiful wood." It contained two secret hiding-places known as "priests' holes," very handy in case of alarm. The next day was the Sabbath, on which day the pious Roundheads would be too busy with their sermons and psalm-singing to search for Cavaliers. So Charles had a day of rest. Before dawn Careless went out and "borrowed" a sheep from a neighbouring fold. Later in the morning he and Charles cut it into "collops," which they fried with butter for their dinner. Charles spent the afternoon reading in a summer-house on a mound in the garden.

That evening John Penderell arrived with a message from Lord Wilmot saying that he was hiding at the house of a Mr. Whitgrave at Moseley, and asking Charles to join him there. At midnight he said good-bye to Careless and set out accompanied by the five Penderells and their brother-in-law, Yates. He was mounted on an old horse belonging to Humphrey Penderell, who was a miller. After a while he began to weary of the slow pace.

"This is the heaviest dull jade that ever I rode," said Charles.

"My Liege," answered Humphrey, "can you blame the horse to goe heavily when he has the weight of three kingdoms on his back?"

Charles was so delighted to meet Lord Wilmot that he let the Penderells depart without a word of thanks. However, he suddenly remembered, and had them fetched back.

"My troubles make me forget myself," he said. "I thank you all"; and he gave them his hand to kiss.

Charles passed the day in Mr. Whitgrave's "priest's hole," and at night rode on with Wilmot to Colonel Lane's

at Bentley. The Colonel's sister, Jane, had a pass to allow her to go with two servants to the house of her aunt, Mrs. Norton, near Bristol. Charles was dressed up as a serving-man and rode on the same horse as Jane Lane. After a while the horse cast a shoe, and they had to stop at a forge. Charles describes his interview with the smith as follows :

"As I was holding the horse's foot I asked the smith what news. He told me that there was no news that he knew of, save the good news of beating the rogues the Scots. I asked him whether there was none of the English taken that joined with the Scots. He answered that he did not hear that the rogue Charles Stewart was taken. I told him that if that rogue was taken he deserved to be hanged more than all the rest for bringing in the Scots. Upon which he said I spoke like an honest man, and we parted."

They passed the night at the house of Colonel Tombs at Long Marston. Charles, of course, had to have his supper in the kitchen, where the cook set him to turn the spit. He did it so awkwardly that she exclaimed :

"What countryman are you that you know not how to wind up the jack ?"

"I am a poor tenant's son of Colonel Lane's," answered Charles ; "we seldom have meat, but when we have we don't make use of a jack."

They spent the next night at Cirencester, and the next evening arrived at Abbotsleigh, Mrs. Norton's house. Miss Lane obtained a private room for her servant, William Jackson, on the plea that he was suffering from ague ; but next morning he was so hungry that he had to come down to the buttery-hatch for breakfast. Here a country-fellow began describing the Battle of Worcester, in which he said he had fought with the King's regiment.

"What kind of a person is the King ?" asked Charles,

and the fellow gave a description of his appearance and dress.

"How tall is he?" asked the King.

"Oh," said the fellow, "about three fingers taller than you."

Charles's next hiding-place was at Colonel Wyndham's at Trent. He heard great excitement going on in the village and sent to ask what it was all about. He was told that a Roundhead trooper had just arrived, who was boasting that he had killed Charles Stewart and was wearing his buff-coat. The church bells were rung and a bonfire lighted on the village green in honour of the event.

One day Mrs. Wyndham went into Sherborne and came back saying that there was a report that three European monarchs were combining to restore Charles to his throne.

"Then they must be the three Kings of Cologne," said Charles, laughing, "for I know of no others who would do it."

For four more weeks the fugitive King (as we must still call him) led a life of continual excursions and alarms. At last he found himself at the little fishing village of Brighthelmstone, or Brighton, as we now call it. The host of the inn where he was supping recognized him and fell on his knees, saying, "Bless you, sir, wherever you go. I doubt not that I shall be a lord and my wife a lady before I die."

A small ship was waiting for him at Shoreham, on which he embarked with Lord Wilmot. The crew—four men and a boy—thought they were bound for Poole. The master—in the secret, but anxious to avoid suspicion—begged Charles to persuade the crew to persuade *him* (the master) to steer for France. Charles effected this by representing that he was a debtor in distress and making them a present of twenty shillings.

They got becalmed about two miles off the coast of

France, and were alarmed to see a vessel bearing down upon them, which they took for an Ostend privateer. Charles and Wilmot took to the cock-boat, and rowed for all they were worth towards the land, only to find, on landing at Fécamp, that the dreaded Ostender was a French fishing-smack. They reached Paris safely without any further adventures.

There was published, after the death of Charles II, a curious volume entitled "*Eikon Basilike Deutera*. The Portraicture of His Most Sacred Majesty Charles II. Printed by Order of King James II to prove that Charles II was a Roman Catholic. Found in the strong Box. MDCXCIV."

So runs the title page, but the date, 1694, rather gives it away, unless it was a second edition. The papers "found in the strong box" were the meditations and prayers of Charles II during his wanderings and on several subsequent occasions. They read too much like a parody of the Martyr King's *Eikon Basilike* to be above suspicion, and though Charles certainly had plenty of time for meditation in his various hiding-places, he would hardly have been such a fool as to commit his thoughts to paper. However, here are two or three samples which may interest, if they do not convince, the reader.

AT WHITE LADIES : " I, who was lately in Royal Apparell, am glad to exchange it with the garb of a peasant ; my countenance, which did lately enlighten the Court, is now eclipsed by a Vail of Soot, and my hands, the dispensers of Royal Bounty, are, instead of jewels, embellished with the Smoake of the Chimney."

IN SPRING COPPICE : " I, who used to be served in state, have no other attendants but a clown and his sister, and instead of a Royal Court of Musick, there is the sound of the Wind in the Trees. I, who used to sit on Cushions of Velvet, am now exposed to the moisture of the ground, and

in lieu of Gilded Roofs have scarce anything to defend me from the showers of Rain."

ON THE JOURNEY BACK FROM MADELEY: "I, who had lately the conduct of an army, am forced to be conducted by one poor peasant, and instead of the Battoon of Command must now be content with a poor Wood-bill. Alas! What a Catastrophe! Instead of my Trumpets and Kettle-drums, here's nothing but the rustling of my guide's Leather Breeches. My best Apartments must be the Corner of a Barn, my Royal Bedchamber some part of a Haymow and my choicest Washes must be the juice of Walnut-tree leaves, the better to disfigure my Face and Hands."

AT LONG MARSTON: "Instead of so many thousands to wait upon me I am forced to obey an ordinary Kitchen-wench, submit to her reproof and deny my Quality as St. Peter did his Master for fear of what may be the consequences of her anger. As David counterfeited Madness to escape the Fury of the Philistine prince, I must be forced to tell a lie to excuse myself for not knowing how to wind the jack."

Poor Charles! Did he ever think of the faithful people who were risking their necks and foregoing a reward of £1,000 in effecting his escape?

The years of exile seem very tame after the romantic adventures in England. Charles lived three years in France on the charity of the French Government and an occasional bonus from Prince Rupert, who was employing some royalist ships in a profitable buccaneering business. From Paris he went to Spa, and from Spa to Cologne. The people of Cologne were delighted with him and he was delighted with them. They gave him a public welcome, and stocked his house with provisions and wine. "We liked the last ceremony best," writes one of his companions, "in heaving two lusty foddors of wine into His Majesty's cellar." At

the refectory of the Jesuits he was greeted by seven boys, each bearing a silver shield, and on each shield was a letter forming the word CAROLUS. After each boy had worked off a complimentary little speech, the shields were reversed and displayed the word COLONIA.

Charles stayed two or three years at Cologne, and then, after a short visit to France, he set up a little Court at Bruges. His experiences in Scotland had rather put him off religion—he told Lauderdale afterwards that “Presbytery was no religion for a gentleman”—and the behaviour of the Cavaliers somewhat shocked the staid burghers of the Flemish town. It was at Bruges that he heard of the death of Oliver Cromwell in 1658.

Most of the people in England were getting tired of the Commonwealth long before the great Oliver died. His son, Richard, who succeeded him as Protector, was a civilian, and had no control over the army and very little over the Parliament. At the end of eight months he gave it up and retired to his country estate.

Lambert and the other army leaders now had it all their own way, and exercised a tyranny over Parliament more ruthless than that of the great Protector himself. The only remedy seemed to be the restoration of the monarchy—the great mass of the population was in favour of it, for the people remembered their comparative freedom under the Stewarts, when they were at least allowed and even encouraged to enjoy themselves. But was there a man strong enough and bold enough to propose it? There was. That man was General Monk, the commander of the army in Scotland. He marched to London, threw Lambert into the Tower, and summoned a free parliament known as the Convention. At the same time he sent a message to Charles to go to Breda in Holland and communicate from there with the Convention. Charles slipped away from the authorities at Bruges, who tried to detain him, and penned

the celebrated "Declaration from Breda," which promised a pardon for everybody save those specially excepted by parliament.

This Declaration was accepted without any further terms or conditions, and Charles was proclaimed King on the 9th of May, 1660. The Convention voted large sums of money; £50,000 to the King, £10,000 to James, Duke of York, and £6,000 to his youngest brother, Henry, Duke of Gloucester. This money was sent across to Holland and was joyfully unpacked by Charles in the presence of his brothers and his sister Mary—they had never seen so much money before.

Charles was now a very important personage in Holland. The States-General, which had previously treated him rather shabbily, gave him a handsome yacht, and a bed worth 20,000 livres, and redeemed all the crown jewels which had been pawned in Holland. The King embarked on the *Royal Charles*, and on landing at Dover he kissed Monk and was presented with a Bible; "The thing I love above all things in the world," said Charles, with a solemn face. It was the 29th of May, the King's birthday, and all the way to London the road was lined with a cheering crowd of people, so that it was like driving through the streets of a city. The people, remembering Charles's adventure at Boscobel, were wearing and waving sprigs and branches of oak.

And now, having seen the King happily restored to his own, we must leave him firmly determined never to set out on his travels again. It is pleasing to record, in conclusion, that he rewarded the faithful Penderells with handsome pensions, and granted Colonel Careless a coat-of-arms bearing three crowns on an oak-tree, and at the same time changed his name to Carlos. We do not hear any more of the loyal innkeeper who expected to die a lord; but as Charles said, if everybody was ennobled who deserved it, the House of Lords would have to meet on Salisbury Plain.

There is now another big gap in our story—a gap of fifty-four years. The Merry Monarch reigned for twenty-five of these, and was followed by his brother, James II, his nephew and niece, William and Mary, and his niece Queen Anne. And in leaving this gap we are ignoring any claim James Stewart, the Jacobite Prince of Wales, may have had to that title.



GEORGE AUGUSTUS.
PRINCE OF WALES, 1714-1727.

XIII

George Augustus

PRINCE OF WALES, 1714-1727

(KING GEORGE II, 1727-1760)

QUEEN ANNE'S eighteen children were all dead before their mother ascended the throne. On the death of the young Duke of Gloucester in 1700, it was found necessary to pass an "Act of Settlement" to settle the succession, and it was decided that on the death of Anne the crown should revert to her nearest Protestant relative, the Electress Sophia.

This grand old dame was the daughter of James I's daughter Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. She was the sister of Prince Rupert and the niece of Charles I. In 1658 she married Ernest Augustus, Duke of Brunswick, who subsequently became Elector of Hanover. Their eldest son, George Louis (afterwards George I of England), was born in 1660. In 1682 George Louis married Sophia Dorothea of Zell. It was not a love match on either side, and twelve years later George shut his wife up in Ahlden Castle for alleged infidelity. She remained a prisoner for the rest of her life.

There were two children of this unhappy marriage: George Augustus, the hero of our story, and a daughter, named Sophia Dorothea after her mother. George

Augustus, neglected by his father, was brought up by his grandmother, Sophia, one of the most remarkable characters of her time. He sympathized with his mother in her captivity, and one day when hunting in the Forest of Ahlden he eluded his attendants and made a dash for the Castle, but was chased and escorted back to his hard-hearted father. When the Act of Settlement was passed he became quite an important person as a future King of England. At that time his father was Elector of Hanover, and George Augustus was known as the Electoral Prince.

In 1705 George Augustus married Princess Caroline of Anspach. At this time "Caroline the Illustrious," as she is called in the well-known biography by Mr. Wilkins, was a very beautiful and accomplished young lady, and she soon acquired a complete influence over her husband, evident to everybody except George Augustus himself. Four children were born in Hanover of this marriage; a son, Frederick Louis (b. 1707), and three daughters, Anne, Amelia and Caroline. George Augustus's sister, Sophia Dorothea, married Frederick William, Crown Prince (afterwards King) of Prussia, and became the mother of Frederick the Great.

In 1706 George Augustus was highly honoured by Queen Anne. He was created Duke of Cambridge, Earl of Milford Haven, Viscount Northallerton and Baron Tewkesbury, to take precedence over all the Dukes in the Kingdom. But Anne drew the line at inviting Sophia or any of her family to visit England; so the Duke of Cambridge was unable to take his seat in the House of Lords.

The Georges had their little failings, but lack of physical courage has never been imputed to them. In his early days George Louis served with distinction in several campaigns in Eastern Europe, and brought back two Turkish prisoners, Mustapha and Mahomet, as spoils of war. George Augustus fought under Marlborough at the Battle

of Oudenarde, when he led a dashing cavalry charge which had much to do with deciding the issue of the battle. On the opposite side was his rival, James Stewart, the Jacobite Prince of Wales, who also made a gallant but futile charge at the head of the French cavalry.

It was the great ambition of the Electress Sophia to die Queen of England and have a fine funeral in Westminster Abbey. But the grand old lady was disappointed. She died in June, 1714, and it is said that a rather nasty letter from Queen Anne hastened her end. Anne died six weeks later, and the Whig nobles at once proclaimed George Louis king. George was in no hurry to leave his beloved Hanover, and did not arrive in England till seven weeks after his proclamation. He brought with him his son and a greedy retinue of German courtiers. On September 27th George Augustus was created Prince of Wales.

It is not easy to write about these Georgian Princes of Wales. If we eliminate politics, which can be found in any history, and scandal and court gossip, which can be found in the diaries of the period, there is precious little left to say about them. One reason for this, perhaps, is that the Georgian kings made a point of keeping their respective heirs in the background, and gave them no opportunity of distinguishing themselves. The result was a constant strife between father and son, almost amounting to a feud, which threw the Prince of Wales into the arms of the opposition to the King's Ministers. It has been pointed out that this was rather a good thing for the royal family, as the opposition looked upon the Prince of Wales as their leader instead of adopting the cause of the Jacobite Pretender ; but this does not seem to have been the reason for three of the four Georgian Princes living at enmity with their respective fathers. The exception was George III, whose father never became King. He was just starting an opposition to his grandfather, George II, when the latter died.

However, to get on with George Augustus. On September 27th, as we have remarked, he was created Prince of Wales, and three weeks later Princess Caroline arrived with their three daughters. Prince Frederick was left behind in Hanover, and as he is the subject of our next chapter, we will leave him there for the present. The first public function (after the coronation) attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales was a civic reception at the Guildhall. The Princess created a bad impression by declining to kiss the Lady Mayoress, "whereupon," says Dr. Doran, "the chief lady in the city bawled loudly for her train-bearers, to show that she was as great a person on her own ground as any Princess of them all. She cried to her page, 'Boy, bring me my *bucket*!' and altogether behaved so strangely that some court wag told the chief members of the royal family present that the Lord Mayor (Humphreys) had only hired her for the occasion."

The same author, in his *History of Court Fools*, mentions the following curious incident. "On the first Ash Wednesday which occurred after the accession of the Hanoverian family, the Prince of Wales (subsequently George II) supped at Court. Just as ten o'clock struck, His Majesty's cock-crower, who happened to be behind the Prince, set up such a chanticlering that the Prince started up in indignation at what he deemed a fool's insult. The courtiers had some difficulty in assuring him that the crowing and crower formed part of the ordinary Court etiquette. The Prince would not tolerate such a nuisance, and another fool's office was annihilated when he came to the throne."

The Prince and Princess did not set up a separate establishment of their own, but lived at St. James's Palace with the King. It was not a happy family. As there was no Queen to preside over the Court—poor Sophia Dorothea was still a prisoner at Ahlden—George had imported from Germany two extraordinary females, named Schulemburg

and Kielmansegge. They were equally ugly, but differed in their styles of ugliness. The Schulemburg was tall and bony, wore a red wig, and covered her pallid face with a coat of red paint—she was nicknamed the "Maypole" and became Duchess of Kendal. The Kielmansegge was enormously fat, and toned down her fiery cheeks with a layer of powder. She was created Countess of Darlington, but was generally known as the "Elephant." These creatures each occupied a wing of St. James's Palace, and to keep the peace, the King had his apartments between them, with Mustapha and Mahomet as his Pages of the Back-stairs.

Family quarrels were not infrequent in the royal household. The King's dislike for his son became more marked when, returning from a visit to Hanover, he found that the Prince had made himself highly popular while acting as Regent. He was never allowed to be Regent during the King's subsequent trips to Hanover. There were also disputes about money matters.

Things came to a climax at the christening of the Prince's infant son, George William, in 1717. The Prince had asked the King and his brother, the Duke of York, to be godfathers. The King had consented to this arrangement, but when the time came he appeared in the Princess's chamber with the Duke of Newcastle, a nobleman particularly obnoxious to the Prince, as the other godfather. This was too much for George Augustus. At the conclusion of the ceremony he went up to the Duke, and shaking his fist in his face, exclaimed, "You rascal, I will find you!" meaning he would find an opportunity to pay him out. The King thought the words were, "I will *fight* you," and being alarmed for the Duke's safety he placed his son under arrest. He soon released him, but turned him out of the Palace.

For a time the Prince and Princess lived in lodgings in

Albemarle Street. Thence they moved to "Leicester Fields" to a house situated in the north-east corner of what is now called Leicester Square. All the wit, beauty and fashion of the town flocked to Leicester House in preference to the dull Court of the King, and the Prince and Princess soon gathered round them a gay and brilliant circle, in which might be observed Lord Chesterfield, Lord Stanhope, Lord Hervey and his brother John, Lady Cowper (who kept a diary), Lady Mary Montagu (who wrote letters) and sometimes Pope and Swift. Caroline had some singularly attractive maids of honour. There was pretty Mary Lepel, whom the Prince used to annoy by ostentatiously counting his guineas in her presence. "Sir," she exclaimed, "I cannot bear it. If you do it again I shall leave the room." She married John, Lord Hervey, the Diarist, of whom more in the next chapter. Then there was Mary Bellenden, who annoyed George Augustus by standing with her arms folded in front of him. She married Colonel John Campbell and became Duchess of Argyll. The most frivolous of all was Sophia Howe, a grand-daughter of Prince Rupert. She told such funny stories in church and caused so much giggling and irreverent behaviour among the other young ladies that Bishop Burnet insisted on having their pew boarded up.

This incident served as the subject of a witty poem—attributed to Lord Peterborough—of which the last verse runs :

"The Princess, by rude importunity pressed,
Though she laughed at his reasons, allowed his request :
And now Britain's nymphs, in a Protestant reign,
Are boxed up at prayers, like the virgins of Spain."

Three more children were born to George and Caroline at Leicester House: a boy, William Augustus (*b.* 1721), who became the famous (or infamous) Duke of Cumberland, known as "The Butcher" of Culloden, and two girls, Mary

and Louisa. The little George William, mentioned above, died soon after his memorable christening.

The three Princesses who had been brought over from Hanover—Anne, Amelia and Caroline—were with the King at St. James's Palace. He claimed the right to have the guardianship of his grandchildren and the charge of their education. The Prince of Wales protested against this and the matter was referred to the Judges, who decided, rather unfairly, in favour of the King. The Chief Justice was Parker, Earl of Macclesfield, and a few years later when Macclesfield, as Lord Chancellor, was impeached for corruption, the Prince of Wales joined his enemies in bringing about his conviction and punishment.

At this period the scourge of the country was the small-pox, just as that milder disease, commonly known as the "flu," is at the present time. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu had recently discovered the practice of inoculation in Turkey and introduced it into England. Dr. Mead had first experimented with success on six criminals under sentence of death, and the Prince of Wales set a courageous example by allowing the doctor to inoculate two of his daughters. The practice, however, received rather a set-back when the son of the Earl of Sunderland died of smallpox after inoculation.

The Prince began to find Leicester House too small for his rapidly increasing circle of admirers and dependents, and entered into negotiations with the Duchess of Buckingham for the purchase of Buckingham House, which stood on the site of the present Buckingham Palace. Caroline was anxious to possess the place on account of the mulberry trees which surrounded it, as she was interested in the cult of the silkworm in England. But the mad old Duchess was disinclined to part with her property, and asked such a high price for it that no business was done.

When the Prince and Princess got tired of town they

would retire to their country house at Richmond, where they lived the simple life. Here Swift was a frequent visitor :

" To sponge a breakfast once a week,
To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
Complaints against the royal butter."

Caroline was very partial to the witty Dean and his works ; so much so that Lord Peterborough remarked :
" Swift has now only to chalk his pumps and learn to dance on the tight-rope to be yet a bishop ! "

For several years the Prince of Wales was not on speaking terms with his father. Efforts were made by his friends to bring about a reconciliation, and once the Prince was induced to write a submissive letter to the King. This led to an invitation to the Palace and a short private interview between father and son. The Prince was accompanied back to Leicester House by a mounted escort of his father's guards, which gave people the impression that they had made it up. Caroline was very insistent in talking to the King whenever she met him in public, and her father-in-law would sometimes vouchsafe her a curt reply.

Towards the end of the reign Bolingbroke and Pulteney got up an opposition of the Tories and discontented Whigs against the King's Chief Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. Leicester House was the rendezvous of this disaffected group, who arrogated to themselves the title of " The Patriots " and rallied round the Prince of Wales as their honorary leader and figure-head.

This kind of thing was most annoying to the King and his Minister, but they could do nothing to prevent it except trying to keep the Prince short of money. It is possible that George would have welcomed some plan for getting rid of his troublesome heir, for after his death a paper was found in his cabinet setting forth a scheme drawn up by

Lord Berkeley for secretly conveying the Prince of Wales to some lonely spot in America and leaving him there without the means of returning! Caroline was equally obnoxious to King and Government. George called her a "she-devil," and Walpole is said to have referred to her as "that fat beast, the Prince's wife."

All this time poor Sophia Dorothea, the uncrowned Queen, was a prisoner in Ahlden Castle. It was to George's interest to keep her alive and well, for a fortune-teller had predicted that he would die within a year after the death of his wife. Sophia Dorothea died on the 2nd of November, 1726. The prediction was fulfilled. In June, 1727, King George was suddenly taken ill on a journey to Hanover. He died on the 10th of that month at Osnaburgh.

As Henry I died of over-indulgence in lampreys, so George I fell a victim to a surfeit of melons. A curious story is told in connexion with his death. He had promised the Duchess of Kendal (the "Maypole") that after his death, if he could possibly manage it, he would appear to her in some form or other. Now it happened that a big black raven flew through the window into the Duchess's chamber; and imagining that this was the form which the departed monarch had chosen to assume for his visit, she made a pet of the bird and treated it with all the respect due to a dead king.

It was not a bird that conveyed the sad news to the Prince and Princess of Wales, but the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Walpole. He heard of the King's death at three in the morning of the 14th of June, and mounting his horse, he rode from Chelsea to Richmond. Caroline was aroused first. She was in fear and trembling that Walpole had come to announce the death of her daughter Amelia, and she was greatly relieved when she heard it was only her father-in-law. George Augustus took longer to arouse; he had not completed his toilet when Sir Robert

entered his room. As a matter of fact "he was holding his breeches in his hand." Walpole, having broken the news, asked the new King who should be instructed to draw up the announcement to the Privy Council, hoping to be told to do it himself; but he was abruptly commanded to go to Sir Spencer Compton. This was practically Walpole's dismissal; but acting on his well-known maxim "every man has his price," he simply bought the King and Queen, and was soon back in office again.

Compton found he could not get on without Walpole to advise him, and the latter took advantage of this to get it out of Compton that he was going to propose a vote of £60,000 a year for Caroline. Walpole immediately offered Caroline £100,000 a year and also proposed to raise the King's Civil List from £700,000 to £800,000. So Caroline forgave him for his uncomplimentary remarks, and persuaded her husband that he could not do without him. As a matter of fact, Sir Robert Walpole was the only man who could manage the House of Commons, and he remained Prime Minister for fifteen more years.

In the next chapter history will repeat itself. We shall again have a King at variance with a Prince of Wales, with this difference, that George Augustus will be playing the part of heavy father to his refractory heir, Frederick Louis.



FREDERICK LOUIS
PRINCE OF WALES 1729-1761

XIV

Frederick Louis

PRINCE OF WALES 1729-1751

FREDERICK LOUIS, eldest son of George II and Caroline of Anspach, was born at Hanover on the 4th of February, 1707. When his father and mother came to England on the accession of George I, he was left behind and did not see his parents again for over fourteen years. The cause of this neglect was the dislike, almost amounting to hatred, which George and Caroline felt towards their heir. It must have begun before Frederick was seven years of age, but the reason for it has never been explained. It affected his whole career, and has not been sufficiently taken into account by those who have passed harsh judgments on him. He does not appear to advantage in the memoirs of his time for reasons which can be better explained later on. But in this short sketch of his career an attempt will be made to present him in a more favourable light.

Frederick was a bright, attractive, fair-haired boy, and Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was charmed with him when she saw him at Hanover. George I was favourably impressed with his grandson during his frequent visits to his old home. He made him a Knight of the Garter, Duke of Gloucester and Duke of Edinburgh. On his

last visit he was intending to arrange a marriage between Frederick and his cousin Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia, and also between Frederick's sister Caroline and the Crown Prince of Prussia ; but his design was frustrated by his death.

George II was in no hurry to send for his heir, in spite of the clamour of his people, and there is no telling how long the Prince might have remained in Hanover if it had not been for an incident which stirred his father to action. George hated the King of Prussia, and put his foot down on any alliance with his family. Now Frederick, though he had never seen Wilhelmina, had fallen in love with her portrait, and was determined to marry her. Towards the end of 1728 he sent a message to his aunt, the Queen of Prussia, that he was coming to Berlin to carry out his intention. By some means or other his father got to hear of this project, and despatched Colonel Lorne to Hanover to bring the Prince to England. The brutal King of Prussia, when he heard the match was off, gave Wilhelmina and her brother Frederick (afterwards Frederick the Great) a good thrashing, as if they could help it.

Prince Frederick's welcome was far from cordial. There was no one to meet him on landing. He drove from White-chapel to St. James's in a common hackney-carriage, and reached the Queen's apartments by way of the back-stairs. At the Palace he was made to feel as unwelcome and uncomfortable as possible. His father and mother seized every opportunity to snub him and set people against him. He was kept short of money, only a fraction of the £100,000 due to him out of the Civil List being paid to him.

By his treatment of his son (created Prince of Wales in January, 1729) the King was simply asking for a repetition of the feud in the last reign, and he got it. Frederick had no alternative but to choose his own friends and run

into debt. Friends were not lacking, for the Prince's affable and courteous manner compared favourably with that of the "Gruff Gentleman," as George was called. The leaders of the opposition, Bolingbroke, Pulteney and Wyndham, adopted him as one of their party. Bubb Dodington offered his services as guide, philosopher and friend. Dodington was the most interesting and amusing character of the time. He was the son of an apothecary named Jeremias Bubb, who married a wealthy young lady of good family named Dodington. On the death of his maternal uncle Bubb inherited his estates and name, and the patronage of three boroughs which returned five members to Parliament. His great ambition was to be made a peer, so he flung himself into politics and was given a small office in the Government. But he was treated coldly by Walpole, and despairing of further promotion and his peerage, he cast in his lot with the Prince of Wales.

At this time he was about forty, with a portly body and a face like a pug-dog. He was good-natured, clever, witty, and wealthy, and might have been highly respected as a county magnate or a member of fashionable society if he had kept aloof from Court and political intrigue. As it was, he incurred the ridicule of his friends, the scorn of his enemies, and the contempt of everybody. He did not mind being the butt of the Prince's gibes and practical jokes. On one occasion he was wrapped up in a blanket and rolled downstairs by Frederick and his friends. He was useful to his patron in another way—as a moneylender. "Dodington is reckoned one of the most sensible men in England," said the Prince, "yet, with all his parts, I have just nicked him out of £5,000."

The budding statesmen who rallied round the Prince of Wales—Pitt, Lyttelton and the Grenvilles—were known as the "Boy Patriots." His personal intimates called them-

selves "The Family," with Bubb Dodington as the heavy father. The opposition, supported by the Prince, got a chance to go for the Government when Walpole brought in his Excise Bill. The country was so dead against it, and the speeches in the House so vehement, that Walpole had to drop his Bill, and Bubb took to himself the credit for his overthrow.

It must be admitted that the Prince of Wales was not unwilling to annoy his father and mother when he got the chance. About this time Handel was much in vogue, and, under the patronage of the King and Queen, the great composer had inaugurated an opera season at the Haymarket Theatre. Frederick started a rival opera at Lincoln's Inn Fields, which attracted all the rank and fashion of London; and the King, on attending a performance at the Haymarket, found himself in an almost empty theatre. Anne, the Prince's eldest sister, who was Handel's pupil, sneeringly remarked, "I expect to see half the House of Lords playing in the orchestra at the Prince's Theatre, in their robes and coronets."

This sister Anne was married in 1733 to the Prince of Orange, who was deformed and hideously ugly. The King called him "The Baboon" and the Queen "The Animal." George and Caroline had quite a talent for calling people names, and their eldest son came in for his full share. "Ass," "Liar," "Beast," "Canaille," were some of the mildest terms applied to him.

The Prince very nearly made a marriage which would have annoyed his parents intensely. Sarah Jennings, the old Duchess of Marlborough, had a pretty granddaughter named Lady Diana Spencer, and this Lady Diana she offered to the Prince with £100,000. Either the young lady or the money or the two together proved much to Frederick's liking, and the arrangements had already been made for a secret marriage when the plot was discovered

by Walpole just in time to prevent it. It was the old Duchess who was annoyed.

At last the Prince of Wales got seriously concerned about his debts and his anomalous position generally, and made up his mind to beard the King in his den, despite the prudent Bubb's advice not to do so. On entering the King's apartment he was received with a torrent of abuse, but when his father calmed down a bit he got in his three demands: first, that he should be allowed to serve a campaign in the Army of the Rhine; second, that he should have an allowance in keeping with his position as Prince of Wales; third, that he should have a wife. The first request was refused. The "Gruff Gentleman" said he would think about the other two. The result was that the King advanced his son some money to pay his debts, and during his next visit to Hanover he saw a young lady he thought would do nicely for Frederick—the Princess Augusta of Saxe-Coburg.

Frederick did not share his father's views about this Princess, as he was still hankering after Wilhelmina of Prussia, but he gave an unwilling consent on the promise of £50,000 a year. This allowance sounds handsome enough, considering the Prince and his wife were to "live in" at St. James's; but it was only half the sum to which the Prince of Wales was rightly entitled to out of the Civil List. However, acting on the maxim that half a loaf is better than no bread, he decided to take Augusta and the money.

Lord Delawar—a nobleman chosen for his ungainly appearance—was sent to fetch the Princess. He landed her safely at Greenwich on April 25, 1736. Augusta was only seventeen. She was simple, pretty and childish. She had brought her dolls with her. Even after she was married her favourite amusement was to dress and undress a large doll in front of an open window, for which she was

rebuked by her sister-in-law Princess Caroline, who implored her not to do it so publicly.

Not a single member of the Royal Family was at Greenwich to welcome her. However, she found great favour with the crowds that collected to stare at her, and when Frederick came at last, he was charmed with her. The rest of the family sent their compliments and hoped she was well! The Prince came again on the following day. The young couple dined "in public" (with the window open) and the Prince afterwards took his fiancée for a water picnic in his barge as far as the Tower. The next day Augusta paid a state visit to St. James's. She completely won the hearts of the King and Queen by her childishness and simplicity and her manner of greeting them. "She threw herself all along on the floor, first at the King's and then at the Queen's feet," says Lord Hervey. They agreed that she was a young lady "of propriety and sense."

There was an amusing dinner-party, at which the King and Queen were not present. The Prince decreed that while he and his bride sat upon chairs, his brother (the Duke of Cumberland) and his sisters should sit upon stools without backs. This his sisters indignantly refused to do, and would not sit down till chairs had been substituted for the stools. Then they noticed that the Prince's servants were serving their master and mistress on bended knee, so they instantly sent for their own servants to wait on them, and gave them instructions to imitate the Prince's servants in every particular. This was not all. After dinner coffee was handed round by the Prince's servants, and the young guests declined to take any, "lest they might inflict some disgrace in the manner of giving it." It was a pleasant party.

Frederick was married to Augusta on the 27th of April, 1737, at St. James's Chapel Royal by the Bishop of London.

The young Duke of Cumberland led the bride to the altar, supported by the Duke of Grafton and Lord Hervey, respectively Chamberlain and Vice-Chamberlain of the Royal Household. After a convivial supper there took place a curious ceremony borrowed from the Court of France. The Princess of Wales retired to her room, where she was robed for the night by the Princesses, while the Prince, in his dressing-room, was undressed by his brother, and the King did him the honour to hand him his night-shirt. These preparations completed, the newly married couple held a reception in the Royal bedchamber, and the "quality" were admitted to see the Prince and Princess sitting bolt upright in bed, surrounded by the Royal Family. Frederick, no doubt, did his best to look dignified in "a night-gown of silver stuff and a cap of the finest lace."

The congratulatory address in the House of Commons was seconded by "Cornet" Pitt, and the fulsome praise he lavished on the Prince of Wales was so offensive to the King that he deprived the Cornet of his commission, as a mark of the Royal displeasure.

A few days after the marriage the Prince took his bride to witness a performance at Drury Lane Theatre, but what they really did witness was a demonstration of footmen which ended in a riot. The footmen in attendance on the "quality" who went to the Play got it into their heads that they were entitled to free seats in the gallery, and on being excluded by the management, they burst open the doors and with weapons in their hands, ran riot all over the theatre. The ringleaders were arrested and conveyed to Newgate, but not before the terrified audience, including the Prince and Princess, had fled from the house.

In this month of May the King departed for a lengthy visit to Hanover, leaving the Regency, as usual, to the Queen, and not to the Prince of Wales. His Majesty was

to return in December. On the day on which he was due to embark at Helvoetsluys a terrific storm arose which lasted for several days. No King arrived, and no news. Bets were freely laid that he had perished in the storm. At last a weather-beaten messenger was cast ashore at Harwich with the news that the King had not set sail. Two or three fine days intervened—then came a storm more terrific than the first. Some battered ships of the Royal Squadron reached the coast with the news that this time the King *had* sailed. Bets no longer found takers; the odds were too great. The Prince's party were in high spirits, and Bubb was on the point of ordering his coronet. The Queen and Walpole were depressed beyond measure.

Caroline insisted on going to church as usual on the Sunday, and it was there she received a letter from the King telling her that he was safe—at Helvoetsluys. He had sailed on the Royal Yacht in spite of the remonstrances of the Admiral, and after thirty-six hours of buffeting and sea-sickness had found himself once more in Holland. During this trying time the Prince behaved with exemplary decency. He expressed nothing but regret for his father's misfortunes and thankfulness for his safety.

The Prince added to his popularity in the City of London by sending the Lord Mayor £500 (probably borrowed from Bubb Dodington) for the relief of poor citizens in prison for debt. He became still more popular by his exertions in putting out a large fire which broke out near the Temple. It was owing to his energy and example that it was got under control and prevented from spreading. His efforts aroused the admiration of the crowd to such a pitch that they shouted out "Crown him! Crown him!" The Queen was excessively annoyed when she heard about this, and expressed her opinion of her son's popularity in terms that were more forcible than polite.

The Prince, as a married man, found it difficult to make

both ends meet on the £50,000 allowed him by his father, and his friends were urging him to appeal to Parliament for a grant. When Bubb Dodington first suggested it Frederick objected, saying, "I think the nation has done enough, if not too much, for the family already. I would rather beg my bread from door to door than be a charge on them." However, it was decided that Parliament should be asked to petition the King to pay the Prince £100,000 a year out of the Civil List, and grant a jointure to the Princess of Wales. The motion was brought before the House of Commons by Pulteney in a powerful speech. It was opposed by Walpole in an equally powerful speech. On a division being taken, there were 204 votes for the motion and 234 against—a majority of thirty votes against the Prince.

This was not the end of the matter. Two days later Lord Carteret made the same motion in the House of Lords, where it was negatived by 103 votes to 40. The King and Queen were delighted. They did not like Carteret. George called him a "dirty liar," and Caroline, when she was told that Bolingbroke, Chesterfield and Carteret were writing histories of their times, wittily remarked "that all three histories would be heaps of lies; but lies of very different kinds. Bolingbroke's would be great lies, Chesterfield's little lies, and Carteret's lies of both sorts."

For most of this tittle-tattle about Queen Caroline we are indebted to the diary of her Vice-Chamberlain, Lord Hervey. He was not quite a nice man. He suffered from ill-health, which his father attributed to his indulgence in tea—"the boy will kill himself with that poisonous plant," said the old Earl of Bristol. He concealed his pallid complexion under a coat of paint, and under the name of "Lord Fanny" he was satirized by Pope. Being the right-hand man of the Queen, he was naturally very anti-Fredrick. A greater diarist than Lord Fanny

was Horace Walpole. He saw the humorous side of everything, and has left us a diverting picture of the times in which he lived (1717-1797). Being the son of the great Prime Minister he was rather anti-Frederick, but he was also anti-Caroline. Hervey tells us that he was the Queen's pet aversion, and the things she said about him are hardly fit for publication. Bubb Dodington also kept a diary in which he gave everybody away, especially himself.

The more popular Frederick became with the people the more unpopular he became in his own family; even his sister Caroline called him a "nauseous beast." This amiable young lady was taught dancing by a Frenchman named Desnoyers, who was attached to her brother's household. One day, after a dancing lesson at Hampton Court, the Princess said to Desnoyers:

"If the Prince asks what we are saying about him at Hampton Court, tell him that we think he and all the 'Family' deserve to be hanged."

The next time Desnoyers came to give her a lesson, she asked, with feminine curiosity:

"Did you deliver my message to the Prince?"

"Yes, madam," said the dancing-master.

"And what did he answer?" asked the Princess.

"Madam," replied Desnoyers, "he spat in the fire, and then observed, 'Ah, ah, Desnoyers, you know the way of that Caroline. That is just like her. She is always like that.'"

"Well, M. Desnoyers," said Caroline, determined to have the last word, "when you see him again, tell him that I think his observation is as foolish as his conduct."

To punish his son for appealing to Parliament, the King at first thought of ejecting him from St. James's, but when it was pointed out that this was probably just what he wanted, the Gruff Gentleman decreed that wher-

ever the Court was there the Prince and Princess of Wales should be also.

The Queen was determined to be present at the birth of her son's first-born. Frederick was equally determined that she should not be present. In the month of July, 1737, the Royal Family were residing at Hampton Court. On the last night of the month, after the Queen had gone to bed, Frederick bundled his wife into a coach, and drove through the darkness to St. James's. There was a tremendous hullabaloo at Hampton Court when the flight was discovered and announced to the Queen. She ordered her chaise and started off in hot pursuit, to find, on her arrival at St. James's, that she was the grandmother of a little girl. This child, known as the "Lady" Augusta, and described by Lord Hervey as "a little rat, no bigger than a tooth-pick case," subsequently married the Duke of Brunswick and became the mother of the next Princess of Wales, the much-debated Caroline of Brunswick.

The foolish flight from the maternal roof could not be overlooked or forgiven. Early in September the Prince received notice to quit St. James's Palace. On the evening of the 13th the King said, "Thank Heaven! To-morrow night the puppy will be out of my house!" The Queen said, "I wish to God I may never see him again!" On the 14th the Prince and Princess removed to Kew.

The Queen's pious wish was granted. She never saw her son again. On Wednesday, the 9th of November, she was seized with severe internal pain. She thought it was the colic, and pluckily fulfilled her duties till ordered to bed by the King. The doctors failed to understand her case. "Daffy's elixir," bleeding, and blisters did her no good, and on the Friday she was worse. On that day Frederick came from Kew to Carlton House in Pall Mall to be nearer his mother. In the afternoon Caroline asked the King whether "The Griff" (this was her pet

name for Frederick—the King usually called him “The Puppy”) had sent to ask to see her. “Sooner or later,” she said, “I am sure we shall be plagued with some message of that sort, because he will think it will have a good air in the world to ask to see me; and perhaps hopes I shall be fool enough to let him come, and give him the pleasure to see the last breath go out of my body, by which means he would have the joy of knowing I was dead five minutes sooner than he could know it in Pall Mall.”

As a matter of fact, the Prince did send a kind message of sympathy and inquiry that day, and a request that he might be allowed to see her. “This is like one of the scoundrel’s tricks,” said the King, and sending for Lord Hervey, said, “If the Puppy should, in one of his impertinent, affected airs of duty and affectation, dare to come to St. James’s, I order you to go to the scoundrel and tell him I wonder at his impudence to come here.”

On the Saturday the real nature of the Queen’s disease was discovered, and some kind of an operation was performed. Caroline bore it with the utmost fortitude, and even chaffed the surgeon, Dr. Ransby.

“Stand where I can have a good look at your comical face,” she said; and a little later: “Wouldn’t you like to be cutting up your old wife like this!”

But the operation was too late; it did not save her life, though she lingered on for another week. Frederick did not dare to go near the Palace, but sent frequent messengers. The Queen knew that there were gentlemen from Carlton House in the ante-room, and referred to them as the “ravens” waiting for her death. Lord Hervey says he had it from Henry Fox, who had it from the Duke of Marlborough, that Frederick was in high glee at the prospect of his mother’s death. “We shall soon have good news,” he exclaimed, “she cannot hold out much longer!” On the other hand, the members of the Prince’s

household asserted that the Prince showed the greatest sympathy and concern for his mother ; and this is more likely to be the truth.

The Queen died on the 20th November without being reconciled to her eldest son. The Princess Amelia was the chief mourner at her funeral, for which Handel composed a special anthem—" The Ways of Zion do mourn." Queen Caroline does not show up very well as the mother of Frederick, Prince of Wales. But she was a remarkable woman, a devoted wife to George II, and a kind mother to her other children. For her good points the reader is referred to *Caroline the Illustrious*, by W. H. Wilkins.

The Prince of Wales had bought Carlton House some time before he was ejected from St. James's, but as extensive repairs were being carried out he had to look round for a temporary town residence. He leased Norfolk House in St. James's Square from the Duke of Norfolk, and found the expenses of his household so heavy that he was soon deeply in debt. It was at Norfolk House that his second child and eldest son (afterwards George III) was born on the 25th of May (Old Style), 1738. His married life turned out a happy one. Augusta was a good wife and Frederick a kind husband and a devoted father.

Surrounded by their little Court, they lived apart from the affairs of the nation, for Frederick was not allowed to perform any public functions, nor to hold any command or position of responsibility. His peculiar situation accounted for a scene at Drury Lane when the Prince was present at a performance of Addison's *Cato*. The lines—

" When vice prevails and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station,"

were greeted with a tremendous outburst of applause, in which the Prince joined heartily and bowed his acknowledgments.

The historic events of the "forties" find no place in a life of the Prince. We do not hear of him at Dettingen, where his father, after his horse had run away with him, returned to the fray and fought bravely on foot; nor at Fontenoy, where his brother, the Duke of Cumberland, lost the day; nor at Culloden, where his brother won the day and an odious nickname. The most exciting exploit recorded of him is a visit to Bartlemy Fair.

From an account which appeared in a magazine of the period we gather that "The multitude behind was impelled violently forwards, and a broad blaze of red light issuing from a score of flambeaux, streamed into the air. Several voices were loudly shouting, 'Room there for Prince Frederick! Make way for the Prince!' and there was that long sweep heard to pass over the ground which indicates the approach of a grand and ceremonious train. Presently the pressure became much greater, the voices louder, the light stronger, and, as the train came onward, it might be seen that it consisted, firstly of a party of the Yeomen of the Guard clearing the way; then several more of them bearing flambeaux and flanking the procession; while in the midst of all appeared a tall, fair and handsome young man having something of a plump visage, seemingly about four-and-thirty years of age, dressed in a ruby-coloured frock-coat very richly guarded with gold lace, and having his long flowing hair curiously curled over his forehead and at the sides, and finished with a very large bag and courtly queue behind. The air of dignity with which he walked; the blue ribbon and star and garter with which he was decorated; the small three-cornered silk court-hat, which he wore while all around him were uncovered; the numerous suite, as well of gentlemen as of guards; the obsequious attention of a short stout person, who, by his flourishing manner seemed to be a player; all these particulars indicated that the amiable Frederick,

Prince of Wales, was visiting Bartholomew Fair by torch-light, and that Manager Rich was introducing his royal guest to all the amusements of the place."

When the Prince moved into Carlton House, Bubb Dodington came to live next door to him. He was on such intimate terms with the Prince that he had access to Carlton House at any hour of the day or night by means of a private latch-key. There came a time, however, when Bubb got sadly out of favour. He could not resist the offer of a place in Pelham's Coalition Ministry, and took office as Treasurer of the Navy. This displeased the Prince, and to mark his displeasure he planted shrubs between the two houses, and had all the locks of the doors in his own house changed.

The Prince also occupied Leicester House, his father's old place in Leicester Fields. He was a good musician, and at Leicester House he ran a small amateur orchestra, in which he played the 'cello. His sister Amelia seems to have been a member of this happy band. The Prince also took a practical interest in art, literature and science; especially astronomy. He was also something of a poet, and wrote very passable verses in English and French. Unlike some poets, he could appreciate literary merit in others, and many a starving author had reason to be grateful for the practical sympathy of the Prince of Wales.

The Prince's fondness for music did not restrain him from playing a trick on Handel which caused vast amusement to everybody except the great composer himself. It was well known that Handel's sensitive ear could not stand the "tuning up" of the orchestra before a concert, and this necessary business had to be performed before Handel entered the hall. On this particular occasion some members of the "Family," at the instigation of Frederick, managed to get at the instruments during the temporary absence of the performers, and "untune"

them. When the great man came in, he sat down at the organ and played a chord—the orchestra played a hideous discord! Handel jumped up, and simply ran riot in his fury. He knocked over a double-bass and, picking up a kettle-drum, hurled it at the head of the leader of the orchestra. He missed his aim, but the effort dislodged his heavily-powdered wig. Wigless, and gesticulating furiously, he rushed to the front of the orchestra, and would not be comforted till the Prince himself came forward and explained the nature of the joke.

By their personal example the Prince and Princess did everything they could to encourage British industries. At a reception at Leicester House, we are told, "the Prince, observing that some of the Lords wore French stuffs, immediately directed the Duke of Chandos, as Groom of the Stole, to acquaint them and all his servants in general that after that day he would be greatly displeased to see any of them appear in French manufactures. The same notice was also given to the ladies."

When not in London, the Prince resided at Kew or at Cliefden, that beautiful estate on the Thames between Maidenhead and Marlow. At Cliefden he lived the life of an ordinary country gentleman. He would present the prizes at the local regattas and wander about in the woods and fields, conversing affably with any peasants he happened to come across. Sometimes he would enter their cottages and partake of their humble fare. He usually kept two or three tame poets at Cliefden. Thomson and Mallett were frequent guests, and there they wrote a Play called *Alfred*, which was acted on the lawn. The Prince's detractors said that his affability to the lower classes and generosity to authors were only assumed to acquire popularity. Poor Frederick!—he could do nothing right! He was a keen cricketer, and fond of playing with his children. It was on the lawn at Cliefden that he

received that blow from a cricket-ball which was the primary cause of his death.

Now and then the Prince would go on a "progress" with the Princess. At Bath he released all the debtors from prison (he always had a fellow-feeling for debtors) and presented £1,000 to the General Hospital. The eagerness to see him at close quarters was so great that people were willing to pay five guineas or more for admission to the room in which he was. On a subsequent progress he was towed up the Severn in a double-keeled barge. Such a dense throng was running along the tow-path that many of them got caught between the tow-rope and the edge of the bank, and were swept into the river. Frederick could not help laughing, but he remarked to them scathingly, as they struggled in the water: "I am very sorry for your situation."

It was in 1742 that the so-called reconciliation took place between the Prince and his father. Walpole was on the point of resigning, and his parting advice to the King was to make peace with his son. Frederick was given to understand that it would be much to his advantage if he made his peace with the King, who was willing to let bygones be bygones. He wrote a civil letter and was invited to the Palace. "The most joyful reconciliation" was rather a formal affair. The Prince entered his father's apartment and kissed his hand.

"How does the Princess do? I hope she is well," said the King.

"She is quite well, thank you, sir," answered the Prince; whereupon he again kissed the King's hand and gracefully retired. Afterwards Frederick spoke civilly to several members of the Court, and the King nodded to some of the "Family." However, formal as it was, the reconciliation was worth an extra £50,000 a year to Frederick, with £200,000 down, to pay his debts. The Prince was so

elated that he rushed off to Windsor and released twenty-four debtors, giving them each a guinea as they came out of prison.

The reconciliation did not mean much to George II. In the following year, when he returned to England a popular hero after his victory at Dettingen, he passed the Prince of Wales, who was waiting to receive him on the steps of the Palace, without a sign of recognition.

The denial of military employment grievously stood in the way of Frederick's great ambition to emulate the example of the Black Prince, and gave Horace Walpole a chance to make his sneering remark that "he took the Black Prince for his model, but only resembled him in dying before his father." In the Jacobite rising of 1745 the Prince earnestly pleaded for a command, but was ignored in favour of his younger brother. He was able, however, to play the better part, and instead of butchering Highlanders, he interceded for Flora Macdonald, and was successful in obtaining her release when she was imprisoned and in danger of her life for her devotion to "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

Early in 1749 Bubb Dodington returned to the fold, and celebrated the event by starting a diary in which he tells us all about it. According to Bubb, the Prince sent a message to him by a Mr. Ralph, imploring him to come back on his own terms and assume the management of his affairs. Bubb was not to be rushed—he took two days to think it over—and accepted. The Prince was most gracious. "You must have some office," he said, "you might as well be called 'Treasurer of the Chambers' as any other name." The salary attached to this exalted post was to be £2,000 a year; but Bubb said he would rather serve without salary and trust to the generosity of the Prince when he came to the throne. The Prince thereupon promised Bubb a peerage and "The Seals of

the Southern Province." All Bubb's friends were to be given posts in the Ministry. "You may as well kiss hands on the appointment now," said the Prince, and pushing his chair back he solemnly held out his hand. Bubb solemnly knelt down and kissed it. But the solemnity was spoilt by the inability of Bubb to get up again; which made the Prince laugh.

Bubb thought the Gruff Gentleman would be very angry with him for returning to the Prince, and when he went to "kiss hands" at Kensington Palace he expected a cold reception, but the King burst out laughing in his face.

As "Treasurer of the Chambers" Bubb took a keen interest in the financial affairs of the Prince, and particularly in the revenues derived from the Duchy of Cornwall. The royalty on every hundredweight of tin was four shillings, and this yielded an annual income of about £8,800 to the Prince. There was, however, a privilege called the "right of pre-emption" possessed by the Princes of Wales; that is, the right to sell as much tin as they liked at their own price before anyone else was allowed to sell any. This right had never been exercised; but Bubb figured out, that by putting it into practice, the income from the Duchy could be increased to £38,000. However, as this would practically have created a monopoly in tin, which would have been very unpopular, the matter was dropped.

We get many interesting side-lights from Bubb's diary on the family life of the Prince during the last two years of his life. He was addicted to patronizing gipsies, fortune-tellers, mountebanks and conjurers. His favourite hobby was gardening, and every morning the "Family" used to work on the new walks at Kew, which must have been very trying to a man of Bubb's ample proportions. Perhaps he did not do his fair share of work, for he often complained

to the Prince that the rest of the "Family" were cold to him.

At the end of 1750 the Prince suffered from a fall from his horse, and at the beginning of 1751 he had a severe attack of pleurisy, but recovered sufficiently to get about again. On March 5 he spent some time in the heated atmosphere of the House of Lords, and returned to Carlton House in his chair with the window down. Feeling hot, he changed into some very light attire, and hurried off to Kew, where he walked about the grounds in a cold wind for three hours. On returning to Carlton House he lay on a couch in a room without a fire, with the windows open. A member of his household warned him of the risk he was running, but he only laughed, and retired to Leicester House for the night.

On March 6th Bubb writes in his diary :

"Went to Leicester House, where the Prince told me he had caught cold the day before at Kew, and had been blooded."

And two days later :

"The Prince not recovered. Our passing the next week at Kew put off."

The Prince was better on the 10th, and foolishly went out to supper at Carlton House on the 12th. On the 13th Dodington writes :

"At Leicester House. The Prince did not appear, having a return of the pain in his side."

This was the real cause of the trouble—that blow received from a cricket-ball on the lawn at Cliefden. The doctors did not understand it, and almost bled and blistered the poor invalid to death. On the 18th he was supposed to be recovering, and sat up for half an hour. At 9.30 in the evening of the 20th he was lying peacefully in his bed; Desnoyers was making sweet music on his violin by the bedside, and some of the "Family" were playing

cards in the adjoining room. Suddenly the Prince has a violent fit of coughing—Dr. Wilmot comes in, and when the coughing stops he says, "I trust your Royal Highness will be better now and pass a quiet night." In a few minutes there is a renewed fit of coughing—Desnoyers puts his arms round the Prince and raises him in his bed. Frederick suddenly shivers, and says, "*Je sens la mort.*" Desnoyers calls for the Princess; she rushes in to find her husband expiring in Desnoyers' arms. Poor Augusta refused to believe that he was dead, and remained by his corpse for four hours. At six in the morning she was persuaded by her ladies to go to bed, but she was up again at eight, burning the Prince's papers.

When the body was opened it was found that the Prince's death was caused by the bursting of an abscess in his side, the result of his accident at cricket.

King George was playing cards with some of his ladies when the sad news was announced to him.

"Dead, is he?" he remarked, "why, they told me he was better." Then, turning to the Countess of Yarmouth, he said:

"Countess, Fred's gone." However, he had the decency to send a kind message to the widowed Princess.

Bubb Dodington was distracted. Where were his peerage and his "Seals of the Southern Province" now? But to do him justice, next to himself he loved the Prince better than anyone.

"Father of mercy!" he writes in his diary, "Thy hand that wounds alone can save!"

The Prince was buried in Westminster Abbey on April 13th. The King and his family took no part in the funeral. The Duke of Somerset walked behind the coffin as chief mourner, and six Earls acted as pall-bearers. "The service was performed without anthem or organ," writes Bubb, "So ended the sad day." Bubb walked in the

procession as a privy-councillor, and bought seven of the Prince's horses for £140.

The Prince's death was sincerely mourned by the people, especially in the City of London, where he had always been popular. Even the Jacobites paid him a tribute, at the expense of the rest of his family, in the following well-known epitaph :

Here lies Fred,
Who was alive and is dead !
Had it been his father,
I had much rather,
Had it been his brother,
Still better than another,
Had it been his sister,
No one could have missed her.
Had it been the whole generation,
Still better for the nation :
But since 'tis only Fred,
Who was alive and is dead,
There is no more to be said.

At the time of the Prince's death he was the father of eight children : five sons and three daughters. Another little girl, Caroline, was born about two months afterwards. More will be said about these children in the next chapter, and a little more about their father.

The Prince has been accused of being irreligious. The following story rather proves the contrary. It was the custom of certain people who ought to have known better, to make fun of the pious old Countess of Huntingdon, who was rather a favourite with Frederick. One day he happened to ask Lady Charlotte Edwin where the Countess was. " Oh," said Charlotte, " I dare say she is praying with some of her beggars." " Lady Charlotte," answered the Prince reprovingly, " when I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle to lift me up to heaven."

One more story of this much-maligned Prince of Wales. Frederick was paying a visit to the Tower, and as he was inspecting the armour, the warder in charge drew his attention to an old breastplate which had a large hole through the lower part of it. The warder explained that this was caused by a cannon-ball, which passed right through the stomach of the wearer of the breastplate; but the man recovered and lived ten years afterwards.

"That reminds me," said the Prince, "of a story I have heard about a man who was fighting in a battle when his head was cleft in twain so exactly in the middle that half of his head hung down over his right shoulder, and the other half over his left shoulder, which was highly dangerous and inconvenient. A comrade, seeing his plight, carefully placed the two sides of his head together, and bound them together with his handkerchief. At the conclusion of the battle the wounded man was so far recovered as to refresh himself with a mug of beer." Whereupon the Prince gave a handsome tip to the warder, who never told his breastplate story again.

Perhaps this incident was the foundation on which Horace Walpole based his estimate of Prince Frederick's character: "His best quality was generosity; his worst, insincerity and indifference to the truth."

XV

George William Frederick

PRINCE OF WALES, 1751-1760

(KING GEORGE III, 1760-1820)

GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK, eldest son of Frederick, Prince of Wales, was born at Norfolk House on the 25th of May, Old Style (4th of June, New Style), 1738. As he was hardly expected to live, he was baptized privately on the day of his birth. A more public ceremony was performed three weeks later. Within a year he had a little brother, Edward, afterwards Duke of York.

On his first birthday sixty boys, all under twelve years of age, the sons of peers and prominent citizens, arrived at Norfolk House in hackney carriages. They were attired in military uniform, and carried toy weapons. On entering the royal nursery they formed close column, and marched past Prince George with drums beating and colours flying. The one-year-old Prince had a hat with a big feather in it stuck on his head, and crowed his delight and appreciation when the boy-army elected him their Colonel. His sister, the "Lady" Augusta, and his infant brother Edward were also present on this occasion.

When George was six, the Prince of Wales thought he was old enough to have a tutor, and Dr. Ayscough was



GEORGE WILLIAM FREDERICK
PRINCE OF WALES 1751 1780

appointed to educate the two young Princes. George was not a bright pupil, and five years later, though he was supposed to be proficient in Latin verse, he could hardly read English. The only form of study for which he showed a decided taste was learning Dr. Doddridge's hymns by heart!

The worthy tutor, who afterwards became Bishop of Bristol, was rather given to buffoonery. One day the Prince of Wales drove him over to Eton to pay a call on Dr. George, the Headmaster. They found Dr. George taking the sixth form in Homer, and not liking to interrupt him, they watched him through a chink in the door, being greatly entertained by his antics and gesticulations. When they got back to Cliefden, Dr. Ayscough gave the little Princes a ludicrous imitation of the Headmaster's Greek lesson, and then took them out for a walk. Meanwhile Dr. George had heard of the Prince's visit to Eton, and rode over at once to Cliefden to repay the call. Frederick told him how they had watched him through the chinks in the door, and said: "You ought to have been here just now. You would have laughed if you had seen Dr. Ayscough imitating you to George and Edward." Dr. George did not wait for the tutor's return. The only flaw in this story is that Dr. George ceased to be Headmaster of Eton in 1743, and Dr. Ayscough did not become tutor to the Princes until 1744.

If Dr. George felt hurt by the Prince's joke, his resentment did not last very long. On the Prince's death in 1751 he wrote such a touching Latin poem about him that the Pope said if Dr. George had been a Roman Catholic instead of an Anglican divine, he would have made him a Cardinal.

Prince George was taught drawing by Goupy, and fencing by Redman. One day Goupy entered the apartment where he was accustomed to work with the Prince of Wales

on the designs for the new buildings at Kew, and found him seated at the table. Prince George, who had evidently been naughty, was standing in a corner in disgrace, a prisoner behind a chair.

"Sit down, Goupy," said Frederick, "and let us get to work." Goupy was embarrassed.

"I do not like to sit down, sir," he said, "while the Prince is standing."

"Come out, then, George," said Frederick, "Goupy has released you."

King George III did not forget his teachers when they fell on evil times in their old age. Many years afterwards Goupy was heavily in debt, and was literally flying from the bailiffs when he came across the royal carriage.

"Whither away so fast, Goupy?" asked the King.

Goupy pointed to the bailiffs who were chasing him: "I once released your Majesty from prison," he said. "I implore you to save me from prison now."

"Oh, ho!" said the King, "I can't stop the law, but Ramus shall settle the business, and I will take care to secure you from such danger in future." The kindly monarch not only paid Goupy's debts, but sent him a guinea a week for the rest of his life.

King George found Redman, in his eighty-fifth year, a prisoner in the King's Bench for debt. He satisfied his old fencing-master's creditors, and made him a Military Knight of Windsor.

Private theatricals were a favourite form of amusement in the Prince's "Family." In January, 1749, a performance of Addison's *Cato* was given at Leicester House, all the parts being taken by children. King George acted the part of Portius and Prince Edward that of Juba. They were coached by the actor, Quin, and many years afterwards, when Quin heard people praising King George's delivery of the speech from the throne, he exclaimed

with pride, "Ay, 'twas I that taught the boy to speak!"

The parts of Marcia and Lucia were taken by the two young Princesses, Augusta and Elizabeth. The latter was not in the original caste, but she insisted upon having a part, in spite of her physical weakness. Horace Walpole writes, "I saw her act in *Cato* at eight years old (when she could not stand alone, but was forced to lean against the side-scene), better than any of her brothers and sisters. She had been so unhealthy that at that age she had not been taught to read, but had learned the part of Lucia by hearing the others study their parts. She went to her father and mother and begged that she might act. They put her off as gently as they could. She desired leave to repeat her part, and when she did it, it was with so much sense that there was no denying her."

The Prince of Wales wrote a prologue and an epilogue for the play. In the prologue Prince George gave expression to a sentiment which was always his special pride and boast :

"What though a boy, it may with pride be said
A boy in England born and England bred."

In the epilogue Prince Edward spoke the following lines :

"In England born, my inclination,
Like yours, is wedded to this nation,
And future times I hope will see
Me general in reality.
Indeed I wish to serve this land,
It is my father's strict command,
And none he ever gave shall be
More cheerfully obeyed by me."

To judge by the above effusion, the Prince of Wales's muse was not of a very high order. He once showed one of his poetical compositions to Earl Poulett and asked him

what he thought of it. "It is worthy of your Royal Highness" was the reply of the tactful nobleman.

One of the youthful actors in *Cato* (Lord North's son), who took the part of Syphax, afterwards became the favourite Prime Minister of George III (1770-1782). The Prince of Wales about this time thought that Prince George was old enough to have a "governor," and consulted Bubb Dodington about the desirability of appointing the boy's father, Lord North. Bubb was graciously pleased to approve, and Lord North received the appointment.

As Prince George was approaching his eleventh birthday, the King signified his intention of investing him with the Order of the Garter. When the day arrived, the Prince of Wales carried his son in his arms to the door of the King's apartment: why a boy of eleven should have to be carried is not explained. The Duke of Dorset then carried the young Prince into the royal presence, leaving the Prince of Wales behind the half-open door. Dr. Ayscough had taught his pupil a fine speech to work off for the occasion, but no sooner had he begun than his father shouted out "No, no!" This put George off and he stopped, but was pluckily beginning again when there came a still more peremptory "No, no!" from behind the door, and the poor boy collapsed. Nevertheless, he got through the investiture all right.

The Prince of Wales was a generous patron of the aquatic sports of the period and evidently inspired his son with the same enthusiasm. To celebrate his eleventh birthday Prince George offered a cup, value thirty-five guineas, to be rowed for by seven pairs of oars from Whitehall to Putney. The Prince and Princess of Wales and many of the nobility were rowed in barges ahead of the wagemen. The young Princes and Princesses were in a magnificent new Venetian barge rowed by watermen attired in Chinese costumes, and there were numerous attendant

galleys propelled by "young gentlemen in neat uniforms."

This boat-race was so successful that the Prince offered a piece of plate to be sailed for by six or seven yachts, the course being to the Nore and back. The prize was won by a yacht called the *Princess Augusta*. The Prince of Wales watched the start from the Venetian barge, and was greatly cheered by the people, "at which he pulled off his hat."

Frederick, Prince of Wales, may or may not have been an undutiful son, but there are no two opinions of him as a father. We are told that "he loved to have his children with him, always appeared most happy when in the bosom of his family, left them with regret and met them again with smiles, kisses and tears." Those were happy times at Kew, the last two or three years of the Prince's life. The "Family" practically gave up gambling to devote themselves to the amusement of the children. Baseball was the favourite game in the daytime; in summer on the lawn, in winter in a large hall adapted for the purpose. The evenings were spent in playing "the old and innocent game of push-pin."

His untimely death in 1751 was a sad blow to his wife and children. During a painless interval in his illness he summoned Prince George to his bedside, and stroking his son's fair hair, he said: "Come, George, let us be friends while we are allowed to be so."

When Prince George heard that his father was dead he turned very pale.

"I am afraid, sir, you are not well," remarked his tutor, Dr. Ayscough. The boy put his hand on his heart.

"I feel something here," he said, "just as I did when I saw the two workmen fall off the scaffold at Kew."

The old King behaved quite decently to the widowed Princess. On April 4 he paid her a visit of condolence at

Leicester House. He refused the chair of state provided for him, and sat on the sofa beside his daughter-in-law, being greatly moved by her distress. He talked kindly to his grandchildren—the Gruff Gentleman could be quite affable when he liked—and said to the Princes: "You must be brave boys, obedient to your mother, and deserving the fortune to which you have been born."

On April 20th, a week after his father's funeral, George was created Prince of Wales, and his household was reorganized. The poor boy suffered from a superfluity of governors, teachers, spiritual pastors and masters. Lord Harcourt was appointed his governor and Dr. Hayter his preceptor. His sub-governor was Mr. Stone and his sub-preceptor Mr. Scott. Intrigue was soon at work, and a feud broke out between the principals and the subs. Harcourt and Hayter were under the influence of Henry Pelham, the Prime Minister, and his brother, the Duke of Newcastle, and they were accused of setting the Prince against his father's old friends and encouraging him to speak disrespectfully of his mother. Their defence took the form of an attack on Mr. Stone and Mr. Scott, whom they accused of instilling Jacobite principles into their royal pupil. The King ordered a judicial inquiry into the charges, with the result that Stone and Scott were triumphantly acquitted. Harcourt and Hayter had to resign, and were succeeded by Lord Waldegrave and Dr. Thomas, Bishop of Peterborough. Waldegrave, as governor, was a great improvement on Harcourt, who, says Horace Walpole, was more in need of a governor himself, and thought he had done his duty when he had told his royal pupil to turn out his toes!

Bubb Dodington relates some of his talks with the Princess on the subject of the education of her sons.

"What subjects do they teach them?" asked Bubb.

"I'm sure I can't quite find out," answered the Princess; "but, to speak freely, I am afraid it is not much."

She thought Scott was a worthy man, but was not allowed to do much. As for Dr. Thomas, "she did not consider the bishop fitted to convey knowledge to children, for she did not well understand him herself; his thoughts seeming to be too many for his words."

Edward was the brighter, more attractive, and more enterprising of the two Princes. George was shy, reserved, unemotional, and obstinate. They were both lazy boys, but George slept, while his brother got into mischief. George once pleaded "constitutional idleness" to his tutor as his excuse.

"Idleness!" retorted the indignant Mr. Scott, "do you call *that* idleness? Now your brother is idle, but sleeping all day is *not* idleness!"

One day Bubb Dodington asked the Princess if George showed any special liking for anybody. She answered that he did not, except perhaps for his brother Edward. This answer was rather disappointing for Bubb, who wanted to keep "well in" with the Prince, and was hoping that the Princess would say that *he* was the special object of the Prince's affection. George must have been a difficult boy to please. His aunt, the Princess Amelia, had once performed him some service. "Madam," said the Prince's mother, "you are very good to my children; but if you was to lay down your life for George, George would not be obliged to you."

In 1753 the Prince of Wales had to change his birthday from the 25th of May to that day so dear to the hearts of Etonians, the 4th of June. This was owing to the adoption of the Gregorian Calendar (New Style) in the previous September. The innovation was not popular in the country, and serious riots broke out, to the cry of "Give us back our eleven days"; though the only people who had

any serious grounds for complaint were those who happened to have birthdays between the 12th and 22nd of that month.

The King named the Dowager Princess as Regent in case he died before his grandson came of age. This gave great offence to the Duke of Cumberland, who thought the Regency was due to him. However, the "Butcher," who was really quite an amiable man in private life, did his best to ingratiate himself with his nephew. One day he invited the young Prince into his apartment, and for his amusement took down a handsome sword from the wall. As he was drawing it from its sheath, George turned pale, trembled, and almost fainted with terror. The Duke was furious, and rushed off to the Princess of Wales, crying out: "What have they been telling George about me—ch?—what have they been telling him about me?"

Bubb Dodington was hoping and expecting to be the most important personage at Leicester House after Prince Frederick's death; but he had a formidable rival in John Stuart, Earl of Bute. This Scottish nobleman owed his introduction to Prince Frederick's notice to a lucky chance. In 1747 he was living quite privately in a house near Richmond. His next-door neighbour was an apothecary, who kept a chariot. One day the latter offered to drive Bute over to a cricket match got up by the Prince. Play was stopped by rain, and the Prince, a prisoner in his tent with two of his gentlemen, was bemoaning that there was not a fourth for a game of whist. One of the gentlemen spied Bute sheltering under a tree. The Prince invited him into the tent, and he made such a good impression that he was invited to Kew. What became of the apothecary and his chariot we are not told.

Bute was soon in high favour at Leicester House and Kew, and was appointed Lord of the Bedchamber and "Master of the Revels" to the Prince of Wales. He had a stately presence, a pompous manner, and a "well-turned

leg," but though well-read and learned, he was not a man of "parts." Prince Frederick summed up his character very neatly when he said, "Bute would make an excellent ambassador at a Court where there were no duties."

In 1756 he was appointed Groom of the Stole to George, Prince of Wales, and undertook his political education, boring him by reading aloud to him the manuscript of Blackstone's *Commentaries*, and training him for his future position on the lines of Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*.

The young Prince was brought up in the strictest seclusion, and saw hardly anybody but his own family, his tutors, and the Earl of Bute. The sons of the nobility were rigorously excluded from his society. His mother said their shocking behaviour and language "frightened" her, and she was not going to have her dear son contaminated. So George grew up knowing nothing of the outside world and its inhabitants. "Good for nothing," said his old grandfather, "but to read the Bible to his mother." The disadvantages of his secluded boyhood were apparent in after life, but George III was always a deeply religious and conscientious King.

When the Prince was eighteen his grandfather offered him an allowance of £40,000 a year and apartments in the Palace, either at St. James's or Kensington. On the advice of Bute he accepted the allowance but refused the apartments, alleging as his excuse that the separation would be painful to his mother. As a matter of fact, "he was not living with his mother at the time, either in town or in the country," says Dodington. Perhaps he was getting tired of too much Bute and Blackstone.

In 1757 the King was taken seriously ill, and about the same time the old lion at the Tower died, so that people felt quite sure the King was going to follow suit. The opposition flocked to Leicester House, hoping to be well

in with the coming régime, and even the members of the Government paid their court to the young Prince of Wales. Bubb Dodington at last saw his coronet within his grasp, but found himself a bit out of favour. He had lately had a lapse from grace, and returned to his old office of Treasurer of the Navy in Newcastle's ministry, so that he was no longer the friend of the family at Leicester House. But he was assiduous in his attentions, in spite of rebuffs.

A year or two later he paid his court to the Prince of Wales on his birthday. The Dowager Princess was very cold and passed him without a word. The Prince hesitated, coughed, and walked on. But the little Princess Caroline, who knew nothing about politics, was very affable to the fat old gentleman. Charles Townshend, who had seen it all, went up to Bubb and said: "I see you are deuced well in with the youngest!"

Bubb had built for himself a magnificent and tasteless villa at Hammersmith, which he called "La Trappe." He particularly prided himself on a grand gallery on the first floor, in which everything was made of marble—floor, columns, statues, busts, and other ponderous ornaments. One day he had the honour of showing Prince Edward over La Trappe.

"My friends tell me," said Bubb, "that this gallery ought to be on the ground floor."

"Don't worry," said the Prince, "it soon will be."

In spite of his shyness and seclusion the Prince of Wales managed to have two little love affairs with two very beautiful young ladies. One was Miss Hannah Lightfoot, a Quakeress, and the other Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond. The King thought that it was time his grandson had a wife, and proposed to unite him with a Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbützel. But the Prince did not fancy a Brunswicker, and swore that he would not be *be-wolfenbützelled*. He was backed up by his

mother, who said that as yet the King had made no provision for her numerous family, and if her son began to have children they would never be provided for at all. The Earl of Bute suddenly came to the conclusion that travel would enlarge George's mind, and took him off for a trip to the Isle of Bute!

On the 24th of October, 1760, the Prince of Wales was out riding near Kew Bridge when a common-looking fellow approached him and presented him with a dirty note. The note informed him that his grandfather was dying. Telling his attendant that his horse had gone lame, he returned to Kew and took counsel with his mother. Another note was handed to him—this time from the Princess Amelia—informing him that he was King of England. His grandfather had slipped while going out of Kensington Palace, and died from the effects of the fall.

The great little King, who has appeared in these pages as an undutiful son, an irate father, and a kindly old grandfather, was happy to pass away at the height of his country's success in all quarters of the globe. He was buried in Westminster Abbey, and Horace Walpole gives us a graphic picture of his son, the Duke of Cumberland, suffering from a wound in his leg and partial paralysis, standing for two hours by the open vault. But Horace could even find a butt for his humour at a funeral.

"This grave scene," he says, "was fully contrasted by the burlesque Duke of Newcastle. He fell into a fit of crying the moment he came in and flung himself back into a stall, the Archbishop hovering over him with a smelling-bottle. But in two minutes his curiosity got the better of his hypocrisy, and he ran about the chapel with his glass, to spy who was or who was not there; spying with one hand and mopping his eyes with the other. Then returned the fear of catching cold; and the Duke

of Cumberland, who was sinking with heat, felt himself weighed down, and turning round, found it was the Duke of Newcastle standing on his train to avoid the chill of the marble."

"Be a King, George," had always been Princess Augusta's advice to her eldest son, and George had not been King very long before he planted the Earl of Bute on the Government as Secretary of State. On the resignation of Pitt, Bute became a very unpopular Prime Minister. He was attacked in the street, and his carriage was destroyed, while the mob made merry over a *Jack Boot* and a petticoat.

But before this happened the King had got married. Germany was ransacked high and low for a suitable Princess, but George announced his determination to choose for himself. Now it happened that the Duchy of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz had been overrun by the troops of the King of Prussia, and the seventeen-year-old sister of the Grand Duke had written a pathetic and indignant letter of remonstrance to that monarch. On seeing a copy of this letter George exclaimed, "That is the wife for me!" Lord Harcourt was sent across the sea to fetch the Princess Charlotte to England, and she became Queen of England early in September, 1761.

The reader will be pleased to hear that Bubb Dodington, after so many vicissitudes, at last reached the summit of his ambition. In April, 1761, he took his seat in the House of Lords as Baron Melcombe of Melcombe-Regis. A friend who called to congratulate him found him in his robes and coronet, practising poses and gestures in front of a large looking-glass.

On September 9th he went to pay his respects to Queen Charlotte at her first drawing-room. "He approached to kiss her hand," says Cumberland in his diary, "decked in an embroidered suit of silk, with lilac waistcoat and

breeches ; the latter of which, in the act of kneeling down, forgot their duty, and broke loose from their moorings in a very indecorous and uncourtly manner."

Lord Melcombe did not enjoy his new honours very long. He died in July, 1762, at the age of seventy-one.

XVI

George Augustus Frederick

PRINCE OF WALES, 1762-1820

(KING GEORGE IV, 1820-1830)

ON the 12th of August, 1762, about half-past seven in the morning, a strange procession was passing down St. James's Street. It consisted of several waggons, decorated with Spanish flags, and escorted by cavalry and infantry with trumpets sounding. These waggons were on their way to the Tower, conveying the gold and silver captured in the Spanish treasure-ship *Hermione* by three British frigates.

As the procession approached St. James's Palace to the plaudits of the early-risers, it was announced from the balcony that a son had just been born to King George and Queen Charlotte. The moment chosen for his birth thus seemed to point to a rich and brilliant future for the heir to the crown. Five days later the infant Duke of Cornwall was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. At his christening on the 8th of September he was given the names of George Augustus Frederick. The Duke of Cumberland and the Duke of Mecklenburgh were his godfathers, and the Dowager Princess of Wales his godmother.

George was a precocious child. When he was only three years old he showed powers of oratory not usually associ-



GEORGE AUGUSTUS FREDERICK
PRINCE OF WALES 1762 1820,
AND FREDERICK, DUKE OF YORK

ated with such a tender age. The occasion was the reception of a deputation from "The Ancient Britons." After listening solemnly to their complimentary address, the Prince replied: "Gentlemen, I thank you for this mark of duty to the King, and I wish prosperity to this charity." The Ancient Britons, however, were informed that they must not trouble the Prince again.

George and his brother Frederick were handsome boys, and their parents and grandmother naturally felt very proud of them when they were decked out in all their finery, with the ribbons and stars of their orders. In 1769 they held a juvenile drawing-room; George (aged seven) wore a crimson suit and the insignia of the Garter; Frederick was arrayed in blue and gold, with the insignia of the Bath, and the little Princesses sat on a sofa in Roman togas. A few weeks later the youthful Prince of Wales gave a ball and supper at the "Queen's House" in St. James's Park. The mob showed its disapproval of this harmless party in a highly original manner by breaking into the courtyard and driving a hearse round it, to the accompaniment of jeers and imprecations in the choicest Cockney.

When not at Buckingham House, the King and Queen lived very quietly at Kew, bringing up their rapidly increasing family—the number eventually amounted to fifteen—on strict and simple lines. The Prince of Wales and his brother Frederick (Duke of York), in these days of their youthful innocence, devoted their leisure hours to agricultural pursuits. They tilled their own little allotment, sowed it with wheat, gathered in the harvest themselves, threshed out the corn, ground it with their own hands, and made the resulting product into wholemeal bread, which was eaten with relish at the royal breakfast table. Dear little boys!

But George was not always a good little boy. He soon

showed signs of that hereditary tendency of the Prince of Wales to oppose the King, and he discovered a very effective manner of annoying his father. Having been reproved for some trivial fault, he thrust his head into the King's apartment, shouted "Wilkes and No. 45 for ever!" and fled for his life. John Wilkes was, of course, his father's pet aversion, and it was in No. 45 of his paper, *The North Briton*, that he published his famous "libel" on the King's speech.

The Prince's first Governor was the Earl of Holderness; Dr. Markham was his preceptor, and Cyril Jackson (afterwards Dean of Christ Church) his sub-preceptor. Dr. Markham had instructions to thrash his pupil whenever he deserved it, and he frequently took advantage of the privilege. But the doctor did not hit it off quite so well with the Court and with his colleagues, and in 1776 the trio resigned. They were succeeded by Lord Bruce as Governor, and Bishop Hurd and the Rev. Mr. Arnold as preceptors. The last-named gentleman attempted to carry on the drastic measures of his predecessor, but the princes were getting big boys now, and they laid a plot for his discomfiture. They suddenly fell upon him as he was about to administer chastisement, snatched the rod from his grasp, and treated the Rev. Mr. Arnold to the castigation which he had destined for them.

Lord Bruce's régime as Governor was a short one. He was detected by the Prince in a false quantity, and got so ridiculed about it that he had to resign. He was consoled with the Earldom of Aylesbury, and a post at Court where quantities were of no account. He was succeeded as Governor by the Duke of Montague. However, the Prince received a sound classical education from his various preceptors, and in later life could quote Homer and Horace by the yard.

As the Prince of Wales grew towards manhood the simple life and dull routine of Kew became irksome. Agriculture

palled on him, and bread-baking lost its charms. If his parents had surrounded him with some respectable and decent young noblemen he might have had a different career, but perhaps it was impossible to find any.

As it was, he fell into the hands of his uncle, the Duke of Cumberland—not the hero of Culloden, but the King's younger brother, Henry Frederick. He was a good-natured foolish man, who lived solely for pleasure, or the vices that passed for pleasure in the days when Cabinet Ministers gambled away their fortunes and judges rarely went to bed sober. He posed as a wit, but the wittiest thing recorded of him is the nickname of "Taffy" which he bestowed upon his nephew in allusion to his principality. He once said to Foote, the actor:

"Mr. Foote, I eagerly swallow all the good things I hear you say."

"Then you must have a good digestion, sir," said Foote, "for you never bring any of them up again."

Such was the mentor who launched the Prince into the vortex of society, initiated him into the mysteries of "faro," and kept a "bank" for him at Cumberland House in Pall Mall.

The King's efforts to counteract the influence of the Duke of Cumberland were not a success. Although he was not particularly fond of hunting, he tried to provide the Prince with some healthy amusement by taking him out with the hounds, but the heir apparent would hardly speak to his father, and from a social point of view the hunting parties were a failure. In a letter to the Duke of Gloucester the King complains: "When we hunt together neither my son nor my brother speak to me, and lately, when there was but a single post-chaise to be hired, my son and brother got into it and drove to London, leaving me to go home in a cart, if I could find one."

Several of the leading noblemen invited the Prince to

make a tour of the kingdom and stay with them at their country seats, but this was vetoed by the King on the plea that he was contemplating a similar tour himself. Perhaps he knew the noblemen ! To compensate, in some measure, for the disappointment, he took his heir for a day trip to the Nore.

The Prince was soon drawn into politics, and was not slow to identify himself with the Whig opposition, of which the leading spirits were Charles James Fox and Sheridan, both noted for their gambling and drinking propensities. In 1783—the year in which the Prince came of age—Fox had a brief spell of power in coalition with Lord North. The Prince was already heavily in debt, and Fox tried to persuade the Commons to pass him a vote of £100,000 a year, but the opposition was so strenuous that he had to be content with £50,000 a year and £100,000 down. The Prince, on taking his seat in the House of Lords, voted for Fox's India Bill, which was particularly obnoxious to the King. However, the Bill was turned down by the Lords, and Fox had to resign.

George showed his interest in the affairs of the day by frequently attending the debates in the House of Commons, but when the Ministers complained that his presence was embarrassing and interfered with the freedom of debate, he threw up politics in disgust, and finding no other outlet for his energy, embarked on that career of pleasure and extravagance which brought about his financial ruin, and more or less wrecked his life.

On coming of age he was given, as a town residence, Carlton House, his grandfather's old place in Pall Mall. It had been empty since the death of his grandmother in 1772, and was in a very bad state of repair, which necessitated the expenditure of large sums on rebuilding and redeccorating. On May 10th, 1784, to celebrate the housewarming, he gave a grand ball and supper to six hundred

guests, and a week later a sumptuous breakfast party, which lasted till six in the evening.

As a country residence he began to build about this time that Aladdin's palace known as the Pavilion at Brighton. He first discovered the possibilities of Brighton—then little more than a fishing village—when on a visit to the Duke of Cumberland in 1782. He contented himself at first with building a cottage, but as this proved too small for his requirements, he launched out on the Pavilion. The continual enlargements, decorations and improvements (?) of this bizarre abode, and the lavish scale of his entertainments there, let him in for huge sums of money which he could not pay; but he made Brighton.

The Pavilion was "run" by a German named Weltjie. The Prince first saw Weltjie selling gingerbread in the street, took a fancy to him, and made him his chief cook and purveyor at Brighton. Weltjie did so well out of his perquisites that he was able to start a Club in St. James's Street under the patronage of his royal master and Frederick, Duke of York.

The Prince's income, ample though it was, could not long stand the strain of his extravagance. He was spending £10,000 a year on his clothes and £30,000 a year on his stud of race-horses; his wine bill was enormous and his losses at cards even greater. In 1786 his debts amounted to £160,000. He was seized with a sudden fit of economy, and sold his horses for £7,000. He proposed to go and live on the continent as a private gentleman on £10,000 a year. Pitt suggested that he should become reconciled to his father, give up Fox and Sheridan, and have £100,000 a year, half to be appropriated for the payment of his debts, but George said it was no good, as he could not live in England on the other half. Lord Malmesbury suggested marriage as a solution of his difficulties, but George affirmed that he would never marry, that he had arranged with his brother

Frederick for *him* to marry and provide an heir to the throne. In the end a vote of £160,000 was passed for the payment of his debts, plus £20,000 for the completion of Carlton House, whereupon the Prince bought back his race-horses, founded a new gambling club, and resumed his parties at Carlton House and Brighton on a more gorgeous scale than ever.

"Prince Florizel," as he was called, was endowed by nature with every quality for playing a brilliant and conspicuous rôle. He was one of the handsomest men in England, though already showing a tendency to that plumpness which was such a trouble to him in later years. He was fond of arraying himself in purple and fine linen, and his shapely figure—while he had one—was displayed to advantage in the tight-fitting fashions of the day. He had a weakness for orders and decorations; the story goes that he had set his heart on the Golden Fleece, and failing to obtain it from the Emperor in the usual way, he bought the insignia and wore them publicly on occasions of state. He could converse fluently in four languages, played charmingly on the 'cello, and had a pleasing baritone voice. Whatever Thackeray may say about him, whatever critics may say about the Pavilion, he was a man of taste in music, literature, and art. He was naturally a great favourite with the fair sex. Volumes have been written about his love affairs, but it is sufficient to remark here that if he had not been a royal prince he might have lived a happy married life with Mrs. Fitzherbert.

He was considered, and considered himself, the "First Gentleman in Europe." His claim to this title is probably based on the following episode. The Duke of Orleans and his half-brother, the Abbé St. Phar, were on a visit to the Prince, when the Abbé proposed to exhibit some specimens of the mysterious power he possessed over fish. To demonstrate this power he had to stoop low down over the

edge of a stream, but before doing so he exacted a promise from the Prince of Wales not to take advantage of his position in order to play any tricks on him. The Prince gave his word, but no sooner was St. Phar in a suitable position than the Prince toppled him head over heels into the water.

The Duke of Orleans mentioned above was that Philippe Egalité who failed to avoid the guillotine by playing an ignoble part in the French Revolution. He came to England several times during the 'eighties and won large sums from his royal host at the Pavilion. He was a great admirer of the Prince of Wales as a sportsman, and by introducing English sporting fashions into France he started that "Anglomanie" which became rampant in French society just before the Revolution.

George was a thorough sportsman, according to the ideas of the time. He was a keen patron of the ring, but in 1788 a prizefighter was killed in his presence and he vowed he would never witness another fight. He was also a patron of the turf. Quite apart from the betting side of horse-racing, he was a real lover of horses. In 1788 he won the Derby with Baronet. But his most famous horse was Escape, which he bred himself and bought back again after his fit of economy. Before this horse was named it nearly met with a nasty accident by putting its foot through the thin partition of its stall; the stableman rushed in and exclaimed "What an escape!" thus suggesting a name for the horse. In 1791 Escape caused a sensation by his in and out running at Newmarket. On the first day he lost a race for which he was heavily backed—on the second day nobody backed him and he won easily. The stewards held an inquiry, and the Prince was informed that if his jockey, Sam Chifney, ever rode again, no gentleman would run his horse against him. The Prince took this as a personal affront, and vowed he would never go near New-

market again. Meeting Chifney some years later on the Parade at Brighton, he said: "Sam Chifney, there has never been an apology made—they used me and you very ill—I'll not set foot on the ground more."

The Prince was an accomplished horseman, and even in the days of the Regency, when he weighed twenty-three stone, he might be seen daily trotting along the front at Brighton. But his favourite outdoor amusement was driving. He invented a new kind of phaeton, with three horses attached tandem-wise. A postilion rode the first horse and George drove the third one. The middle horse presumably held the balance of power when there was a difference of opinion between postilion and driver. In this vehicle the Prince frequently did the double journey between London and Brighton within ten hours.

The Prince inherited his grandfather's keenness on cricket, and was no mean performer with bat and ball. Of course cricket was not quite the same game in those days as we now know it. Single-wicket matches were played for heavy wagers, and the Prince was fond of showing off his skill on the lawn in the Pavilion garden. It is on record that he once kept the Duke of York, Lord Egremont, and the stout Lord Alvanley leather-hunting for seven consecutive afternoons. On this form, if he had lived a hundred years later, he would probably have captained the Sussex County eleven, but one cannot help suspecting that he was his own umpire, and no one dared dispute his decisions.

Disputes did happen sometimes, however. One evening, at dinner, a discussion arose between Sheridan and the Duke of York over some point in the afternoon's game. They were both hot with the game and with wine, and Sheridan, losing his temper, told the Duke that "at play all men were on a *par*." Frederick flared up at once, and was making an indignant reply, when George stood up and

soothed the disputants with a playful speech which lasted some ten or fifteen minutes. The playfulness of the speech consisted of humorous allusions to the impression which Dr. Parr had inflicted on his pupil Sheridan when the latter was a boy at Harrow.

The Prince's wit was, perhaps, not of a very high order, but princes, like judges and schoolmasters, can always rely on raising a laugh. Fortunately George's reputation as a humorist does not rest on this one story. Here are some more :

"The Lewes races were thinly attended, in consequence of a rainy day. The Prince and a few persons of rank were there, and underwent a drenching. On their return some observation was made on the small number of noblemen on the course. 'I beg pardon,' said the Prince. 'I think I saw a very handsome *sprinkling* of the nobility!'"

"The Prince's regiment were expecting orders for Ireland. St. Legor said that garrison duty in Dublin was irksome and that country quarters were so squalid that they would destroy the lace and uniforms of the regiment, which even then were remarkably rich. 'Well, then,' said the Prince, 'let them do their duty as dragoons and *scour* the country.'"

Dr. Parr seems to have been a favourite subject for the Prince's wit. He could even make Latin jokes about him. The doctor once wrote an article in praise of Fox, who disliked Parr. On being asked what he thought of it, the Prince replied, "It reminds me of the famous epitaph on Machiavel's tomb: '*Tanto nomini nullum Par elogium.*'"

George and his brother Frederick were not usually very successful at Faro, but it happened one night that fortune was in their favour, and the good-natured Duke in particular won a large sum of money. In the early hours of the morning the royal brothers drove off from the club in St. James's Street with their booty, but they had not gone

very far before they were held up by footpads, who had no doubt got the tip from the hangers-on at the club. The masked robbers presented pistols at the princes, and demanded their money. Now George had a diamond watch of great value, and he just had time to slip it under the cushion of the seat. The Duke was forced to hand over all his winnings, and the robbers were so well satisfied with the prize that they forgot the Prince's purse, closed the doors, and wished them a good night. On driving off the Prince triumphantly showed his purse. "How did you contrive to keep it?" asked the Duke. "Easily enough," answered the Prince, drawing his watch from under the cushion, "there is nothing like having the *watch* in the coach with one."

Although the Prince was a wit himself, he could appreciate wit in others, and he loved to gather round him the most brilliant talkers of the day. Fox, Burke, Sheridan, Curran, Erskine, and Sir Philip Francis were frequent guests at Carlton House and the Pavilion. They were all "men of parts" and conspicuous ability, but unfortunately there were others, men of doubtful reputation and no character, dissipated noblemen and ruined spendthrifts, who hovered round the Prince for their own advantage. Take the Barrymore family, for instance. Their characters are indicated by their nicknames. Lord Barrymore was known as Hell-gate, and his two brothers as Cripplegate and Newgate. There was also a sister who was called Billingsgate. Another of these hangers-on bore the appropriate name of Hanger. He was the instigator of an amusing wager which cost the Prince five hundred guineas. In those days any dispute or argument was bound to end in a bet. One evening at Carlton House a discussion was started as to the respective merits of geese and turkeys as pedestrians. One gentleman supported the geese, another gave his opinion in favour of turkeys. At last Hanger was

appealed to, and said that in his opinion the turkey was the faster bird. Now George had a very high respect for Hanger's judgment in sporting matters, and when a Mr. Berkeley offered to back the geese for five hundred guineas he took him up at once.

It was arranged that the match should take place over a ten-mile course on the Brighton Road, between twenty geese on the one side and twenty turkeys on the other. The Prince instructed Hanger to purchase twenty high-feathered turkeys and train them for the match. The race started about the middle of the afternoon. At the end of three hours it looked all over bar shouting; for the turkeys were a clear two miles ahead. As evening drew on it was noticed that the turkeys were beginning to lose interest in the race, and gaze wistfully up at the trees overhanging the road. Presently a turkey fluttered up on to a branch, and was soon followed by another. Their supporters had to climb the trees and try to dislodge them, but no sooner had they brought a bird down than two or three others flew up in its place. Every method was tried to coax the turkeys to proceed—grain was scattered in front of them, and George did his best to encourage them with a red rag tied to the end of a stick, but all in vain. Just as the last turkey got safely to roost, the leading geese were observed coming round the corner of the road, and the Prince had the mortification of seeing them pass the turkeys and win in a waddle. Of course the whole thing was a put-up job to get money out of the Prince.

In the Georgian days the popular haunt of the pleasure-seeker was Vauxhall Gardens. The Prince and the royal dukes were often seen there. Here is an account of a visit from the *British Magazine*, rather reminiscent of his grandfather's visit to Bartlemy Fair.

"The Prince of Wales was at Vauxhall, and spent a considerable part of the evening in company with a set of

gay friends ; but when the music was over, being discovered by the company, he was so surrounded, crushed, pursued and overcome, that he was under the necessity of making a hasty retreat. The ladies followed the Prince—the gentlemen pursued the ladies—the curious ran to see what was the matter—the mischievous ran to increase the tumult—and in two minutes the boxes were deserted ; the lame were overthrown, the well-dressed were demolished, and for half an hour the whole company were contracted in one narrow channel, and borne along with the rapidity of a torrent, to the infinite danger of powdered locks, painted cheeks and crazy constitutions.”

Masked balls were in great vogue. At one of these a dispute arose between a sturdy Spanish matador and a young man dressed as a sailor as to which should have the favour of a dance with a certain lady. The altercation caused such a disturbance that the “stewards” intervened, and marched the matador and the sailor off to the headquarters of the watch. Here they had to take their masks off.

“What, George !” exclaimed the sailor.

“What, William !” exclaimed the Spaniard.

The sailor was the Prince’s brother William Henry, Duke of Clarence, afterwards King William IV. The “stewards” were profuse in their apologies, but a guinea all round restored their complacency, and the brothers departed arm-in-arm.

Now for the more serious side of the Prince’s life. Towards the end of 1788 George III had an attack of that mental malady which so unhappily obscured the later years of his reign. As the King was unable to transact any business, Pitt brought before the House a Bill conferring on the Prince of Wales the powers of a restricted regency ; that is to say, he was to have no authority over the Royal Household, nor could he create peers or make any appoint-

ments to the great offices of state. Fox strenuously opposed these restrictions, but the Prince was forced, much against his will, to accept them. However, just as the Bill was passing through Parliament—in February, 1789—the King recovered. George was disappointed, and behaved badly. At first he affected to disbelieve the good news, and he and his brother Frederick did their best to “crab” the entertainments got up to celebrate their father’s recovery. On the route of the royal procession to St. Paul’s for the Thanksgiving the Prince posted hired roughs to cheer *him*, and all through the service he talked loudly to his brothers.

The reader will not be surprised to hear that the Prince got into debt again. In 1792 he owed something like £370,000. For the second time he sold his horses, shut up Carlton House, and threatened to retire to the Continent. He said he could only continue to live in England if he had £100,000 a year, out of which he promised to set aside £35,000 towards the payment of his debts. This kind offer met with a cold response. He was given to understand that, if he married and settled down, Parliament would consider his case and deal generously with him. For some time he was undecided; at last he announced his willingness to marry, but the affair hung fire, while the Prince continued to pile up debts.

Queen Charlotte wanted him to marry her niece, Princess Louisa of Mecklenburgh, but George, on the recommendation of the Duke of York, who had seen her in Germany, chose his cousin, Princess Caroline of Brunswick. In November, 1794, Lord Malmesbury was sent to Brunswick to fetch her. They started for England on December 29th, and did not arrive till the beginning of April, 1795. Lord Malmesbury in his diary has left us a detailed account of this somewhat leisurely journey—it included a two months’ stay at Hanover—and the stories he tells about the Princess

make it quite obvious that she was likely to prove a very unsuitable wife for the Prince of Wales.

The first interview was not very promising. Acting on Malmesbury's advice, Caroline tried to kneel to kiss her future husband's hand. George raised her up and embraced her, said barely a word, and then retired to a distant part of the room, calling out to Lord Malmesbury :

"Harris, I am not well. Pray get me a glass of brandy."

"Sir, had you not better have a glass of water?" asked "Harris."

"No," said the Prince with an oath, "I will go directly to the Queen." And off he went.

Caroline was disappointed with the Prince. She found him gross and not so handsome as his portraits, and she was indiscreet enough to say so. George, though not very particular himself, was disgusted with the free-and-easy manners and conversation of his fiancée. Even before the wedding they were abusing each other.

The marriage ceremony took place at St. James's Chapel Royal on April 8th. "The Prince of Wales," says Lord Malmesbury, "gave his hat, with a rich diamond buckle and loop, to Lord Harcourt to hold it and made him a present of it. After the marriage we returned to the Queen's apartments. The Prince very civil and gracious, but I thought I could perceive he was not quite sincere, and certainly unhappy, and as a proof of it he had manifestly had recourse to wine or spirits."

At the time of his marriage the Prince's debts amounted to over £600,000. His farrier's bill alone was £40,000. At the request of the King, Pitt proposed that the Prince should have £125,000 a year, out of which he should pay his debts within nine years. In addition to this there was to be a jointure of £50,000 a year for the Princess of Wales, £28,000 for jewels, and £26,000 for refurnishing Carlton House. But this provision, generous as it was, did not

satisfy the Prince. He argued that, as the price of his marriage, his debts should be paid by the country, and not out of his income. He was strenuously supported by his brothers in the Lords, and by Fox and Sheridan in the Commons. The debates lasted three months, and were a source of great vexation to Caroline, who now saw clearly that the Prince had only married her for the purpose of getting his debts paid. The Prince also claimed £233,000 as the arrears from the Duchy of Cornwall during his minority, but to this the King replied that the money had been spent on his education and establishment.

From the very first George and Caroline failed to hit it off as man and wife. Caroline was treated kindly by the King, but she had the misfortune to make an enemy of the Queen. Her letters to Brunswick, full of sarcastic allusions to her mother-in-law's meanness, and not very refined jokes about her appearance and manners, were betrayed into the hands of Queen Charlotte, who henceforth treated her with frigid indifference. After the birth of a daughter, the Princess Charlotte, on January 7th, 1796, the Prince expressed a desire for a separation, and to this Caroline agreed on certain conditions. She retired to Charlton, near Woolwich, for a time, and afterwards lived at Montagu House, Blackheath, where she was frequently visited by the King, but never by the Queen.

The Prince, for want of something better to do, resumed his extravagant and useless life. But when the war came with France he chafed sorely under his enforced inaction. His brother, the Duke of York, was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, while he himself was only titular colonel of a regiment of Light Dragoons. He earnestly implored to be allowed to serve abroad with his regiment, but his request was refused, the King alleging that "a military command was incompatible with his situation as Prince of Wales." Again, in 1803, when the war was renewed with

Napoleon, he petitioned for military rank and employment, as he put it, "to shed the last drop of my blood in support of Your Majesty's person, crown and dignity." The King's answer was "should the implacable enemy so far succeed as to land, you will have the opportunity of showing your zeal at the head of your regiment."

The King even sneered at his son for lack of courage; he is reported to have said: "There is one member of my family who is a coward, but I will not name him, for he is to succeed me on the throne." This was rather unfair after denying the Prince a chance of proving his courage on the field, and the King's remarks were bitterly resented.

The Prince was fond of arraying his handsome person in military uniform, and discussing campaigns, and it was galling to him, when others were telling of their experiences on active service, to have none of his own to relate. In his later years he talked so much over his dinner-table about the Battle of Waterloo that he became firmly convinced that, under the name of General Brock, he had led a charge of heavy cavalry, which decided the fortunes of the day. For corroboration of this story he would appeal to the Duke of Wellington, who would reply with the non-committal: "Your Majesty is pleased to say so."

We find a lot of amusing gossip about the Prince in the *Creevey Papers*. As a Whig M.P. Mr. Creevey was a *persona grata* at Carlton House and the Pavilion. The Creeveys spent the last four months of 1805 at Brighton, and were at the Pavilion almost every evening. "During these four months," writes Mr. C., "the Prince behaved with the greatest good humour as well as kindness to us all. He was always merry and full of his jokes, and anyone would have said he was really a very happy man." Sheridan was the life and soul of the party. He entered into all the fun more like a boy than a man of fifty-five. We are told how he came into the drawing-room disguised as a police

officer to arrest the Dowager Lady Sefton for playing at some unlawful game, and at another time, when they were having a "phantasmagoria" at the Pavilion, and were all shut up in perfect darkness, "he continued to seat himself upon the lap of Madame Gerobtzoff, a haughty Russian dame, who made row enough for the whole town to hear her. The Prince, of course, was delighted with all this."

The Prince fancied himself as a shot, and would sometimes show off his skill with an air-gun and a target placed at the end of the room, and afterwards invite the ladies to try their hands. "The girls and I excused ourselves," writes Mrs. Creevey, "on account of our short sight, but Lady Downshire hit a fiddler in the dining-room, Miss Johnstone a door, and Bloomfield the ceiling. I soon had enough of this, and retired to the fire with Mac. At last a waltz was played by the band, and the Prince offered to waltz with Miss Johnstone, but very quietly, and once round the table made him giddy, so of course it was proper for his partner to be giddy too; but he cruelly only thought of supporting himself, so she reclined on the Baron."

"Mac" was John Macmahon, who succeeded "honest Jack Payne" as the Prince's private secretary.

So far the Prince's life has consisted of debts, a miserable marriage and a few trivial anecdotes, and that is really about all there is to record. It was not altogether his own fault. He was allowed no voice or part in public affairs. The nation and the Empire were not his business, and his interests were confined to his own set at Carlton House and the Pavilion. The part he played, or tried to play, in politics was a purely personal one. But the time was at hand when he would have to turn his attention to political matters, not as an irresponsible Prince of Wales, but as a responsible Regent.

In 1801 and 1804 the King had suffered from attacks of his mental trouble from which he happily recovered.

Towards the end of 1810, worried by his blindness, the disastrous Walcheren expedition and the death of his favourite daughter Princess Amelia, "the good old King" fell into that complete mental derangement from which he never recovered. A Regency Bill was passed, with restrictions for one year only, and the Prince of Wales became Regent for the last nine years of his father's reign.

The Whigs were jubilant ; they thought their time had come ; but what was their consternation when they found the new Regent reposing his confidence in his father's minister, Perceval ! The Prince has been accused of betraying his former friends, but that is hardly fair. To understand his position thoroughly we should have to unravel the tangled skein of politics during the war with France. A political dissertation is beyond the scope of this book (*not to mention the power of the writer*), but nevertheless, at the risk of boring the reader, a short explanation, however imperfect, must be inserted here.

William Pitt, the King's great minister, died in January, 1806, broken-hearted by Napoleon's victory at Austerlitz. A coalition Cabinet was formed by Lord Grenville, called the "Ministry of all the Talents," in which some of the Prince's friends found places. The genial and popular Charles James Fox was Foreign Secretary, Sheridan was Treasurer to the Navy, and Mr. Creevey Secretary to the Board of Control. But Fox, the guiding spirit, was dead before the end of the year, and the Tories were soon in power again. As a matter of fact, the parties had got rather mixed by this time, and it was not easy to say who was a Tory and who was a Whig. Even the members of the Cabinet were at variance, and Canning and Castlereagh fought a duel to decide their difference of opinion as to how the war should be carried on. The former was wounded and both resigned. Lord Wellesley (Wellington's brother) succeeded Canning at the Foreign Office, and Lord

Liverpool became War Secretary in Castlereagh's place.

The opposition naturally consisted of all the elements who did not back the Government. Roughly speaking, Grey and Grenville led the "Moderates," and Samuel Whitbread the "Extremists." Mr. Creevey, it may be mentioned, was one of the latter. The Prince disliked Grey and Grenville, and Grey and Grenville did not like the Prince. With the Extremists he could have little sympathy, for they detested the Wellesleys, hampered the Government in the conduct of the war, rejoiced at every set-back in the Peninsula, belittled every victory, and clamoured for the recall of Wellington and peace with Bonaparte (as he was always called in those days).

Such (more or less) was the political situation when the Prince became Regent. The Whigs had been useful to him in opposition, but he had no use for them as Ministers. His old political friends were dead, except Sheridan, and he had no opinion of "Sherry" as a statesman. However, he offered Grey and Grenville seats in Perceval's Cabinet; but they rejected his conditions with scorn, and declared that they "would ride rough-shod through Carlton House."

Nevertheless, the Whigs were not downhearted; they thought their turn must surely come when the restrictions were taken off the Regency, and we still find Creevey dining at the Pavilion. "The Prince," he says, "was in his best humour, bowed and spoke to all of us, and looked uncommonly well, though very fat," and the next night, "The Regent sat in the Musick Room almost all the time between Viotti, the famous violin player, and Lady Jane Houston, and he went on for hours beating time for the band, and singing out aloud, and looking about for accompaniment from Viotti and Lady Jane. It was a curious sight to see a Regent thus employed, but he seemed to be in high good humour."

When Perceval was assassinated in the lobby of the House

by the madman Bellingham, and the Regent accepted another Tory, Lord Liverpool, as Prime Minister, the Whigs were bitterly disappointed; but a general election confirmed the Regent's confidence in his Ministers. Creevey now broke away from the Prince, and henceforth could not say anything too bad about "Prinney," as he called him.

The Radicals, led by Sam Whitbread and Henry Brougham, looked round for some weapon of offence with which to embarrass the Regent and his Government. They chose the neglected Princess of Wales, and championed her cause so effectively that the Regent became decidedly unpopular. Caroline had the sympathy of the mob, and when her husband went to the city to dine with the Lord Mayor, he was greeted with hoots and jeers, and cries of "Where's your wife?"

After the abdication of Napoleon in the spring of 1814, the restored King of France, Louis XVIII, visited England and was followed by the Emperor Alexander of Russia, the King of Prussia and other allied potentates. The Regent had the time of his life entertaining them and showing them round, and took to himself a share of the plaudits which greeted them in the streets, but his pleasure was sadly damped by the efforts which "Mrs. P." (the Princess) insisted on making to take part in the rejoicings and festivities. "All agree that Prinney will go mad," says Creevey in a letter to his wife. "He is worn out with fuss, fatigue and rage."

"Prinney" also had trouble with his daughter, the Princess Charlotte—"Young P.," Creevey calls her—who was now a self-willed and attractive young lady of eighteen. In 1804 there had been a dispute between the Prince and his wife as to who should have charge of their daughter's education; it was settled by the King taking charge of her himself. When the Prince became Regent he installed his daughter at Carlton House, and only allowed her to see her

mother once a fortnight. If he did not exactly love her, he was at least proud of her. One day a courtier was remarking how recklessly she rode her horse round the Carlton House gardens (which extended as far as Marlborough House), and expressed surprise at her pluck and spirit. "What is there to be surprised at?" said the Prince. "Isn't she *my* daughter?" About this time, 1814, he arranged for her to marry the Prince of Orange ("Young Frog"), but she refused him on the plea that she would have to leave England, which was just what her father wanted. Her refusal was very annoying to the Regent, and equally pleasing to "Mis. P." and the Radicals. However, the Princess of Wales disappointed the Radicals by departing for the Continent before the end of the year. She was gradually deserted by all her English attendants, and she wandered about from one country to another with a glorified circus-procession of disreputable foreigners, attending fancy dress balls in a costume more suitable for a pantomime fairy than a stout woman of fifty. She was an eccentric character, but was probably more sinned against than sinning.

As yet no mention has been made of Beau Brummell. It is time to repair the omission. George Bryan Brummell, after four years at Eton and a term at Oriel College, Oxford, was "taken up" by the Prince of Wales and given a commission in his regiment, the 10th Hussars. Even at Eton Brummell had been notable for the fastidious attention he bestowed on his dress, and was known as the "Buck." There was nothing showy or extravagant in his attire, but the neatness, style and good taste in which he clothed his perfect figure soon won him a reputation as the model of a well-dressed man. His motto was "the finest linen and plenty of it." He would spend an hour tying his cravat—with the Prince watching him, perhaps—and his valet might be seen going downstairs with a basket full

of spoiled neck-clothes—"Our failures," he would explain.

Brummell's word was law in all matters pertaining to dress and "good form." He was almost worshipped as a god, and the Prince of Wales was one of his most devoted admirers. He once asked the Beau for his opinion about the cut of his new coat. "Coat! Do you call that a coat!" said Brummell sarcastically, and the Prince burst into tears. But Brummell had many other qualities and accomplishments besides his exquisite taste, and for some years he retained his position as the spoiled child of society and the idol of the clubs. As time went on he became insolent and overbearing, and the familiarity which George could put up with as Prince of Wales he could not tolerate as Prince Regent.

Exactly how Brummell received his *cong  * is rather doubtful. The usual story is that one night at the Pavilion he said to the Prince: "Wales, pull the bell." The Regent pulled the bell, and on the servant appearing he said, "Mr. Brummell's carriage at once." Brummell always denied this story. His version was that he was lying on a sofa and the Prince asked *him* to pull the bell, to which he replied: "Your Royal Highness is nearer to it yourself." Captain Gronow tells a different story, or perhaps it is a sequel to the other. The Prince, hearing that Brummell had just won £20,000 at Wattier's, invited him to dinner. They were getting rather convivial towards the end of the meal, when the Regent suddenly turned to the Duke of York and said: "I think we had better order Mr. Brummell's carriage before he gets drunk." Then there is the "Who's your fat friend?" story. If Brummell really said this to the lady (or gentleman) with whom the Prince was conversing, it is not quite what we should expect from such a professor of "good form."

Soon after his dismissal the Beau fell from his high estate, and had to leave the country to escape his creditors. In

1822, when George IV landed at Calais, Brummell was there to welcome him, but received no sign of recognition from his former worshipper. For fifteen more years the shattered idol lived a life of wretched penury in France. Even his mind deserted him, and he died in a madhouse.

To Sheridan the Prince was more generous. "Sherry" was a reckless spendthrift, but he invested his borrowings in Drury Lane Theatre, and when it was burnt down he was a ruined man. Even while his theatre was burning his good-natured humour did not fail him. As he approached the blazing building a policeman ordered him back. "Surely a man may warm his hands at his own fireside," he said. The Prince practically dropped Sheridan when he became Regent, but hearing that his old friend was dying in poverty, he sent him £200, with a promise of £300 more, but "Sherry" is said to have refused it.

Inconsistent and fickle in his friendships the Prince undoubtedly was, but he was subject to generous impulses. Even Thackeray, who cannot be accused of flattering him, admits that he was kind and considerate to his servants, and that "as Prince Regent he was eager to hear all that could be said on behalf of prisoners condemned to death, and anxious, if possible, to remit the capital sentence."

The Regency might have been a brilliant success but for the distress following the long war with Napoleon, and the popular sympathy with the cast-off Princess of Wales. As it was, the Prince Regent never found favour with the people, and frequently had to encounter hostile demonstrations when he appeared in the streets.

However, he had his friends and admirers, and the most fervent of these was Sir Walter Scott. Hearing that the distinguished poet was in London—Scott's novels were then being published anonymously—the Regent invited him to dinner at Carlton House. He laid himself out in his most affable manner to his guest, and before dinner was

over was addressing him as "Walter"—just as he always called the Duke of Wellington "Arthur." Presently he rose, glass in hand, and proposed "The health of the author of *Waverley*"—then, seeing Scott covered with confusion—"I mean the author of *Marmion*," adding slyly, "I've found you out, you see." Sir Walter was charmed with his host, and when George IV visited Edinburgh in the third year of his reign, it was to the author of *Waverley* that he owed the enthusiastic reception he received from the inhabitants of the Scottish capital. It is said that when Scott was on board the royal yacht he thought that the glass goblet from which the King had just drunk ought to be handed down as an heirloom in his family, so he secreted it away in the tail-pocket of his coat. But when he got home he forgot about the goblet, and sat down with disastrous results.

The Prince Regent suffered much from gout and other ailments, and being frequently debarred from active exercise, he devoted his leisure to yachting. He kept the royal yacht at Brighton, and would often take a short cruise during the day, but always returned in the evening to sleep at the Pavilion. The Earl of Yarmouth, afterwards the Marquis of Hertford, bet the commander of the yacht, Sir Edward Nagle, that he could not persuade the Prince to pass a night on the water, the terms being that Nagle should receive a hundred guineas for each night so spent. The commander told the Prince about the wager, and the latter, who had a grudge against Yarmouth, spent three or four nights at sea. The Earl paid up with very bad grace. This nobleman, as Marquis of Hertford, was the original of Lord Steyne in Thackeray's *Vanity Fair*, and of Lord Monmouth in Disraeli's *Coningsby*.

Londoners owe a debt of gratitude to the Prince Regent and his architect, Nash, for laying out Regent's Park and connecting it with Carlton House by that fine thoroughfare

known as Regent Street. Carlton House was afterwards pulled down to make way for Waterloo Place and the Duke of York's column. "Where the palace once stood," says Thackeray, "a hundred little children are paddling up and down the steps to St. James's Park. A score of grave gentlemen are taking their tea at the Athenæum Club; as many grisly warriors are garrisoning the United Service Club opposite." But the columns of Carlton House can still be seen adorning the front of the National Gallery.

The Emperor Augustus is reported to have uttered the boast—"I found Rome a city of brick and I left it a city of marble." The Prince Regent could hardly make a similar boast about London, but the saying suggested a witty epigram at the expense of his architect:—

"Augustus of Rome was for building renowned,
For of marble he left what of brick he had found;
But is not our Nash, too, a very great master?
He finds us all brick, and he leaves us all plaster."

In May, 1816, the Prince Regent's daughter, the Princess Charlotte, married Prince Leopold of Coburg, the uncle of Queen Victoria and the grandfather of the present King of the Belgians. On the 5th of November, 1817, she died at Claremont. Princess Charlotte was the hope of the nation, and the mourning for her untimely death was as sincere as it was universal. She was buried in St. George's, Windsor, where, in a small side-chapel, bathed in yellow light, may be seen her allegorical memorial.

A year later old Queen Charlotte passed away. Whatever the Prince of Wales may have been to his father, he was always an affectionate son to his mother, who died in his arms. In January, 1820, he lost his brother, the Duke of Kent (the father of Queen Victoria). At this time the Prince Regent was so ill himself that it seemed most unlikely he

would survive his father, but a week later the old king found peace at last, and the Regent became George IV. Whether he regarded his father's death as a bereavement is open to doubt. He had never shown any sympathy with him in his affliction, and the stories of his imitations of the deranged monarch, and his habit, when playing cards, of alluding to the king of a suit as "the lunatic" are not to his credit. Nor does "Farmer George" appear at his best in his dealings with his heir. It is a pity that those pleasant stories of his kindliness, his homeliness, and his simplicity find no place in the life of his eldest son.

The story of George, Prince of Wales, is finished, but it may be allowed to mention the return of Queen Caroline to claim her rights, her trial and acquittal, her futile attempts to force her way into the Abbey for the coronation, and her tragic death a fortnight afterwards.

George IV spent the last years of his life in seclusion at Windsor. It is pathetic to think that his chief concern was to hide from the public gaze that unwieldy form which had once been the proud figure of "The First Gentleman in Europe."

His memorial is Windsor Castle. "A prince of consummate taste and fine conceptions," says Harrison Ainsworth, "meditated, and what is better, accomplished the restoration of the castle to its original grandeur." He employed his father's architect, James Wyatt, who blossomed out into Sir Jeffry Wyatville, and his work may be judged by comparing a modern picture of the castle with a print of George III's reign. It is fortunate he did not employ Nash, or we might have had a castle of plaster!

XVII

Albert Edward

PRINCE OF WALES, 1841-1901

(KING EDWARD VII, 1901-1910)

IT is with considerable diffidence that the writer approaches the three Princes of Wales of our own times. So various have been their activities, and so conscientious the performance of the duties they owe to their high position, that only the barest outlines of their careers can be attempted, and the only excuse for making the attempt is that this volume would not be complete without them.

It is pleasant to get away from the vitiated and artificial atmosphere of the Georgian era to the more sober and respectable times of Queen Victoria's reign. The 'forties and 'fifties saw a great improvement in the moral tone of society, due, in some measure, to the example set by the court; and the lives of the three Princes of the House of Windsor—if we may take the liberty of ante-dating King George's happy thought—make very different reading from those of their predecessors of the House of Hanover.

Queen Victoria was the daughter of Edward Duke of Kent, fourth son of George III. She succeeded her uncle, William IV, in 1837, and two years later married her cousin, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. Their eldest child was the Princess Royal, afterwards Crown Princess of

Prussia and German Empress. On November 9th, 1841, there was born a Duke of Cornwall, heir apparent to the crown. Within a month of his birth he was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester. The christening was postponed till January 25th, 1842, to suit the convenience of one of the godfathers, the King of Prussia; the other was the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Cambridge. The ceremony was performed in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. A special anthem had been composed for the occasion by (Sir) George Elvey, but the Prince Consort would not hear of it. "No," he said, "if we have an anthem we shall all go out criticizing the music. We will have the Hallelujah Chorus."

The Prince was called Albert after his father, and Edward after his grandfather, the Duke of Kent. His health was drunk in bumpers from a gold punch bowl designed for George IV, which held thirty dozen bottles of wine. The christening cake was eight feet in height.

The education of the heir to the crown immediately became the absorbing topic of conversation in the royal family. The young Prince was barely four months old when Baron Stockmar drew up an elaborate and appalling scheme for his intellectual and moral training. This met with the approval of the Queen and the Prince Consort, but was not immediately put into execution; the Prince, meanwhile, being consigned to the care of Lady Lyttelton.

Before he was five years old the Prince of Wales was taken on a short cruise in the royal yacht to the Channel Isles and Cornwall. "Bertie put on his sailor's dress," writes Queen Victoria in her journal, "which was beautifully made by the man on board who makes for the sailors. When he appeared, the officers and sailors, who were all assembled on deck to see him, cheered and seemed delighted with him." A few days later we are told: "The Corporation of Penryn were on board, and very anxious to see the Duke of Cornwall, so I stepped out of the pavilion on deck

with Bertie, and Lord Palmerston told them that that was the Duke of Cornwall, and the old Mayor of Penryn said that 'he hoped he would grow up a blessing to his parents and to his country.' "

The next summer the Prince sailed in the *Victoria and Albert* round the coast of Wales and Scotland. "At Milford Haven," says Queen Victoria, "numbers of boats came out with Welshwomen in their curious high-crowned hats, and Bertie was much cheered, for the people seemed greatly pleased to see the 'Prince of Wales'." On the Clyde the people cheered for the Duke of Rothesay. As yet the Prince had no Irish title, but two years later he went to Ireland with his parents, and was created Earl of Dublin.

At the age of eight the Prince was considered old enough to have a tutor, and a gentleman bearing the ominous name of Birch was appointed to the post. Fond as he was of his tutor, Mr. Birch's pupil did not adapt himself very readily to the curriculum. His brothers and sisters, especially the Princess Royal, were brighter and more studious than he was, and they were constantly held up as examples to him, which would have irritated some boys, but the Prince took it all most good-naturedly; he was devoted to all his family, and never complained, although he was obviously bored with his studies. A sympathetic friend suggested to his father that the curriculum might be varied with advantage by the introduction of some more interesting subjects; the Prince Consort promptly added a course of Political Economy!

The Prince was kept aloof from other boys—when some favoured youths of the aristocracy were admitted to Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle a certain formality was observed, and he never mixed freely with them. At Osborne the royal children had a Swiss cottage in the grounds, where they were trained in cooking and house-

keeping, and their work in the garden was carefully checked and paid for at the current rates by their father.

The Prince's life was not all work, however. We hear of conjuring entertainments at Balmoral, theatricals at Windsor, visits to Astley's Circus, and an interview with General Tom Thumb.

The conjuring made a great impression; this is the Prince's own account of it: "He cut to pieces Mamma's pocket-handkerchief, then darned it and ironed it so that it was as entire as ever; he then fired a pistol, and caused five or six watches to go through Gibbs's head, but Papa knows how all these things are done, and had the watches really gone through Gibbs's head he could hardly have looked so well, though he was confounded."

Gibbs was probably the tutor who succeeded Mr. Birch in 1852. In the following year the Prince acted in a masque got up in honour of the Queen's wedding-day. It was founded on Thomson's *Seasons*, the Prince taking the part of Winter, Princess Alice Spring, the Princess Royal Summer, Prince Alfred (the Duke of Edinburgh) Autumn, and Princess Helena (H.R.H. Princess Christian) St. Helena, mother of Constantine.

The Crimean War brought about a close alliance between England and France, and in 1855 the Queen and the Prince Consort took "Vicky" and "Bertie," as they were affectionately called, to Paris, on a visit to Napoleon III and the Empress Eugenie. The young Prince in his Highland kilt quite captured the hearts of the Parisians, and laid the foundations of that popularity in the gay city which lasted all his life. When the time came for the return to England he begged the Empress to allow him and his sister to stay a little longer. The Empress hinted that the Queen would not be able to spare them. "Oh, Mamma won't mind," answered the Prince, "there are six more of

us at home." But home he had to go with "Mamma," all the same.

In 1858 he had a new tutor, Mr. Tarver, with whom he studied at White Lodge, Richmond. Three studious and steady young men were attached to him as equerries, to serve a month in rotation, namely Lord Valletort, Major Teesdale and Major Lindsay (afterwards Lord Wantage). The first-named was the son of the Earl of Mount Edgcumbe; his chief recommendation was that he had never been at a public school. The others had both gained the V.C. in the Crimea—Teesdale at Kars and Lindsay at the Alma.

In the following year, after a tour in Italy with Mr. Tarver, the Prince went into residence at Holyrood to study at Edinburgh University. He attended the chemistry lectures of Dr. (Sir Lyon) Playfair. To illustrate the uses of chemistry as applied to manufactures the professor took his pupil round the neighbouring factories and works. At one of these he invited the Prince to dip his hand into a cauldron of molten lead. The professor's name inspired such confidence that the Prince pluckily did as he was told, and plunged his hand into the seething metal without receiving any hurt.

From Edinburgh the Prince moved on to Christ Church, Oxford. He lived with his governor, Colonel Bruce, at Frewen Hall, and was only allowed to mix with his fellow undergraduates in a formal way. Colonel Bruce had strict orders not to allow him to smoke, but he had already acquired a fondness for the weed, and despite his governor's watchful eye, he was not slow to seize an opportunity for indulging in a cigar.

The Prince's Oxford career was cut short by his voyage to Canada in 1860, the first of those tours so happily undertaken by three Princes of Wales, which have done so much to strengthen the links between the mother country and the distant parts of the Empire. Accompanied by the

Duke of Newcastle and a carefully chosen suite, he crossed the Atlantic in the frigate *Hero*, and landed at St. John's, Newfoundland, on July 24th. He travelled as "Baron Renfrew," but his incognito did not deceive the Canadians, and he received an enthusiastic welcome wherever he went.

There was an awkward moment at Montreal when Dr. Mathison came forward to present an address from the Synod of the Free Churches, and was told that it was not in order for him to hand it to the Prince personally. "Then it shall not be presented at all," said the doctor, as he handed it back to the clerk of the Synod. The tension was relieved by one of the staff remarking in a loud stage whisper, "That's Scotch."

The Prince had the excitement of seeing the famous Blondin walk on a tight-rope across the Falls of Niagara. He had a chat with Blondin afterwards, who was so pleased that he kindly offered to wheel His Royal Highness across in a wheelbarrow, but the Duke of Newcastle stepped in and vetoed the proposal on the spot.

President Buchanan extended a cordial invitation to "Baron Renfrew" to visit the States. Prince and President made a pilgrimage to Mount Vernon and stood bareheaded before the tomb of Washington, and by its side the great-grandson of George III planted a tree as a memorial of his visit. At New York the struggle to see him was terrific. A ball was given in his honour in a building capable of holding 6,000 people, and the crush was so great that the floor gave way. What pleased him most was a parade of 6,000 firemen in full flame-fighting equipment, and this display probably inspired that enthusiasm for fire brigade work which he showed during his later life.

The Prince sailed for England on October 20th in *H.M.S. Hero*, escorted by three ships. Considerable anxiety was felt as three weeks passed and the *Hero* did not arrive. Two warships were sent out to search for her, and

it was discovered that she had been driven out of her course by a storm, and the royal party were reduced to living on "salt junk."

On his return the Prince entered on a course of study at Cambridge. He was a member of Trinity College, but he actually resided at Madingley with Colonel Bruce. He always retained the pleasantest memories of the course of history lectures given by Charles Kingsley to him and a few favoured undergraduates. The tour in America had enlarged the Prince's view of life, and he sometimes found the strict control of his governor rather irksome. It is said that he once managed to slip away to the station for a trip to town on his own account. But his escape was discovered, the newly invented telegraph set to work, and on arriving at Liverpool Street he found a royal carriage waiting for him. This may be true, but the addition that the Prince gave the order to drive to Exeter Hall—the home of missionary meetings—is probably apocryphal.

Towards the end of the Prince's year at Cambridge the first great sorrow of his life fell upon him. He received a visit from his father, who was not feeling well at the time. On returning to Windsor the Prince Consort became worse, but as no serious anxiety was felt at first, the Prince was not summoned from Cambridge. It was his sister, the Princess Alice, who realized the gravity of the situation and took it upon herself to summon him to Windsor in time to be present at the bedside of his dying father.

For nearly a year preceding Prince Albert's death the subject of the heir apparent's marriage had exercised the minds of the royal family, and all the available princesses of the Protestant religion—mostly German—had been critically discussed.

However, the Prince chose for himself. He accidentally saw a photograph of the Princess Alexandra, daughter of Prince Christian of Denmark, and fell in love with her on

the spot, at which no one who has seen a portrait of Queen Alexandra at that, or indeed at any period of her life, will be surprised. In September, 1861, the Prince made the acquaintance of the Princess at Speier, and found her even more lovely and charming than her photograph.

Queen Victoria paid a special visit to her uncle Leopold, King of the Belgians, at Laeken, to meet the Princess Alexandra, and she signified a whole-hearted approval of her son's choice.

But before the affair went any further another project dear to the heart of the Prince Consort had to be carried out. This was a visit to the Holy Land. The arrangements had already been made, and early in 1862 the Prince set out for Egypt with the Rev. A. P. Stanley as his guardian and guide. The future Dean of Westminster formed the highest opinion of his royal charge. "I am more and more struck by the endearing qualities of the Prince," he writes, and he records his astonishment at the Prince's wonderful memory for names and persons. The Prince laid down a rule that there was to be no shooting on Sundays; an exception was made in favour of crocodiles, but the wary saurians wisely lay low on the Sabbath.

The most interesting incident in Palestine was the visit to the Cave of Macpelah, the burial-place of the patriarchs, in which no Christian had set foot for centuries, and for no one of less importance than the son of Queen Victoria would the Turkish authorities have opened the gates. The Prince availed himself of the unique privilege only on condition that Dean Stanley was allowed to enter with him.

The marriage of the Prince of Wales with the Princess Alexandra was celebrated in St. George's Chapel on March 10th, 1863. The Queen emerged from her retirement for the first time since the death of the Prince Consort, and was present at the ceremony.

The happy pair settled down at Sandringham, an estate

on the coast of Norfolk purchased in 1861 for £220,000, out of the savings from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall during the Prince's minority. Marlborough House, which was originally bought for Princess Charlotte, and subsequently served as a dower house for Queen Adelaide, was renovated to become the town residence of the Prince and Princess.

For many years after the death of the Prince Consort, Queen Victoria lived a very retired life, and this entailed on the Prince of Wales numerous duties which would otherwise have fallen to the lot of the Sovereign. A mere enumeration of them would fill a bulky volume, so we shall have to content ourselves with the outstanding features of his long and distinguished career as the representative of the Sovereign, the first gentleman in the kingdom, the leader of society, and the arbiter of fashion.

During the 'sixties the Prince varied his endless round of laying foundation stones, opening public works and buildings, visiting hospitals, supporting charities and speaking at dinners, by journeys to Scotland, Ireland, Wales, Germany, France and Russia, where he was present at the wedding of the Princess's sister to the Tsarevitch (afterwards the Tsar Alexander). His most extended tour took place in 1868, when in company with the Princess he visited the shores of the Mediterranean and Egypt, where he climbed the Great Pyramid and realized his ambition of shooting a crocodile. He opened the finished portion of the Suez Canal by admitting the waters of the Mediterranean into the Bitter Lakes. At Constantinople their Royal Highnesses dined with the Sultan, and explored the bazaars of the city as "Mr. and Mrs. Williams." The tour concluded with a visit to the battlefields of the Crimea.

By the end of the 'sixties two young princes and three young princesses were being brought up at Sandringham. Prince Albert Victor was born at Frogmore in January,

1864, and Prince George—His Majesty King George V—at Marlborough House in June, 1865. The Princess Louise (the Princess Royal, Duchess of Fife) was born in 1867, Princess Victoria in 1868, and Princess Maud (now Queen of Norway) in 1869.

The old house at Sandringham had become too small for the requirements of the Prince's increasing household, so it was pulled down, and the present house was built on a more commodious scale. The Prince had hardly settled down in his new home when a gloom was cast over the royal family and the whole nation by that historic illness from which he made a miraculous recovery after all hope had been abandoned by every one except perhaps the Princess.

In November, 1871, on his return from a visit to Scarborough, he was taken ill in London, and was at once removed to Sandringham. No special anxiety was felt till December 8th, when his condition suddenly became very serious. The next six days were an agony of suspense. Although devotedly nursed by the Princess, and attended by the cleverest physicians in England, it seemed that nothing could save his life. The thoughts of the whole nation were turned on Sandringham, and from every church and chapel in the land prayers went up for his recovery. The prayers were answered. On December 14th—the anniversary of the Prince Consort's death—there came a sudden change for the better, and before Christmas the Prince was out of danger.

The spontaneous demonstrations of relief and thankfulness from all classes of people culminated in that solemn service of thanksgiving at St. Paul's on February 27th, 1872, and there could have been no more eloquent testimony to the Prince's popularity and the loyalty of the nation to the throne.

The year 1875 was memorable for the Prince of Wales's

visit to India. He made the voyage in the troopship *Serapis*. He was accompanied by a suite of noblemen and gentlemen who were reckoned his most devoted friends, and who remained attached to him and served him till the end of his life or their own. Lord Suffield was his chief of staff, Colonel Arthur Ellis his principal equerry, Major-General (Sir) Dighton Probyn his Comptroller, (Sir) Francis Knollys his secretary. The Duke of Sutherland, Lord Aylesford, Lord Carrington, Colonel Owen Williams, Sir Bartle Frere, and Lord Charles Beresford were also of the party. Of all these personal friends Lord Suffield was perhaps the greatest. In *My Memories* he tells us how the Princess of Wales gave the Prince into his care, trusting him to look after him and never leave him. "I went with him everywhere," says Lord Suffield, "sat beside him ready to get before him should any attempt be made on his life, and I watched over him at night, often never going to bed at all when there seemed the slightest danger of anything or anyone attacking him." We have Lord Charles Beresford's testimony that Lord Suffield "felt it his duty to play watch-dog to the Prince, and play it he did, at no matter what cost to himself, whether fatigue or fever, or actual danger from animal or human intruders."

The royal party embarked on the *Serapis* at Brindisi, and after visiting the King and Queen of Greece and the Khedive of Egypt, arrived at Bombay on the 8th November. Here the Prince laid the foundation-stone of the Elphinstone Docks, and received and returned the visits of the Rajahs. Then to Poona, Baroda and Goa; but the excitement of the tour began in Ceylon. A journey was made into the interior of the island, the Prince mounting the engine to get a better view of the scenery, and an elephant drive was arranged on a large scale. The Prince took up his position in a tree, with Lord Charles Beresford, but no elephants appeared, although they could be heard crashing through

the jungle. After waiting for seven hours the sportsmen decided that as the elephants would not come to them they would have to go after the elephants, and they entered the jungle on foot. They soon found themselves in the thick of the herd, and the Prince shot a great beast in the head, but only wounded it, and it was preparing to charge him, to the alarm of his guides, who urged him to take refuge in a tree. But His Royal Highness calmly took aim, and brought the monster down with a well-directed shot. This was not the last adventure of the day, for after killing two more elephants, the party were driving back to the camp when the carriage overturned, upsetting the occupants into a ditch. Lord Suffield says the Prince "seemed heartily amused by the misadventure."

After a comparatively restful visit to Madras, where he had some jackal shooting, the Prince spent Christmas and the New Year at Calcutta. On New Year's Day, with great pomp he held a Chapter of the Order of the Star of India. Of all the native potentates present the most interesting was the veiled Begum of Bhopal, the only woman ruler in India, and the only lady G.C.S.I. During the ceremony the Prince noticed that the sailors of the escort were standing at the slope, and with that consideration for others always so characteristic of him, he sent Prince Louis of Battenberg to tell them to stand at ease.

At Lucknow, Cawnpore, and Delhi, the Prince paid a tribute to those who had fallen in the mutiny. In the gaol at Lahore he found two horrible Thugs. They gave a demonstration of how they strangled people; the elder of the two boasted two hundred and fifty victims—the younger could only claim thirty-five. They seemed surprised that the Prince did not ask for their release.

The Prince rode into Jammu (in Kashmir) in a howdah of solid gold, and from the Maharajah accepted a gem-studded sword worth £10,000.

At Gwalior his toilet services were of pure gold, and his bedstead and bath of solid silver. At Jeypore he shot his first tiger, but this was only a dress rehearsal for the mighty shoot in Nepal. Here Sir Jung Bahadoor had prepared a huge hunting-camp—there were seven hundred elephants and nearly ten thousand attendants. On the second day the Prince shot six tigers. On the third day there was a wild elephant drive, and again the Prince had an opportunity of displaying his coolness in a moment of danger. Altogether the royal party spent over a fortnight with Sir Jung, who was a fine old sportsman, and when not engaged in hunting was carried about on his man-servant's back.

A week later the *Scrapis* sailed for home, carrying a menagerie of strange beasts and birds, and presents worth over half a million pounds. Both from a political and sporting point of view the tour had been a huge success, and when the Prince appeared at the Opera, two hours after his arrival in London, his reception was deafening.

Soon after his return from India the Prince of Wales had a chance of showing that he had inherited the organizing ability which the Prince Consort displayed so conspicuously in connexion with the Great Exhibition of 1851. He threw himself heart and soul into his work as President of the British Commission of the Paris Exhibition of 1878, and it was probably the success of his efforts which inspired him with the idea of similar exhibitions on a smaller scale in London. The first was the "Fisheries" Exhibition, 1883, followed by the "Healtheries" in 1884, and the Colonial and Indian Exhibition ("Colinderies") in 1886. The last-named exhibition was the germ of the Imperial Institute, which the Prince of Wales carried through in spite of some opposition and ridicule in a certain section of the press. He had the satisfaction of seeing the Institute opened by

the Queen in May, 1893. Another scheme he carried through about the same time was the foundation of the Royal College of Music.

All the arrangements for the Jubilees of 1887 and 1897 were in the hands of the Prince, and to him fell the duty of entertaining all the royal and distinguished foreigners who came over on those and indeed all other occasions. The most trying monarch he ever entertained was that Shah of Persia who visited England in 1873, and wanted to buy the Life Guards and the chorus at the Opera, offered one of his suite for a practical demonstration of the guillotine, and expressed surprise that the Prince did not have the Duke of Sutherland's head off!

The Prince was no mere wearer of military uniforms; he was a good soldier, as he proved when training with the Grenadier Guards and the 10th Hussars. In 1882 he applied for a command in Lord Wolseley's Egyptian Expedition, but the Queen, backed up by her Ministers, refused his application. His brother, the Duke of Connaught, was more fortunate. The Queen probably had in her mind the tragic fate of the Prince Imperial in Zululand. The Prince of Wales was greatly attached to him, and acted as one of the pall-bearers at his funeral.

The Prince's life was not exempt from those family bereavements common alike to prince and peasant. In 1878 he lost his sister, the Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, who, while devotedly nursing her children suffering from diphtheria, contracted the disease herself. In 1884 his youngest brother, the Duke of Albany, of whom he was particularly fond, died suddenly at Cannes. The Prince of Wales was at Liverpool at the time, but he immediately set out for the Riviera and brought his brother's remains to Windsor. In January, 1892, came the great sorrow of the Prince's life, when his eldest son, the Duke of Clarence, died at Sandringham at the age of twenty-eight,

and was laid to rest near his uncle, the Duke of Albany, in the Albert Memorial Chapel at Windsor.

The only attempt on the Prince's life was made at Brussels in 1900, a year in which the British were not very popular on the Continent on account of the lies circulated about our management of the Boer War. The Prince and Princess were on their way to Denmark, and the train was just starting from the Nord station at Brussels when a half-witted anarchist youth named Sipido fired two or three shots from a revolver point blank at the Prince. Happily they missed him, and his one concern was to assure the Queen at once that he was uninjured. He had another opportunity of showing his calmness a year or two later, when, as King Edward, he was on board Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht, *Shamrock II*, and a sudden squall brought down the big sail, with its spars and rigging, almost at his feet. Again his first concern was to communicate with Queen Alexandra before a garbled version of the incident could reach her.

The Prince of Wales's happiest days were probably spent at Sandringham, among his farms, his pheasants and his dogs. Sandringham was a model estate and the Prince a model landlord. He took a personal pride in the welfare of his tenants and the housing of the labourers. He had a cheery word for every one on the estate; no one was beneath his notice. He regarded Norfolk as his own county, and the people of Norfolk regarded him as their Prince. There was only one discontented person on the Sandringham estate, and that was a Mrs. Cresswell, the tenant of Appleton Hall. She had a grievance about the "over-preservation of game," and the system of "battue" shoots introduced by the Prince, and under the name of "A Lady Farmer" she wrote a book entitled *Eighteen Years on the Sandringham Estate*, in which it is amusing to notice the struggle between her grievance and her admiration for her royal landlord.

She tells us how he came to Appleton Hall and "was vastly amused with our queer quarters, and after looking all round, raced up the ladder of a staircase to see the rooms we had fitted up above, and I need not say how attracted we were with his extraordinary charm of manner and power of putting every one at their ease, whether they might be driving a donkey-cart or cleaning a grate, without a suggestion of patronage or difference of rank, which has since attained a world-wide reputation and exercises so powerful a spell over the British nation." She describes him at the tenants' ball at Sandringham as "the jolliest of the jolly and the life of the party, as he is wherever he goes."

That genial influence, which Mrs. Cresswell calls a "spell," converted that one-time uncompromising Radical, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, into a loyal supporter of the monarchy, and in later years that "man of the people," Mr. John Burns, after a friendly chat with Edward VII, blossomed out in a Cabinet Minister's court dress.

The Prince was President of the Royal Agricultural Society, and as a breeder of cattle and horses he was always well to the fore among the prize-winners at the leading shows. He loved horses as much as he loved dogs. He was a good horseman; in his early days he won a steeplechase at the Curragh on his own horse, and in the 'seventies he frequently hunted with the Quorn and the Belvoir and the West Norfolk Hunt. During a run with the Belvoir a stout farmer, who was just in front of the Prince, came a cropper at a big fence, and the latter, not having time to pull up, cleared fence, farmer and farmer's horse at one jump. But shooting was his favourite sport; if there were any finer shots in the kingdom his second son—now His Majesty the King—was one of them. Ten thousand pheasants were reared every year at Sandringham, and the game larder could hold 6,000 head of game.

Deer-stalking in Scotland was one of his annual recreations; elk in Norway, and big game in the forests of Central Europe, also fell to the Prince's gun.

The "sport of kings" naturally appealed to such a lover of horses, but it was not until the 'nineties that the Prince of Wales enjoyed any real success as a winning owner on the flat. Lord Marcus Beresford supervised his stud, and his horses were trained at Newmarket by Mr. Richard Marsh. The purchase of the mare, *Perdita II*, was a fortunate speculation, for both the Prince's Derby winners, *Persimmon* (1896) and *Diamond Jubilee* (1900) were the sons of *St. Simon* and *Perdita II*. A third time he won the Derby, as *King Edward*, with *Minoru* (1909). In addition to his three Derby winners, he was the owner of those famous horses *Ambush II* and *Florizel II*. Twice he won the Two Thousand, the *St. Leger*, and the *Eclipse Stakes*, and most of the other big events at least once. The Prince's patronage of the turf was all for the good of horse-racing, and his popularity on the course was attested by the wonderful scenes of enthusiasm which invariably greeted the victory of the royal colours.

On the evening of Derby Day the Prince always gave a dinner at Marlborough House to the members of the Jockey Club—about forty or fifty in number—and on this occasion the servants wore their state liveries, the £20,000 dinner-service was brought into use, and the sideboard groaned under the weight of the gold and silver trophies won by the host's horses on the turf and his yachts on the Solent.

After the London season came Goodwood, where the Prince was the guest of the Duke of Richmond, and after Goodwood came Cowes Regatta. This was a real holiday for the Prince, and attired in the yachting costume which became him so well, he looked at his jolliest and his best. It was a familiar sight in the 'eighties to see him sitting in a wicker chair on the lawn of the Royal Yacht Squadron,

enjoying his cigar, and chaffing the ancient Countess of Cardigan, with her jaunty sailor hat perched on the top of her yellow wig.

In the 'nineties the Regatta became anything but a holiday for the Prince. The Kaiser insisted on coming in the *Hohenzollern*, and the state and ceremony entailed by his presence completely spoiled the Prince's pleasure. The Kaiser had no idea of what is called "good form"; he interfered and poked his nose into everything connected with the yacht racing, and tried to cut out his royal uncle by his ostentation and pomp—even in the fireworks let off from the *Hohenzollern* he tried to go one better than the Royal Yacht Squadron. Lord Redesdale tells us in his *Memories* that the awe and respect which the Kaiser felt for Queen Victoria was not extended to the Prince of Wales, and his insolent familiarity to his uncle sometimes caused a coldness, if not actually a quarrel, between them. This is borne out by Baron von Eckardstein in that remarkable book recently published, *Ten Years at the Court of St. James*. The Baron gives several instances of the Kaiser's bad manners and rudeness, and he became so offensive that the Prince said to the Baron: "The Regatta at Cowes was once a pleasant holiday for me, but now the Kaiser has taken command there, it is nothing but a nuisance. Perhaps I shan't come at all next year." This was in 1895, but the Kaiser's telegram to Kruger at the beginning of 1896 made it impossible for him to show his face in England for several years. King Edward's opinion of the Kaiser is well known: "I regret to say my nephew is no gentleman," he was heard to remark on more than one occasion. Nevertheless, with that tact for which he was so notable, he always worked for peace and good-will.

The Prince was no mere fair-weather yachtsman, but quite enjoyed the excitement of roughing it in a gale. He possessed some fine yachts in his time. In 1877 he won

the Queen's Cup with his schooner *Hildegard*, and again in 1880 with his cutter *Formosa*. His biggest sailing yacht was the *Alme*, a schooner of 216 tons, which he bought from Lord Hastings in 1881, and which won many prizes for him. His last big yacht was the *Britannia*, a cutter of 150 tons, which was almost invincible and twice won the Queen's Cup.

The Prince was given no chance in his youth to acquire proficiency at such games as cricket and football. He played cricket now and then at Oxford, and once at Sandringham he took part in a match between the Gentlemen of Norfolk and "I Zingari," but his form did not encourage him to repeat the experiment. At one time he was a good lawn tennis player, and in later life a deadly wielder of a croquet mallet. He was fond of skating, and in the 'nineties he captained a team in some ice-hockey matches at Buckingham Palace. The Prince himself played back, and the Duke of York was one of the forwards.

As host and hostess, and as the leaders of society, the Prince and Princess were unrivalled; no big function could call itself a success without their presence. They had friends without number—friends who were devoted to them heart and soul. Lord Suffield and several others have already been mentioned. Then there were Mr. Christopher Sykes, the good-natured butt of the Prince's good-natured jests, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Cadogan, Lord Dupplin, Lord Londesborough, the Bressford brothers, Lord James of Hereford, the Marquis de Soveral, the Rothschilds and those two great little sailors, Admiral Keppel and Captain Kemp Welch. When visiting his friends the Prince always took his own valets, loaders, and other attendants with him, and when dining out he always had his own footman to wait on him.

Idolized as he was by society, he was also the idol of the man in the street. One day there was a slight hold-up of

traffic outside Liverpool Street Station, and the bus-drivers and hansom cabbies were giving vent to their opinions in that choice vernacular for which they were so famous in the good old "horsey" days. Suddenly the word went round that it was the Prince of Wales returning from Newmarket; the "grousing" ceased as if by magic, and there was a tense silence until the Prince's carriage emerged from the station, when the air was rent with cheers for "good old Albert Edward." Then there is the story of the mob-oration in Hyde Park, treating his audience to a violent speech of the "down with everybody and everything" order. In the middle of a tirade against the Queen and Royal Family he noticed that his audience was rapidly deserting him, and inquiring the cause, he was informed that they were rushing off to see the Prince of Wales riding in the Row.

It has been said that the Prince never read books. This is not quite true. He had good libraries of his own at Marlborough House and Sandringham, particularly strong in modern historical works, and he gave what little time he could spare to reading them. His favourite works of fiction, we know, were *Westward Ho!* *East Lynne*, and the Waverley novels. He was very proud, as King, of the fine library at Windsor Castle, and took a delight in showing his friends round it. But it is true that he was a student of men rather than of books. He had a gift of acquiring all he wanted to know from the men he talked with. In his annual "cure" at Homburg, and later at Marienbad, he met all the leading foreign statesmen and diplomats of the day, and he probably knew more about foreign politics than all the Cabinet put together. He read the papers assiduously and was always well informed on politics at home, but he wisely refrained from taking any active part or expressing his feelings. Although Queen Victoria never gave him access to her despatch-box or encouraged him to take any

interest in the government of the State, his quiet tact and influence often did much to smooth over difficulties with Continental powers.

By nature the Prince was generous and trustful, always willing to believe the best of everybody, and a champion of justice and fair play. He never disparaged anybody, nor would he hear anybody disparaged in his presence. He had a wonderful memory for faces, and was rarely at a loss for a name or an event. He remembered everything he heard or read in the papers. He once astonished Mark Twain. The American humorist had written an article on a visit to London, in which he said he had met the Prince of Wales. "I was on the top of a bus," he wrote, "and he was at the head of a procession." Some time afterwards he had the honour of being presented to the Prince, who remarked, with a smile, "I am happy to meet you *again*"—then noticing the blank look on Mark Twain's face, "Oh, yes, we have met before; you remember, you were on the top of a bus, and I was at the head of a procession." For once in his life the witty American was at a loss for a reply.

One of the Prince's favourite hobbies was to act as an amateur fireman. The Chief of the Fire Brigade, Captain (Sir Eyre) Shaw, was a great friend of his, and the news of a big conflagration was at once communicated to Marlborough House. Near the Headquarters of the Fire Brigade the Prince had a private room, where he and two or three friends—the Duke of Sutherland and Sir George Chetwynd—would don their equipment and sally forth to fight the flames with hatchet and hose. He had a fire of his own at Marlborough House a few weeks after the birth of his second son. It broke out in the vicinity of the nursery, and after the infant princes had been removed to a place of safety, their father met with a nasty accident while ripping up the floor of the nursery to get at the fire. He

fell some distance through the rafters, but was fortunately rescued without sustaining serious injury.

It was the Prince of Wales who made cigarettes fashionable in England, but he generally preferred a cigar. At "White's" he found the restriction to a small smoking-room rather irksome, so in 1869 he was largely responsible for the foundation of the Marlborough Club, opposite Marlborough House, where he could smoke all over the place, and meet his friends on a less formal footing than elsewhere; needless to say, no one unacceptable to the Prince was ever elected a member of the "Marlborough." At Windsor Castle the law against smoking was very strict, even in the bedrooms; it was not until nearly the end of Queen Victoria's reign that an exception was made in favour of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who was permitted to enjoy an occasional whiff in the billiard-room. The Prince of Wales had to take his cigar to the librarian's quarters, and this is said (perhaps quite wrongly) to have been the origin of his great friendship with Sir Richard Holmes.

It must not be imagined that the Prince was simply a sportsman and a man of pleasure. This is far from the case; he was essentially a man of business. His life was a busy round of public duties and functions connected with his high position, and yet he found time for much valuable work in the cause of charity. For twenty-five years he was Grand Master of English Freemasons, and his efforts on behalf of Masonic and other deserving institutions must have been productive of millions of money. It is only necessary to mention King Edward's Hospital Fund, for which he worked so hard, and his labours on the Royal Commission for the Housing of the Poor. It is a wonder how he found time to accomplish all he did. Lord Redesdale tells us that late one evening he went to Marlborough House from the Club, and as he was taking leave of the Prince, the latter pointed to a despatch-box full of papers,

and said, "Now I must tackle these," and on Lord Redesdale expressing surprise—"Oh, it will only take me a couple of hours." And yet he was always out at eight o'clock for his morning stroll, looking as fresh as paint.

His two great qualities as Prince of Wales are best described in French as *bonhomie* and *savoir-faire*. When he came to the throne his other great qualities found full scope, and no one was more surprised than the Kaiser that the "mailed fist" of the "All Highest War Lord" was a less potent factor in the affairs of Europe than the tactful influence of King Edward the Peacemaker.

XVIII

George

PRINCE OF WALES, 1901-1910

(HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V)

HIS Majesty King George V was born at Marlborough House on June 3rd, 1865. At his christening in the private chapel at Windsor Castle on July 7th, Queen Victoria held him in her arms and gave him the names of "George Frederick Ernest Albert."

Prince George and his elder brother, Prince Albert Victor (Prince "Eddy"), passed their early days quietly at Sandringham or Marlborough House, their life being varied by an annual visit to their mother's home in Denmark, to Queen Victoria at Osborne, and in the autumn to the Highlands at Abergeldie. When the time came to consider their serious education the Prince of Wales wisely decided to send them to the training ship *Britannia* (Captain Henry Fairfax), at Dartmouth. The naval training, it was considered, would be good for the elder Prince, and essential for the younger one, who was to take up the navy as his career. When the Princes went to the *Britannia* in 1877 Prince George was barely twelve years of age, and must have been one of the youngest cadets on board. They had their own sleeping-quarters apart from the others, but in all other respects they were under the same discipline,



H R H GEORGE PRINCE OF WALES

1901 1910

(HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE V)

and subject to the same tasks and duties as the rest of the cadets. That no formality was observed by their messmates in addressing them may be gathered from the fact that they answered to the nicknames of "Sprat" and "Herring."

Prince Eddy, as the elder brother was called in the family circle, was rather quiet and serious, but the stories told of Prince George, if true, bear witness to a lively and enterprising disposition. He entered with enthusiasm into all the duties and amusements of the daily life of a cadet, and showed the same zest for his tasks on board ship as he did for sailing and rowing matches on the Dart and boyish adventures ashore.

The Princes must have been sorry to leave the *Britannia* at the end of their two years' training, but they had something to look forward to—a three years' cruise in *H.M.S. Bacchante*. They kept a careful record of all the events of their voyage, and their journals were embodied in *The Cruise of the Bacchante*, published in two volumes in 1886 and dedicated to their grandmother, Queen Victoria.

Early in September, 1879, the two Princes left their native shores in the *Bacchante* (Lord Charles Scott), a full-rigged screw corvette of 4,130 tons and a complement of 450 men. After a cruise in the Mediterranean the *Bacchante* left Gibraltar, and after touching at Madeira and the Canary Isles, steamed across the Atlantic for the West Indies. Barbados was reached on Christmas Day. There was great excitement to see the "Queen's piccaninnies," as the negroes called them, and one old negress threw a spade guinea into their carriage as a souvenir; "George has worn it on his watch-chain ever since," says the diary. All the principal islands were visited, and at Pitch Lake, in Trinidad, Prince George got "an unexpected ducking that contributed to amusement but not to neatness of clothes."

On January 8th, 1880, Prince Eddy's birthday, the brothers were rated as midshipmen. Shortly afterwards they were weighed and measured: Prince George was 4 ft. 10½ in.—nearly an inch taller than his naval uncle, the Duke of Edinburgh, was at the same age in 1858.

Bermuda was the last place they visited, and while there they made a tour of the smaller islands in a steam launch. On one of them they created something of a sensation by landing with bright orange-coloured noses. This phenomenon was produced by the pollen of the Bermuda lily, with which they had been amusing themselves in the launch.

Very soon after the return from the West Indies the *Bacchante* was off again with the Channel Squadron to the coasts of Ireland and Spain, and in September with the Flying Squadron to the Pacific. Towards the end of November the Equator was reached, and the Princes, with many others, underwent the time-honoured process of shaving and ducking at the command of King Neptune. At Montevideo they landed and made an expedition across the pampas, where they tried their hands at the flinging of the lasso and the bola.

From Montevideo it was intended to sail through the Straits of Magellan into the Pacific, but on arriving at the Falkland Islands, after a very rough voyage, they found orders awaiting them which necessitated a change of plans.

There was trouble with the Boers in South Africa, and the Squadron was ordered to demonstrate at the Cape. The demonstration was rather a farce, for, as everybody knows, after the disasters in Natal we patched up a peace with the Boers, although Lord Roberts was on his way to take command; but he had to wait twenty years before he got the chance to avenge Majuba. However, the Princes took advantage of the delay to visit Cetewayo, the Zulu King, who had lately been reduced to submission. "He seems a

bloodthirsty old chap, wishing to wash his spears in the blood of the Boers of the Transvaal," was their opinion of this warlike old potentate. They were amused at his extreme corpulence and the size of his four wives, who averaged between sixteen and seventeen stone.

After a little suspense the order came to sail for Melbourne. On this voyage a terrific storm was encountered, and for days everything movable on the ship was literally on the move. The chairs had to be lashed to the table at meals, and of the crockery only three cups remained intact. The worst of it was the rudder was smashed, and the *Bacchante* drifted helplessly far to the south, at the mercy of wind and waves. By skilful seamanship she was brought into the port of Albany, and the Princes were able to stretch their legs on shore. Prince George got a chance of showing something of that skill with a gun for which he has always been noted. Already in South America he had brought down wild duck, and bok in South Africa. This time the quarry was quail, but the birds were shy, and it looked like being a blank day till the "policeman" took Prince George aside and taught him the quail-call, which brought the birds within reach of his unerring aim.

It was about this time that Prince George had a narrow escape of his life. The *Bacchante* was at torpedo practice, and it fell to his duty to command the boat towing the target. Unfortunately the torpedo operator made a bad shot, for instead of hitting the target, the torpedo passed through the boat within a foot of the Prince's legs, without disturbing his equanimity. Not long after this the Princes visited Melbourne, and were taken up country by the Governor, Lord Normanby. At some out-of-the-way station the latter was handed a cipher telegram from England, and not having his code with him he could not decipher it. Fearing that it might be some advice for the safety of the Princes in view of the Irish agitation at Melbourne, he

hurried back to consult his code, and on deciphering the message he found that it read, "Which of the Princes was killed?" sent off, no doubt, on receipt of an exaggerated account of the accident at torpedo practice six weeks before. The Princes had the pleasure of cabling home that they were both very much alive.

For further details of the three months spent in Australia we can only refer the reader to the intensely human pages of *The Cruise of the Bacchante*. From Australia the *Bacchante* carried the young Princes to Fiji, where they were each presented with a whale's tooth—and from Fiji to Japan. They were honourably entertained by the Mikado, witnessed a review of the Japanese army, presented two Australian wallabies to the Empress, and had a red-and-blue dragon tattooed on their arms. A report reached England, and caused some alarm at Marlborough House, that they had had an anchor tattooed on their noses, but this happily proved to be without foundation.

They spent Christmas at Hong Kong, where they witnessed the great Dragon procession. At Canton they landed for some shooting. "I'll show Prince George how to bring the wild pheasants down," said Captain Fitzgerald; but when he saw the Prince bring down a bird with his right, and wheeling sharply round, get another overhead with his left, he was too astonished to offer any advice.

Homeward bound, the *Bacchante* touched at Singapore and Ceylon, and landed the Princes in Egypt, where they climbed the Great Pyramid and carved their initials beside the "A. E." of their father; they then explored the Nile as far as the ruins of Thebes, Luxor and Karnak, and saw the great dam of Assouan in the making. From Egypt to Palestine, Syria, and Athens, and home once more, for their confirmation at Whippingham Church by Archbishop Tait on August 8th, 1882.

The *Bacchante* cruise was the end of Prince Eddy's naval

career, but Prince George, after six months on the Continent for the purpose of studying languages, was posted to the *Canada* (Captam Durrant). He served in the North American and West Indian stations, and in the following year, 1884, having gained a first class in seamanship, he was promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant. Then, having passed with credit his courses at Greenwich and Portsmouth, he served for three years with the Mediterranean Fleet as lieutenant in the *Thunderer*, the *Dreadnought*, and the Duke of Edinburgh's flagship, *Alexandra*.

After a short spell with the Channel Fleet (*H.M.S. Northumberland*) he was given a command of his own for the summer manœuvres of 1889. This was torpedo-boat No. 79, considered a very fine boat at that time, with a tonnage of 75 and a speed of $22\frac{1}{2}$ knots, but small compared with the monster destroyers of the present day. It was with this boat, during the manœuvres off the Irish coast, that the Prince performed a feat of seamanship worthy of record. Three torpedo-boats had been out all night in a rough sea, and were returning to harbour at daybreak, when one of them broke down, and had to anchor in a dangerous position near the shore with a heavy sea on. One of her companions went off to report to the Admiral—the other, No. 79, tried to tow the disabled boat into the harbour, but the hawser broke. Prince George returned to the harbour, asked if he might have another hawser and another try, and at the second attempt succeeded in rescuing his comrades in distress. When Admiral Fitzgerald heard of this feat he remarked, "I am not surprised at anything he has done since I saw him bring down wild pheasants in China."

From May, 1890, to July, 1891, Prince George commanded the gunboat *Thrush*, once more on the American Station. Soon after his return he was promoted to the rank of Commander. In November, after a visit to Ireland,

he was stricken by an attack of enteric fever. The Princess of Wales was in Russia at the time, and the Prince took upon himself the superintendence of his son's nursing, and hardly left his bedside till the Princess arrived. Happily Prince George recovered, but he had hardly done so when a terrible blow fell on the happy family at Sandringham. The Duke of Clarence (Prince Eddy) caught a chill at a funeral early in January, which quickly took a serious turn, and he passed away on January 14th.

This sad event placed Prince George in direct succession to the throne, and he assumed his new responsibilities with a seriousness for which he was hardly credited during his breezy sailor days. It also meant giving up his active career in the Navy, which was a great disappointment to him, for although he occasionally got to sea again, it was only at irregular intervals.

In the manoeuvres of 1893 he commanded the second-class cruiser *Melampus*, and in 1898, having been promoted to captain, he was in command of the first-class cruiser *Crescent* for the manoeuvres of that year.

After his brother's death Prince George was created Duke of York, and his marriage became a question of great importance and interest, not only to the royal family, but to the nation at large. There was a universal feeling of satisfaction when it was announced that he was engaged to an English Princess, the only daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Teck. Of all the ladies of the royal family there was none more popular and beloved than Princess Mary of Cambridge, Duchess of Teck. Her good-nature, sympathy, and untiring work in the cause of charity endeared her to all classes. Her daughter, Princess Victoria Mary—Princess "May," as she was then called—brought up in the simple home life of White Lodge, Richmond, entered society with a strong claim on the affections of the public as her mother's daughter, and made the claim good by her

own personal charm and attractiveness. It is not surprising therefore that the wedding caused intense pleasure and enthusiasm. It was celebrated at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on July 6th, 1893, in the presence of Queen Victoria. Ten princesses, all grand-daughters of the Queen, attended the bride as bridesmaids. After the wedding the Duke and Duchess of York took up their residence at York Cottage, Sandringham, and at York House, St. James's.

Later in the year they made something like a royal "progress" to Edinburgh and York, and on their return commenced that busy public life as representatives of the crown, which fitted them so admirably for the exalted position they were destined to occupy in the future. Every year was a continual round of laying foundation-stones, opening buildings, and attending public functions in London and the large manufacturing towns of England, varied by visits to Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Meanwhile a new generation was growing up at York Cottage. On June 23rd, 1894, Prince Edward, of whom more in the next chapter, was born at White Lodge. Prince Albert, now Duke of York, was born on December 14th, 1895, and Princess Mary came to grace the Queen's Diamond Jubilee in 1897. But a great grief came upon the family before the end of the Jubilee year, when the Duchess of Teck died at White Lodge on October 27th. In 1900 a third son, Prince Henry, was born to the Duke and Duchess of York.

For some time before the death of Queen Victoria the idea of the Duke of York making a tour of the British Colonies had been under consideration, and in the year 1900 the plan took definite form. The loyal rally of the colonies to the help of the mother country in her hour of need in South Africa seemed to demand some recognition from the Sovereign, and the opening of the first Parliament

of the Australian Commonwealth was a fitting opportunity for the Duke of York to visit Australia. All the arrangements had already been made when Queen Victoria passed away in January, 1901, but as it was by her express desire that the Duke of York was undertaking the tour, it was not abandoned. On March 16th, escorted by two cruisers, the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York set sail in the Orient liner *Ophir* (Commodore Winsloe, R.N.), manned by a crew of the Royal Navy. At Gibraltar their Royal Highnesses were welcomed by Sir George White, and at Malta by Sir John Fisher. In Ceylon they were shown the sacred tooth of Buddha, and the Duke was able to perform an act of clemency by securing the return of the exiled Arabi to his native land of Egypt. At Singapore the Duke received the Malay Sultans and the Duchess received their wives. On coming to the equator the Duke, although he had crossed the line before, good-humouredly submitted to the attentions of King Neptune, and took his "shaving" and his ducking with a smile, *pour encourager les autres*.

The real business of the tour began at Melbourne. On May 9th, in the great Exhibition building, the Duke opened the first Parliament of the Australian Commonwealth, and the Union Jack was run up over every school in Australia. From Melbourne the royal party proceeded to Ballarat, Sydney, and Brisbane. They inspected the mines, visited the stockmen in the up-country stations, and in Queensland witnessed a boomerang-throwing performance by the aborigines. At all the large towns, both in Australia and New Zealand, the chief feature of their welcome was the parade of the school children and cadets. How many of these sturdy schoolboys were to give their lives for the King and Empire fifteen years later in Gallipoli, France, and Palestine!

The Duke had many reminders of his *Bacchante* visit, such as the trees he and his brother planted at Melbourne;

but perhaps the one which appealed most to his sporting instincts was the quail shooting, reminiscent of the policeman's "quail call."

From Australia the *Ophir* steamed to New Zealand, and on June 4th arrived at Auckland, where the Duke and Duchess were welcomed by Mr. Seddon, the premier. Perhaps the most interesting event in New Zealand was the visit to the native settlement, when the Maori chiefs returned to the Duke all the presents they had received from Queen Victoria, to show how carefully they had kept them. Of course he gave them back again. Then followed a great demonstration of native songs and dances, which their Royal Highnesses witnessed wearing the kiwi mats or mantles which had been presented to them.

From New Zealand the *Ophir* returned to Tasmania and Adelaide, and a cross-country railway journey was made to Perth and the mining district of Coolgardie.

The voyage was continued via Mauritius to South Africa, where Natal and Cape Town were visited, and then across the Atlantic to Canada. Great receptions awaited them at Quebec, Ottawa, and Montreal, and at these Canadian cities, as in Australia and New Zealand, war medals were presented to the troops who had fought in South Africa, and now and then a Victoria Cross was pinned on a proud and gallant breast. After a day spent in shooting the rapids with the "lumbermen" came the long railway journey to Winnipeg, and a visit to the Red Indian chiefs near Calgary, then across the Rocky Mountains (the Duke riding on the "cowcatcher" of the engine), to British Columbia and Vancouver Island. The return journey gave the royal party a chance of seeing Toronto and the Falls of Niagara.

On October 21st the *Ophir* left Halifax for home, and soon after his arrival—on King Edward's birthday, Novem-

ber 9th—the Duke of Cornwall and York was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester.

A banquet was given at the Guildhall on December 5th to welcome their Royal Highnesses home. In the course of his speech the Prince startled the assembly with that famous phrase "Wake up, England!" which next day was on everybody's lips.

As Duke of Cornwall, the heir to the throne had already done a great work in strengthening the bonds of union between the British Colonies and the Motherland, and had widely increased his personal knowledge of that great Empire over which he was destined to rule. As Prince of Wales he began a career of usefulness at home as the right-hand man of the King. His position differed somewhat from that of his father during the long reign of Queen Victoria. There was not now a monarch living in semi-retirement at Balmoral and Osborne, but a real live King and Queen holding a brilliant court at Buckingham Palace and Windsor. But there was no rivalry or opposition between the King and the Prince. The latter had his own private circle of friends, chiefly his old companions in the Navy, but he and the Princess liked to be with the King and Queen when their engagements permitted, and were frequently to be seen at Sandringham and Windsor, and in the Highlands.

The Prince performed his part of second gentleman in the kingdom with that thoroughness, modesty, and devotion to duty so characteristic of the training of a naval officer and his own natural disposition. He represented the King in the more arduous and less showy duties of royalty, and as chairman and president of numerous Commissions, Committees, and Councils he showed that method and quick mastery of facts and details which have made him such an admirable man of business both as Prince and King. The Princess also was able to relieve the Queen of many of her social duties, and by her charm and sympathetic manner

completely gained the hearts of the people, just as Queen Alexandra had done in the 'sixties and 'seventies.

After the return from the *Ophir* tour two more sons were born to the Prince of Wales—Prince George, now a naval officer, and Prince John, a delicate boy whose early death two years ago was such a grief to the royal family.

The Prince was singularly happy in the selection of his entourage. All his household were capable men, well-fitted for their posts; we need only mention here that he had the benefit of the experience and tact of Sir Arthur Bigge (Lord Stamfordham) as Private Secretary, in which capacity he had served Queen Victoria since the death of Sir Henry Ponsonby.

The Prince's usefulness was not confined to the United Kingdom. It was decided that he should make a tour of India, as his father had done thirty years before, with this difference, that the Princess was to accompany him, with a special mission to the ladies of India.

H.M.S. Renown (Captain Hon. H. Tyrwhitt) was chosen for the voyage, and on the 21st of October, 1905, the Prince and Princess of Wales embarked at Genoa, and reached Bombay, by a happy coincidence, on November 9th, the King's birthday. They were welcomed by Lord Curzon, the Viceroy, and Lord Lamington, the Governor. Six busy days were spent at Bombay, and then the Prince and Princess started on their great land journey. The facilities for travelling in India had increased enormously during the past thirty years, so that the Prince was able to see and do much more than King Edward did, but in this limited space it is hardly possible to follow the bare itinerary. A complete record of the tour, written by the graphic pen of Mr. Stanley Reed, was published in a beautifully illustrated volume by the *Times of India*.

The first halting-place was Indore, where the Prince held a Durbar of the rulers of Central India, and invested the

veiled Begum of Bhopal with the G.C.I.E. Then through the country of the Rajputs to Udaipur, with its picturesque lake palace, and Jaipur, where the Prince shot his first tiger, and on to the desert city of Bikanir. Here there was a rest from state ceremonial while the Prince enjoyed some sport amongst the sand-grouse at a tank in the desert. On the first day 207 birds fell to the Prince's gun (the Maharajah was second with 109), and in the afternoon he bagged a chinkara; on the second day he was equally successful.

The journey was continued through the Punjab—at Lahore the Prince inspected "Kim's Cannon"—to the North-West Frontier. At Peshawar the weather was very cold, and the men had to don their greatcoats, and the ladies their furs, for the drive through the Khyber Pass to the fort of Landi Kotal on the borders of Afghanistan.

The great military station of Rawal Pindi was the next objective, and here the Prince, accompanied by Lord Kitchener, reviewed an army of 55,000 men and witnessed a realistic sham battle.

After a visit to the camp of Jammu in Kashmir, the royal party saw the Golden Temple at Amritsar, the Jumma Masjid and the Kashmir Gate at Delhi, and the Taj Mahal at Agra.

Christmas was spent at Gwalior. The Prince was welcomed with a procession of thirty-six state elephants, and had some exciting tiger shooting with that splendid soldier and sportsman, the Maharajah Scindia.

From Gwalior to Lucknow, so full of Mutiny memories and landmarks, and from Lucknow to Calcutta. Here the Prince was welcomed by Lord Minto, the new viceroy, and went to the races on "Cup Day." The Princess attended a "purdah" party, given by the native ladies. An interesting visitor was the Tashi Lama, who had come over the

Himalayas from Tibet to greet the Prince. He said he would gladly have travelled ten times the distance.

After a strenuous fortnight in Calcutta their Royal Highnesses embarked in a launch at Barrackpore, and wending their way through the shifting channels of the Houghli, found the *Renown* waiting near the mouth of the river—her consort *H.M.S. Terrible*, on account of her size, had to anchor forty miles out at sea!

An uneventful voyage brought the royal party to Burmah. At Rangoon they saw the trained elephants lifting the huge logs in the teak yards, and the long-necked ladies of Padaung. They made the long up-river journey to Mandalay, and witnessed a very noisy regatta on the moat at Fort Dufferin. Then back again across the sea to Madras, where even the mighty *Terrible* was able to enter the spacious harbour. The honours of Madras were done by Lord Ampthill, the Governor, and the Prince was treated to a dance of the Khonds, a primitive tribe, the survival of remote centuries, addicted till quite recently to human sacrifices.

The once powerful and still splendid states of Mysore and Hyderabad were next visited. At the latter capital the festivities were curtailed by the death of the daughter of the Nizam, but the Prince enjoyed two days' sport in the jungle, bagging three tigers and a panther. Nepal, the happy hunting-ground of tigers, was left out of the programme, owing to an outbreak of cholera; so from Benares a second visit was paid to the Maharajah Scindia at Gwalior, and thence to Quetta on the borders of Baluchistan.

The tour came to an end at Karachi, on the 19th of March, when the Prince held an Investiture. It had been a very strenuous undertaking for the Prince and Princess, but the Prince had seen his future Empire, and India had seen her future Emperor. "We have seen enough," he said in his parting speech, "to make India a reality to us, and

to implant for ever in our hearts a sympathy and interest in all that affects our fellow subjects in India." Of the success of the tour there was no doubt. The loyalty displayed by the native princes was intense, and all the arrangements went like clockwork under the eye of Sir Walter Lawrence, Chief of Staff, who was ably assisted by Captain Clive Wigram. The Prince also had with him throughout the tour that intrepid sportsman, Sir Pratap Singh, and a staff of young officers who enjoyed the sport provided for them as much as the Prince did himself.

The Prince's bag included thirteen tigers, two sambar, five wild boar, four panthers, two hyenas, one wild cat, and one alligator, not to mention such small game as wild-duck, sand-grouse, and "various, including snakes, etc."

Soon after their return from India, the Prince and Princess had a narrow escape from death while attending the marriage of Princess "Ena" of Battenberg to the King of Spain. They were in the next carriage to the newly wedded King and Queen, returning from the cathedral, when a bomb was thrown, which missed its aim, though it killed some of the escort.

The Prince was too busy with public duties to pursue his chosen career as a sailor. He was promoted to the rank of Admiral in 1907, and an opportunity came in the following year for him to hoist his flag on the *Indomitable* (Captain King Hall), as commander of a squadron. The occasion was his visit to Canada for the Tercentenary Festival at Quebec, where, for the second time, he held a grand review of troops on Wolfe's historic battlefield. The return voyage in the *Indomitable* was made in record time, and so keen was the Prince on his ship's success that he took his turn in the stokehole in shovelling the coal. To commemorate the event a silver cock with a comb of Prince of Wales's feathers was placed at the masthead of the *Indomitable*.

The Prince and Princess had visited their principality in

1905, and in 1909 they made a motor tour through their Duchy of Cornwall, in the administration of which the Prince took a keen personal interest.

In 1909 the income from the Duchy was £156,000. The Prince of Wales received £87,000, and the rest was paid for the benefit of the estate, expenses of administration, etc. At this time the Prince had several schemes in hand for the improvement of his property and the welfare of his tenants, at the sacrifice of part of his personal income.

Some of the property is in the south of London, and as landlord of Kennington Oval the Prince was naturally interested in cricket, and the Surrey county team in particular. He was also a keen spectator at football matches, with a preference for the Rugby code. Shooting, of course, was his favourite sport, and he was, and is, quite one of the best shots in the kingdom.

The King's "indoor hobby," as all stamp collectors know, is philately. He began collecting as a midshipman in the *Bacchante* days, and was for many years President, and is now Patron, of the Royal Philatelic Society. He limits his collection to stamps of the British Empire, and with his unique opportunities he has probably made it the best of its kind in the world. A catalogue of his treasures would be out of place here, as it could only be appreciated by an expert philatelist.

On May 6th, 1910, King Edward the Peacemaker passed away at Buckingham Palace. On the following day His Majesty King George V held his first Council at St. James's. In his Declaration to the Privy Council he said these words:

"Standing here a little more than nine years, our beloved King declared that as long as there was breath in his body he would work for the good and amelioration of his people. I am sure that the opinion of the whole Nation

will be that this declaration has been fully carried out. To endeavour to follow in his footsteps, and at the same time to uphold the constitutional government of these Realms, will be the earnest object of my life."

His people know how steadfastly he has kept this object in view, and more than fulfilled his resolution during the troubled years of his reign.

XIX

Edward

PRINCE OF WALES, 1910

HIS Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was born on June 23rd, 1894, at White Lodge, Richmond Park, the home of his maternal grandfather and grandmother, the Duke and Duchess of Teck. At his christening by the Archbishop of Canterbury on July 16th, his sponsors were Queen Victoria, the Prince and Princess of Wales (King Edward and Queen Alexandra), the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke and Duchess of Teck.

He was given the names Edward Albert Christian George Andrew Patrick David.

"Nothing could have gone off better than the christening," wrote Queen Victoria, "and I was much pleased to be present and hold my dear little great-grandson."

Prince Edward's childhood was spent at York Cottage (Sandringham), York House (St. James's), and Frogmore (Windsor), varied by visits to Marlborough House, White Lodge, Osborne, Balmoral and Abergeldie. At Sandringham he had a model railway with which he would amuse himself for hours, and in the model brig on Virginia Water, he and his younger brothers learned the rudiments of navigation under the care of that veteran sailor, Captain (Sir David) Welch.

The time came when his education had to be taken in hand, and it was decided that he and his brother Prince Albert should follow their father's example and have a naval training. In 1902, Mr. H. P. Hansell was appointed their tutor to prepare them for Osborne. The princes got on well with most of their studies, but found that there was no royal road to Euclid (or Geometry, as we now call it). They showed more keenness, perhaps, on cricket and football, and they were encouraged to play with, and hold their own against, other boys. Cricket matches were frequently played on the Frogmore ground, with junior teams from Eton and the boys of St. George's Choir School. Prince Edward was described in the local paper as "a stylish batsman, particularly strong on the leg side," and Prince Albert was a good left-hand bowler. But the Prince of Wales has now adopted squash-rackets and polo as his favourite games, and the Duke of York cultivates lawn tennis with marked success in tournaments.

Prince Edward passed into Osborne in 1907, and soon became very popular with his fellow cadets, who bestowed upon him the nickname of "Sardine." He was treated in every way as an ordinary cadet, and joined heartily in all the games and sports of the college, astonishing everybody by his powers of endurance in the long cross-country runs. In a performance of *H.M.S. Pinafore*, he appeared as a female member of the chorus. Towards the end of his time at Osborne he had the pleasure of welcoming and showing over the College his grandfather, King Edward, and the late Tsar of Russia. It must have been one of the very few places where the Tsar felt safe from assassination.

From Osborne the Prince proceeded to Dartmouth, where he was under the command of Captain Evan-Thomas, who afterwards, as Admiral, commanded the squadron of our biggest battleships at the Battle of Jutland. Here

Prince Edward's running powers stood him in good stead with the beagles, and he acted as whip. He was at Dartmouth when King Edward died, and by his father's accession to the throne he became Duke of Cornwall. Six weeks later, on his sixteenth birthday, he was created Prince of Wales. The next day he was confirmed in the Private Chapel at Windsor Castle by the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The summer of 1911 was memorable for the revival of two historic ceremonies in which the Prince of Wales played the leading part. The first was his installation as a Knight of the Garter. He was invested in the Throne Room at Windsor Castle, and the Garter was buckled round his leg by the King, assisted by four royal knights. He then walked in a solemn procession to St. George's Chapel, preceded by the King and Queen, as Sovereign Lord and Lady of the Order, and followed by the Knights, a train of princes, nobles, statesmen and warriors, whose names are written in the history of the nation, all arrayed in their mediæval garb of velvet mantle and nodding plumes. The scene took one's mind back to that famous gathering five and a half centuries before, when another Edward, Prince of Wales, at the same age of seventeen, following his royal father and mother, and followed by the veteran knights and nobles of his time, pledged his vows in that same temple of chivalry at the foundation of the most noble order in Christendom.

The second ceremony was his investiture as Prince of Wales at Carnarvon on July 13th, in that same castle where Edward II is supposed to have been born and accepted by the Welsh chieftains as their prince. Edward II, it will be remembered, was invested at Lincoln, and no Prince of Wales had as yet been invested in his principality. The people of Wales were very desirous that this should be so in the case of Prince "David," and although several

towns asked for the honour, the claims of Carnarvon could not be overlooked. Mr. Lloyd George, as Constable of the Castle, was responsible for all the arrangements, and for coaching the Prince in a few words of the Welsh language.

The Prince was attired in the traditional close-girt surcoat of crimson velvet, with an ermine tippet over his shoulders. His father, the King, placed the golden demi-crown upon his head, the ring on his finger, and the silver rod into his hand. Having been girt with the sword and presented with his patent, the Prince did homage to his Sovereign, who, "in the sight of all, saluted him on either cheek," and seated him on the throne at his right hand. The Prince then addressed a modest little speech to his people, concluding with the words, "I hope to do my duty to my King, to Wales, and to you all."

The Prince of Wales completed his naval training with three months' service as a midshipman in *H.M.S. Hindustan* (Captain H. H. Campbell). He was not quite on the same footing as the other midshipmen, but was under the personal charge of the Captain, who wrote of him, "The Prince has throughout the whole period of his training been an extremely hard worker, and has struck all those about him, high and low, as what we call 'a live thing.'" During those three months at sea he acquired such a love for the life of a sailor that it was a great wrench when he had to say good-bye to the navy and settle down to prepare for Oxford.

The spring and early summer of 1912 were spent in France. The Prince was the guest of King Edward's old friend, the Marquis de Breteuil. He had with him his tutor, Mr. Hansell, and M. Escoffier was attached to him as French tutor. The purpose of his visit was to acquire a knowledge of the language, history, customs and people of France. To avoid ceremony he was more or less incognito as the Earl of Chester. During his stay

in Paris he rode in the Bois, played golf at La Boulie, and attended the performances at the Opera and Comedie Française, and the Parisians found him a worthy grandson of their idol, King Edward. He visited the naval dockyards and arsenal of Toulon, and on board the battleship *Danton* he spent a week with the French Fleet in the Mediterranean during the summer manœuvres. His visit concluded with a motor tour round all the places of historic interest in the country. The knowledge he acquired of France, and the friendships he formed with the French, proved of the greatest value to him when, two years later, he revisited the country under such very different conditions and circumstances.

In October, the Prince went into residence at Magdalen College, Oxford, a college previously honoured by two of his predecessors, Arthur of Winchester and Henry Frederick. Mr. Hansell, himself an old Magdalen man, was with him as his tutor, and Major the Hon. William Cadogan, who two years later gave his life in the war, as his equerry. In all other respects he lived the life of an ordinary undergraduate. He mixed freely with his fellow "freshers," and was made to feel as little like a prince as possible. He drove his car or rode his bicycle along the High, marched and drilled as a private in the O.T.C. (he ultimately attained the rank of lance-corporal), ran with the beagles and the boats, hunted, played polo and golf, and shot goals for his college second eleven. It was during his Oxford days that the example of Major Cadogan gave him that fondness for riding and that firm seat in the saddle for which he is now so noted. But his time was by no means devoted entirely to sports and games. He followed a special course of study in History and Modern Languages. Sir Herbert Warren, the President of Magdalen, coached him in English literature and composition, and reported favourably on his progress;

but "bookish he will never be," he wrote, "not a Beauclerk, still less a British Solomon." In constitutional history his mentor was Sir William Anson, Warden of All Souls, and "his hour with the Warden was a pleasure to which he looked forward every week."

It was not at first intended that the Prince should stay at Oxford for the full course of three years; but his career there was so successful, and he had grown so fond of his college and of life at the University, that it was decided he should return for a third year. This was in 1914, and as everyone knows, his plans, like those of thousands of other young men, underwent a sudden and dramatic change. On August 6th he was gazetted a second lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, and four days later he was training with the 1st Battalion. He was naturally most anxious to get out to the front, and when his battalion embarked for France in the middle of September, it was a bitter disappointment for him to be left at home.

"What does it matter if I am shot?" he exclaimed. "I have four brothers." But Lord Kitchener was adamant, and the Prince had to possess his soul in patience. However, he got to the front long before most of the other young men who joined up on the declaration of war, for two months later he was appointed to the staff of the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French. He landed at Boulogne on November 19th, and proceeded at once to G.H.Q., at St. Omer.

It is a pity no authentic record has been published of the Prince's services during the Great War, but he himself would probably be the first to deprecate such a thing. Needless to say, his movements were not advertised in the papers. Scraps of information were sometimes available from men who had met him in the trenches, or seen him riding his bicycle or driving his car through the shell-holes and the mud, or perhaps even exchanged

a few words with him over a cup of cocoa in a dug-out ; and no doubt some of the stories lost nothing in the telling. One thing is clear : he did all he was allowed to do, and a bit more. He did his duty as a man, he roughed it with the others, and was prouder of being a lieutenant in the Guards than Prince of Wales. He was considered "a good sort" by all who came across him, and he was admired as much for his modesty and absence of "side" as for his gallantry and endurance.

The Prince arrived at the front just after the first battle of Ypres. His first duty was a visit to the Indian Corps south of Armentières, and a week later he was present at an inspection of the troops by His Majesty the King. For some time he was employed as an assistant transport officer, and his inspections of stores were anything but a mere formality. But his own ambition was to get into the firing-line, and he got there, in spite of the reluctance of the generals to expose him to danger. When he was granted a few days' leave he was employed as a bearer of despatches. Sir George Arthur tells us, in his *Life of Lord Kitchener*, that Sir John French wrote to Lord Kitchener on April 8th : "I am sending a despatch by the Prince of Wales, which includes a report of Neuve Chapelle and St. Eloi. . . . I am telling the Prince of Wales to tell the King that I can go to see him on Wednesday if he wishes to see me, but I am asking him not to tell anyone else that I am coming."

In October, 1915, the King paid another visit to his troops at the front, and the Prince accompanied him in his inspections, and was able to point out the various places of interest until the visit was unfortunately cut short by His Majesty's serious accident.

The Prince served continuously in Flanders and France till March, 1916, at almost every part of the line from Ypres to the Somme. On March 10th he was promoted

to captain, and after a brief spell on the staff in Egypt, and a visit to the Italian front, he was back again in France before the end of the summer. In that breathless book, *How I Filmed the War*, Lieut. Geoffrey Malins describes the King's visit to the Somme battlefields in the autumn, and tells us how His Majesty inspected a captured trench and dug-out, and how he was pulled out of the trench by the Prince and another officer. The Prince, as a junior officer, had no wish to pose as a film star, and tried to dodge the "movie" camera on several occasions, but the persistent operator outwitted him. When the Prince noticed he was within range he slipped away, and an officer laughingly remarked to Lieut. Malins: "The Prince doesn't seem to like you."

On June 7th, 1917, the Germans were blown off the Messines Ridge by the explosion of nineteen enormous mines which had taken over a year to construct. At the beginning of July the Prince conducted the King over the Ridge, and through the ruins of Wytschaete, quite regardless of the shell-fire to which they were exposed. The visit to the ridge concluded with a ride in an ammunition truck, pulled by a petrol engine.

When the Italians were retreating to the Piave after the disaster at Caporetto, British divisions under General Plumer were sent to their aid. The Prince of Wales was one of the first to arrive, and the presence of the heir to the British throne in their fighting line did much to restore confidence and cheerfulness to the people of Italy.

During the early part of 1918 the Prince was home on leave, but it was by no means a rest or a holiday. After taking his seat in the House of Lords on February 19th, he made a tour of South Wales, Devon, and his Duchy of Cornwall. In March, he visited Glasgow and the ship-building yards of the Clyde, and in these and other industrial areas he received a cordial welcome from the

munition workers, whom he captivated with his friendly smile and his informal little speeches.

In May he was gazetted a temporary major on the staff, and went off to Italy, where he visited the Pope at the Vatican. He spent the summer at the Italian front, and became well-known on the Asiago Plateau. He frequently crossed the Austrian lines in an aeroplane on bombing and reconnoitring expeditions, and came home in August for a short leave with a strong flavour of Italian about his speech. He returned to Italy in September, but he was in France for the final victory, and entered Valenciennes with the Canadians early in November.

The Prince was fortunate to go through the war without a wound, but he had some narrow escapes. Men were killed near him in the trenches, and in the shelled and bombed areas behind the firing-line.

One day he left his car for a few minutes, and on his return he found that it had been smashed up and his chauffeur killed by a shell. On a later occasion he drove another car at full speed across an exposed position near Ypres, and the bullet holes in its body remained for some time a testimony to the unhealthiness of the locality. He cheerfully took his risks with those of less exalted station, and was awarded the Military Cross and the French Croix de Guerre.

The Prince made his official return from the front when he marched through the streets of London with his battalion of the Grenadier Guards. But the end of the war did not mean unemployment or leisure. He was in great demand at inspections and public functions, and at first he probably found speech-making a more trying ordeal than the German shells. He soon got used to it, and by his happy phrases showed that he had inherited or acquired that facility for public speaking possessed by his father and

grandfather. In a notable speech at the Guildhall, on the occasion of his receiving the freedom of the city of London, he alluded to his experiences in the war, and added: "In those four years I mixed with men; in those four years I found my manhood."

He spent his twenty-fifth birthday (the 23rd June) in his principality, as the guest of the Marquis of Bute at Cardiff. On the 1st of July, he set up his own establishment at St. James's Palace, with the Hon. Sir Sidney Greville as his Comptroller and Treasurer. In the same month he visited Edinburgh, and wearing the uniform of the Royal Scottish Fusiliers, he received the freedom of the city. Wherever he went the enthusiastic greetings of the people were a striking tribute to his extraordinary popularity, and if any further proof were needed, it was supplied on the evening of "Peace Day," when the dense throng round Buckingham Palace would not be satisfied until they had seen the Prince of Wales, and he had to come out on the balcony, from which he made a simple and manly little speech.

The Prince of Wales had seen so much of our Colonial forces and made such friendships with them in the war, that it is no wonder he should wish to see them and their people at home, and thank them for all they had done for the cause of the Empire and the Allies. It was arranged that he should first of all visit Canada, and then Australia and New Zealand.

It is only possible here to refer to a few incidents in these colonial tours. The Canadian tour has been admirably chronicled by Mr. Douglas Newton in *Westward with the Prince of Wales*, and the Australian tour by Mr. Everard Cotes in *Down Under with the Prince*, and there are shorter accounts, together with many other interesting details of the Prince's doings in *Our Prince*, by Mr. Edward Legge, and *Edward, Prince of Wales*, by Miss Ivy Sanders. Then

there is the *Prince of Wales' Book*, published for that most deserving of institutions, St. Dunstan's Hostel for blinded soldiers and sailors; it is full of the most attractive photographs of the smiling Prince, and each snap-shot tells its own story.

The Prince left Portsmouth on August 5th, in *H.M.S. Renown* (Captain Taylor), having with him as Chief of Staff that gallant sailor, Admiral Sir Lionel Halsey. His rapturous welcome in Newfoundland was only a foretaste of what was to come in the great cities of Canada. There is no need to describe here the crowds and the ceremonies, the cheering, the singing, the handshaking, and the speech-making. "In many places," says the *Prince of Wales' Book*, "the desire to get near him was so strong that the car would be densely thronged for miles, while girls clambered on the steps to throw him flowers, to touch him or to beg for an autograph."

The Prince was accessible to everybody, and especially to the children and the soldiers returned from the war. The latter were his old comrades, for he had served for five weeks at the Canadian Head-quarters in France. At Quebec he pleased the inhabitants by answering the address of welcome in French, and it was here that he left the *Renown*, and took up his quarters in that remarkable train which was to convey him to the Pacific and back. It was one-fifth of a mile in length, and weighed a thousand tons. The Prince lived in the last car, "Killarney," at the end of which there was an observation platform, from which he could see and be seen when passing through a station.

At Ottawa, in the presence of the Governor-General (the Duke of Devonshire) and the Prime Minister (Sir Robert Borden), he laid the corner-stone of the new Parliament House, and "Labour Day" became "Prince's Day." At Toronto he shook hands for two hours in

succession, and his right hand being "done in," as he expressed it, he had to shake with his left—later in the tour he could not shake hands at all. For four hours he drove through the streets of Montreal, standing up in his car and waving his hat. Then the great westward journey began, to British Columbia and Vancouver Island. On the Nipigon he camped and fished for three days; but the biggest catch of trout fell to the official photographer, who was jokingly rebuked by the Prince for usurping his place in the programme.

At Winnipeg he paid a visit to the "Pit," and did a cross-deal in oats. He delighted the cowboys at Saskatoon by mounting a buck-jumper and leading them round the course. He had another good day's riding at Bar U Ranch, where he helped to round up several thousand cattle. He subsequently bought a ranch of his own in Alberta, to be run by ex-Service men. At Edmonton, he donned a pitcher's cap, and took part in a game of baseball, to the great joy of the "fans." At Banff he was acclaimed by the Stony Indians as "Chief Morning Star," and addressed the tribe wearing the head-dress of an Indian brave. Twice afterwards he was hailed as a chief, by the Blackfeet under the name of "Red Crow," and by the Mohawks as the "Dawn of Morning."

On the return journey he visited towns bearing the odd names of Medicine Hat and Moose Jaw, and had four days' wild duck shooting in the frozen swamps near Qu'Appelle. As the time approached for leaving his train, he called together all the staff—about a hundred in number—and personally thanked them. When the train finally steamed into Flavelle the crowd who rushed to "Killarney" were disappointed for once—the Prince was driving the engine!

A visit to the United States was not included in the original programme, but the Prince received such a pressing

invitation that he was only too pleased to accept it. His reception was as demonstrative as it had been in Canada. President Wilson was ill, but the Prince was admitted to his sick-room, and talked to him as he lay on the bed which had once been occupied by King Edward VII. From Washington the Prince went with Vice-President Marshall to Mount Vernon, and planted a cedar by the tomb of Washington. His great feat at Washington was his speech to the members of the National Press Club, perhaps the most critical audience in the world, but they admitted that the Prince had "put it over them."

Before proceeding to New York he had a few days' "rest" at Sulphur Springs, which he spent playing golf. Accustomed as he was by this time to effusive welcomes, the one he got at New York was almost too much for him, but he carried it through with his irresistible smile, and soon felt as much at home as in London. He attended a gala performance at the Opera House, inspected the cadets at West Point—the Sandhurst of America—and placed wreaths on the graves of General Grant and President Roosevelt.

The day before his departure a party was given on the *Renown* to a thousand children—rather grown-up children, most of them—and on November 22nd the *Renown* steamed down the Hudson to a boisterous farewell. After touching at Halifax she reached Portsmouth on December 1st. The Prince was met at Victoria by the King and Queen and Queen Alexandra, who considerably remained a little time at the station after he had driven off, so that he might have his "welcome home" all to himself. The tour could not have been a greater success; democratic America (Canada and the States) was charmed with the Prince, and the democratic Prince was charmed with America.

In the interval between his two tours the Prince came to

Windsor to receive the freedom of the royal borough, and his appointment as High Steward of Windsor in succession to Prince Christian. In a humorous acknowledgment His Royal Highness remarked that he noticed one of his duties was to "damnify" anyone who spoke ill of the royal borough, and inquired whether there was any remuneration for such services. On being told that the post was purely honorary he professed disappointment. The Prince was also graciously pleased to succeed Prince Christian as president of the Windsor Home Park Cricket Club.

On March 16th, 1920, "Our Young Man," as he was familiarly but proudly called, was off once more in the *Renown*, this time to the Antipodes. The voyage was made via the Panama Canal, touching at Barbados on the way, and then on to Honolulu, where the Prince added surf-riding to his many sporting accomplishments. The usual formalities were observed crossing the line, and, to judge by the photographs, the Prince thoroughly entered into the spirit of the proceedings, and received no mercy at the hands of King Neptune and his "bears." After touching at Fiji the *Renown* reached Auckland on April 24th. The Prince was received by Mr. Massey, the Premier of New Zealand, and from Auckland he journeyed into the interior of North Island to Rotorua, where the Maoris performed their weird songs and dances as they had done to the previous Prince of Wales twenty years before. While he was at Rotorua a strike brought all railway traffic to a standstill, but the railwaymen volunteered to run the Prince's train for the duration of the tour. The offer was accepted for the return journey to Auckland.

A month was spent in New Zealand, but it is impossible in a few words to describe the enthusiasm at Wellington, Christchurch and Dunedin, and afterwards in all the great cities of Australia. He landed at Melbourne on May

26th, and the ten days he spent in the Victorian capital were such a strain on him that he was compelled by his doctor to take a week's "rest cure," which was mostly riding and playing golf.

On the 16th of June the *Renown* steamed into the world-famed harbour of Sydney. For the second time the Prince was welcomed by the Governor-General and Mr. Hughes, the Prime Minister of the Australian Commonwealth. At Sydney, as elsewhere, the chief features of the demonstrations were the parade of ex-Service men and the massed evolutions of the school-children, who in their thousands formed symbolic designs and letters of welcome. They surpassed themselves on the 23rd of June with the Prince of Wales' feathers and "Many happy returns."

The *Renown* met with very tempestuous weather on the 2,000 miles voyage from Sydney to Albany, but the Prince was safely landed in Western Australia, and proceeded by train to Perth. It was in "Westrallia" that he met with the unusual experience of a railway accident. He was on his way back to Perth from a log-chopping contest, and was travelling in the last carriage of a narrow gauge train. Suddenly his car and the one in front of it left the rails, and after being dragged along some distance, they both overturned down the slight embankment by the side of the railway. Fortunately the engine-driver had applied his brakes, and was able to pull up at once. The Prince was caught between various pieces of furniture, but he would not leave the car until he had collected all his papers and other belongings, and he finally emerged through the window, all smiles. He soothed the feelings of the horrified officials by congratulating them on bringing off an event not in the official programme, and he apologized for being late at a function at Perth without saying a word about his narrow escape from death.

The Prince travelled from Perth, via Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie, across the great waterless desert to Port Augusta, and thence to Adelaide. On this journey he visited a camp of Aborigines, who held a Corroborree for his entertainment, and astonished him with their boomcrang throwing. From Adelaide he went to Tasmania, and on July 25th was once more at Sydney *en route* for Queensland. His reception in the most democratic colony of Australia exceeded all expectations, and almost outdid anything that had gone before. Before returning to Sydney, he passed a week in the "back-blocks" of New South Wales, living the simple life of the squatter, riding fifty miles a day, and chasing the lively kangaroo.

Four more days in Sydney, and then it was time to say good-bye, or rather *au revoir*, for both Prince and Australia hope to renew each other's acquaintance. He had been nearly three months in the Commonwealth, and had found the Australians much to his liking. They took him to their hearts as one of themselves, and everywhere he went he was proud to be hailed as "Digger," a name made honourable by the Australians in the war.

The *Renown* left Sydney on August 19th for Fiji and Samoa. In the latter island he visited the house and grave of Robert Louis Stevenson. There was more surf-riding at Honolulu, and then through the Panama Canal once more to the West Indies. There was great mourning at Trinidad, when "Digger" died from the effects of eating some poisonous plants in the garden of Government House. "Digger," it should be explained, was not the Prince, but a baby wallaby presented to His Royal Highness by a girl in Australia, which had become the pet of everybody on board the *Renown*. Jamaica had to be left out, owing to an epidemic, but most of the other West Indian islands were visited. The *Renown* left the Bermudas on October 4th, arriving at Portsmouth on the 11th, and the Prince

met with a rousing welcome home after an absence of over seven months.

During the winter, hunting was his recreation, and the welfare of the ex-Service men his serious occupation. In January he was enjoying a holiday in Leicestershire, but hearing that an exhibition got up by ex-Service men at the White City was languishing through lack of patronage, he gave up a day's hunting, and spent the whole day there, entering into all the "fun of the fair," and watching boxing contests with exuberant pleasure. He was rewarded by winning a pair of boots in the "lucky dip," and the gratification of turning the Exhibition into a success.

The Prince rode his first race on March 4th, 1921, in the Guards' Point-to-Point steeplechase for Lord Manners' Cup. He fell at the second fence, but remounted and finished. On March 12th he rode "Rifle Grenade" in the Pytchley Hunt point-to-point, and came in first out of fourteen starters. On April 1st, at Hawthorn Hill, he won the Welsh Guards Challenge Cup on "Pet Dog." When the hunting season was over he went in for polo, and helped the Quidnuncs to win the Rugby Cup. But he did not allow his sports to interfere with his public duties. In February, he received a doctor's degree at Oxford, unveiled the War Memorial at his old college, Magdalen, and issued his appeal for the Boy Scouts. In March, he paid a second visit to Glasgow, and launched a liner on the Clyde.

May was a busy month. It fell to his lot to act as host to Prince Hirohito of Japan, whom he entertained at a banquet in the Picture Gallery at St. James's Palace, and afterwards showed round Windsor. Later in the month he made a tour of his Duchy of Cornwall, including the Scilly Isles. The affairs of the Duchy have always been a matter of interest to the "Duke," and as far back as

1914 one of his first public functions was a ceremony at St. Anselm's Church, Kennington. "It was here that the first Duke of Cornwall, Edward the Black Prince, had his palace," he said in his address on that occasion, "and, *according to one of the old writers*, it was almost on this very spot that he died."

The Prince, as Duke of Cornwall, has inspected his Kennington property, which includes the Oval, more than once since that time. It ought to bring in a large revenue, but the money spent on rebuilding, repairs and improvements probably exceeds the rental. For the year preceding the Prince's visit to his Duchy, the gross receipts were £167,000 (including the profits from an unclaimed wreck!). A sum of £91,000 was spent on improving the property, and when all other expenses were deducted it was a comparatively small proportion of the revenue that found its way into the pockets of the "Duke." A recent undertaking in Cornwall is the laying out of an "oyster farm" in the Helford River, near Falmouth, which, it is hoped, will produce four million oysters every year.

The Prince had a pleasant reminder of the first Duke of Cornwall when the members of the University of London presented him with a beautiful old illuminated manuscript, entitled "The Life and Feats of Arms of Edward Prince of Wales, the Black Prince; a metrical chronicle in French Verse by the Herald of Sir John Chandos." In returning thanks for such an appropriate present, His Royal Highness remarked that he would not promise to read it, as he understood there were only eight people in the world who could do so, and he was not one of them.

The Prince's other engagements during the summer included an inspection of the cadets at Sandhurst, a visit to Cambridge to take an honorary degree in company with Admiral Sims, and his installation as Chancellor of the University of Wales at Cardiff, on which occasion

he wore his uniform of colonel of the Welsh Guards under his academical robes. He opened the Alexandra Dock and the Transporter Bridge at Newport, and also visited Bristol, where he saw Gloucestershire beaten by the Australians. Later in the summer he made a tour of Lancashire, presented the prizes on the *Worcester*, and unveiled the memorial monument to the men of the Dover Patrol.

Meanwhile, the *Renown* was being prepared to take the Prince to India. He left Portsmouth on October 26th to a farewell salute from the *Victory*, and after calling at Gibraltar and Malta, he arrived at Bombay on November 17th. The tour was not undertaken without careful consideration and some anxiety on the part of His Majesty's advisers. India, stirred up by Gandhi and other agitators, was in a state of unrest, and it was known that every effort would be made by the leaders of sedition to spoil the Prince's visit. A *hartal*, or day of mourning, was proclaimed in all the large towns; this meant the closing of the bazaars and the stoppage of all work. But the *hartal* had an effect quite contrary to the desire of the "non-co-operators," as they were called. It gave the people a holiday, and instead of keeping aloof, they helped to swell the crowds in the big cities, and soon caught the enthusiasm created by the Prince's irresistible personality. The failure of the *hartal* was apparent from the moment of his landing in Bombay, when he drove through miles of densely crowded streets. "I want," he said at his reception, "to grasp your difficulties and understand your aspirations. I want you to know me and I want to know you." And throughout his tour he gave the natives of India every chance to carry out his wish. His informality, his love of sport, and his obvious enjoyment of everything that was going on, astonished and charmed everybody. At Poona he strolled un-

concernedly amongst the crowd on the racecourse, and started the races; and on returning to Bombay he attended a cricket match between the Presidency and the Parsees, and with his usual readiness to join in any game or sport, he walked to the pitch, borrowed the bat with which Rhodes scored his fine innings of 183, and received two balls from J. S. Warden, the second of which he hit past cover-point, to the delight of the spectators.

From Bombay he went by train to Baroda, where he was welcomed by the Gackwar with his painted elephants and gilded guns drawn by oxen with gold trappings and gilt horns. At Udaipur he was borne in the State palanquin, and enjoyed some pig-sticking with that grand old sportsman, Sir Pratap Singh, Regent of Jodhpur, and played eight chukkers of polo in the middle of a busy day. At Bikanir he saw the marvellous sword-dancers, the fire-eaters, the Nautch girls, the warriors in chain-mail, and the camel corps of the desert. Lucknow was a hot-bed of non-co-operators, but the Prince was welcomed by dense masses of people, helped his team to win a polo cup, and rode two winners and two seconds in the races at the Gymkhana. Then came a week in Nepal. He rode in the howdah used by King George in 1911, and eleven tigers fell to the royal party's guns. The Prince's first tiger measured 9 ft. 6 in. in length. At Patna he was on the winning side in two games of polo, and he held a Durbar, attended by 6,000 guests.

Christmas was spent in Calcutta. There was a magnificent pageant on the Maidan, with devil-dancers and salaaming elephants. His Royal Highness opened the Victoria Memorial, and presented the Viceroy's Cup at the races. Early in the New Year he embarked in the *Dufferin* for Burmah. From a pagoda on a gorgeous barge with a huge dragon's head at the bow, towed by

canoes each paddled by fifty natives, he looked on and laughed at the noisy regatta on the moat at Mandalay.

The agitators had great hopes of the *hartal* at Madras, but, so far as the Prince was concerned, it was a conspicuous failure. Here he had a short rest from ceremony, while he shot snipe on the Ghats, played tennis, and danced. Bangalore came next on the programme, and then Mysore, where the Prince was treated to a magnificent display of fireworks. He went thirty miles into the jungle to see a "Kheddar": twenty-five wild elephants were rounded up by tame elephants specially trained for the purpose, and safely shepherded into a huge stockade.

Hyderabad, Nagpur and Indore vied with each other in the warmth of their welcome, and in Bhopal the Prince was photographed with the veiled Begum and her sons. At Gwalior he opened the principal gate of King George's Park with a golden key; whereupon all the other gates flew open and the public streamed in. At Delhi he unveiled the Memorial of King Edward VII, held an impressive Durbar, and witnessed a march past of units representing every branch of the Indian Army.

The last stage of the tour was a journey to Peshawar and the Khyber Pass, after which the Prince rejoined the *Renown* at Karachi for his voyage to Japan. He concluded his farewell message to the Viceroy with these words: "By God's help I may now hope to view India, her princes and peoples, with an understanding eye."

The voyage to Japan was made via Ceylon and Singapore. A characteristic incident happened at Hong-Kong. At a public function Sir Paul Chatet announced his intention of defraying the cost of a statue to the Prince of Wales; the latter was noticed to whisper some remark, whereupon Sir Paul stated that His Royal Highness would prefer that the money should be spent on something more useful to the inhabitants.

The month in Japan was a novel and pleasant experience for the Prince; it was almost like a holiday after his strenuous time in India. He was welcomed and entertained by his former guest, Prince Hirohito, now Prince Regent of Japan. The address of welcome was presented in an exquisitely carved elephant's tusk. He attended garden-parties, inspected the Emperor's Guards in the uniform of a Japanese general, and was initiated into the mysteries of Japanese polo. A tour of the interior introduced him to novel forms of sport, such as catching wild ducks in butterfly nets. His only disappointment was that he missed the earthquake which shook the district from which he had just departed.

On his way home the Prince was escorted to Manila, the capital of the Philippines, by a United States destroyer flotilla, and there he met with what might have been a very serious accident. In the course of a game of polo he received a blow from the ball, which made a gash of an inch and a half just above his eye. He wished to continue the game, but Admiral Halsey would not allow it. Some stitches were put in the wound, and next day he pluckily carried out all his engagements.

In Borneo the Prince witnessed a remarkable display of dart-blowing by the Dyaks. The performers had to allow their own arms to be scratched with their own darts, as a guarantee that they were not poisoned. At Penang a game of football was played by natives tied up in sacks. On the way to Ceylon the *Renown* encountered the full force of the monsoon, and not being able to approach Colombo, put into Trincomalee, whence the Prince made the journey to Colombo by rail.

On the morning of the 10th of June the Prince of Wales, wearing the uniform of the Welsh Guards, and accompanied by Lord Allenby, drove through the streets of Cairo to call on King Fuad. Ten minutes later King

Fuad returned his visit. In the afternoon, at Gezira, our sporting Prince played in a polo-match—he had been up early that morning trying his ponies before breakfast. He played No. 1 for Seif-ullah Pasha Yusri's team against the 9th Lancers, and did some hard riding and fine hitting, scoring a couple of goals. His side won by six goals to two, and were presented with King Fuad's cup; a handsome gold cup was also presented to the Prince.

Excitement doubtless ran high on board the *Renown* as she approached the shores of England, and so it did in Plymouth and London, where hearty preparations were being made to give our Ambassador of Empire a welcome home worthy of his eight months' tour of 40,000 miles. On June 20th, towards evening, the mighty battle-cruiser steamed into Plymouth Sound to the cheers of 50,000 people lining the shore.

The Prince was welcomed by his brother, the Duke of York. Next day, after a railway journey which was one long cheer, the Prince reached Paddington at 3.30. He was greeted by the King and Queen, and Queen Alexandra. His drive to Buckingham Palace, with the King and his two brothers, was accompanied by a roar of welcome from one of the biggest crowds London has ever seen. It was Queen Alexandra's Day, and the Prince was bombarded with roses. In front of the Palace there was one long roar of "We-want-our-Prince," kept up till the Prince came out on the balcony, saluted, and waved his hat. The scene was repeated an hour later at St. James's Palace, where "Our Prince" appeared at the window, and told the crowd how glad he was to get home.

As the Prince of Wales was driving to Buckingham Palace, a little girl ran out from the crowd and tried to throw a bouquet of flowers into the carriage. She missed her aim, and it fell to the ground. The Prince ordered

the carriage to be stopped, and the bunch of flowers was picked up and handed to him. In it he found a simple little note of welcome, written in a childish hand. The kind thought was very characteristic of the Prince, and that little girl will treasure the memory of it all the days of her life. Unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others have always been the pleasing features of the Prince's nature, which in his early years endeared him to his own family, and in later years have endeared him to the people of the British Empire, wherever he has gone. He spares himself no trouble to give pleasure to other people, and it is always his chief anxiety to see that no one, however insignificant, should feel neglected or overlooked.

There must be hundreds—probably thousands—of people who have been intensely gratified by a kind word or a thoughtful act from the Prince, or have been comforted by his unaffected and spontaneous sympathy with the suffering and the bereaved. When visiting a soldier's hospital in Canada, he inquired, before leaving, if he had seen all the patients. The nurses reluctantly admitted that there was one so utterly disfigured that they had kept him out of the way. The Prince insisted on seeing him, sat down by his bed, and taking the poor sufferer's hand in his, made him the proudest man in Canada.

The Prince's good-nature, his pleasing sense of humour, and his genial way of putting people at their ease, are well-known to all who have had the honour and pleasure of meeting him. One day in France he overtook a British "Tommy" trudging along the road, and offered him a lift in his car. As they drove along, the soldier showed him a photograph of his sweetheart.

"'Ave yer got one of yours about yer?" he asked the Prince.

"No," said the Prince, "but when we arrive I will show you a portrait of my father,"

On arriving at their destination, the Prince gave the soldier a one pound note.

"What about that picture of yer dad?" asked Tommy.

"That's it," said the Prince, "and not a bad one of him, either."

When motoring along a dusty road in Australia, the Prince came across a motor-cyclist who had had a breakdown. The Prince alighted and helped him to repair his machine. The man thanked him and asked him who he was.

"I am the Prince of Wales," answered His Royal Highness.

"Oh! are you?" said the cyclist, who thought his new acquaintance was joking. "Well, I'm the King."

A day or two later, at a reception in one of the big towns, the motor-cyclist came up to shake hands, and saw, to his consternation, that it really was the Prince of Wales who had helped him. But the Prince was equal to the occasion.

"Glad to meet you again, *Dad*," he remarked with a friendly smile, and he shook "the King" warmly by the hand.

SUMMARY

In the foregoing pages the careers of the nineteen Princes of Wales have been traced from the birth of Edward of Carnarvon to the twenty-eighth year of our present Prince. Their lives form a striking commentary on the manners and customs of the times in which they lived, and of the royal families to which they belonged. In the period of the Plantagenets, and the rival branches of Lancaster and York, the King was almost absolute, but his power was dependent on his own personality, and was curbed by family quarrels, the stubbornness of the barons, and an occasional protest from Parliament or a rising of the peasants. The Prince of Wales was trained to become a leader in the field, and a champion in the lists—all other accomplishments and amusements were considered frivolous and effeminate, and this was why Edward of Carnarvon and Richard of Bordeaux turned out failures.

With the first Tudor King came peace, progress and prosperity ; and we get two highly educated and intellectual Princes of Wales, one of whom died young, and the other lived to become the most despotic of monarchs, and the father of Queen Elizabeth. After the lapse of a hundred years came the three Stewart Princes of Wales, all brought up on the doctrine of the Divine right of kings, but differing widely in disposition, career and destiny. Henry Frederick, that model Prince whom the gods loved, died young. His brother Charles, amiable

and well-meaning, but unstable and unfortunate, lived to see the triumph of parliament over Divine Right, and the triumph of the army over parliament. That jolly fellow, the second Charles (who must have inherited his character from his grandfather, old Henri of Navarre), after a romantic career, saw the triumph of the people over the tyranny of the army, and the happy restoration of the monarchy. Under the House of Hanover we find constitutional monarchs identifying themselves with a political party, and the Prince of Wales supporting the Opposition for want of something better to do. And then, in the last three reigns, comes the development of the perfect constitutional monarchy, the sovereign keeping above all party questions, and acting as head of the State with honour, dignity and renown; the Prince of Wales loyally doing his duty as the Sovereign's right-hand man.

The titles of Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, as we have seen, are not inherited by the heir-apparent to the crown; a special creation is necessary. Edward II was not the eldest son of the King when he was declared Prince of Wales at Carnarvon, but he was heir-apparent when his patent was made out in 1301. He never created his own son (Edward III) Prince of Wales, but only Earl of Chester, and Edward III did not create his eldest son Edward (the Black Prince) Prince of Wales until the latter was thirteen years of age. For some reason Edward VI was never created Prince of Wales, although he was heir-apparent for ten years. Charles II was *declared* Prince of Wales.

The hereditary titles of the heir-apparent are Duke of Cornwall, Duke of Rothesay, Earl of Carrick, Baron of Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Great Steward of Scotland.

Edward II, Charles II, George IV and Edward VII became Princes of Wales before they were out of the cradle. Edward of Lancaster, Edward of York and

Arthur Tudor were not much older, and of the others only three had attained the age of twenty when created Prince of Wales.

Of the nineteen Princes, nine were "born in the purple," or, if we include Henry Frederick and Charles Stewart, whose father was King of Scotland when they were born, it brings the number up to eleven. Only six were born Duke of Cornwall. Twelve succeeded to the throne. Four of these (George II, George IV, Edward VII and George V) were married when they became King; seven got married afterwards.

Four of the Princes (Edward II, Richard II, Edward of Lancaster and Edward V) were murdered; one (Charles I) was beheaded; two (the Black Prince and Henry V) were worn out by the hardships of their campaigns; three (Edward of Gloucester, Arthur and Henry Frederick) died young from mysterious diseases which baffled the doctors, and Frederick Louis died from the effects of a blow from a cricket ball. Two are happily still with us.

Richard of Bordeaux only enjoyed his principality for seven months, and Edward of Gloucester for ten months. Edward VII was Prince of Wales for over fifty-nine years; George IV runs him close with fifty-seven years. Chronologically there is a resemblance between the lives of these two Kings. Both were born in the purple, created Prince of Wales in the cradle, ascended the throne when approaching the age of sixty, and reigned for almost the same length of time. For many years one acted as the representative of an afflicted father, and the other as the representative of a widowed mother. But here the comparison ends; in their manner of living their lives lie far apart, and there could be no greater contrast than the domestic troubles of George IV, and the happy family life of King Edward.

Some one has said that comparisons are odious, but if we may venture on another, and a better one, it is not far to seek. The Black Prince, it will be remembered, was the eldest son of Edward III and good Queen Philippa of Hainault, who were devoted to, and justly proud of, their rather large family, and particularly so of their fair-haired chivalrous Edward. The King was a sailor, and trained his sons to win battles afloat as well as on land, so that Edward was as much at home on a ship as on a horse. The Prince, after leaving Oxford, embarked with the expeditionary force for France, and before he reached the age of twenty-eight he had commanded a division at Crecy and an army at Poitiers. There were no colonies for a Prince of Wales to visit in those days, but we had possessions in France, and the Black Prince went out as Governor of Aquitaine, where he made himself immensely popular with the inhabitants. Now, the fact that the Black Prince commanded as a general while our present Prince served as a subaltern is merely owing to the different custom of the times, and cannot detract from the comparison; for if we reverse the dates of Crecy and Ypres, our Prince would have been in command of the British Army, with Lord French as chief of staff, while the Black Prince would have been junior aide-de-camp to Sir John Chandos. In both cases the presence of the heir-apparent with the army was equally inspiring to the troops, and it cannot be denied that our present Prince, both in peace and war, has worthily lived up to those mottoes so dear to his predecessor—*Ich dien*, "I serve," and *Homout*, "high spirit."

Printed in Great Britain by Butler & Tanner Frome and London.

